



Another Household Convenience

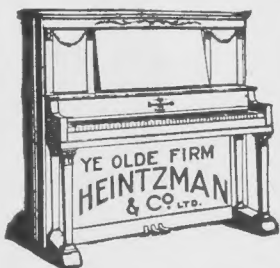
The best tea on earth will speedily deteriorate if exposed to air and moisture.

The old lead wrappers for tea were good. But the world moves, and a better way has been found. Heavy parchment, impervious to moisture, dust-proof, air-tight, now brings

BLUE RIBBON TEA

to your home in perfect condition. An outer covering of almost impenetrable cartridge-paper makes security doubly sure. No possible deterioration can occur.

You know "BLUE RIBBON TEA"—the best on the market. Now look for the new packet—a perfect wrapping for a perfect tea.



Pay for a
Heintzman
and play for
a Lifetime

The Piano you buy now should give complete satisfaction for a lifetime. Fifty years hence your children and your children's children should be enjoying it. Buy a

**Heintzman & Co.
Piano**

and that will be the case. The Heintzman reputation is a reputation built on long service—permanency of tone, permanency of construction, permanency of finish.

Write for descriptive literature and particulars of prices and terms.

A Word or Two About the Purchase of Your Piano

Buy your Piano as you would a house. Look into the reputation of its designer and builder, seek the advice of impartial judges or recognized authorities as to the worth of the materials in it and the quality of the workmanship, estimate how many years of good service it will give you—then consider the price.

If you cannot do these things, then protect yourself under the reputation of a well-known house.

THE HOUSE OF McLEAN

for nearly thirty years has been selling every instrument entirely upon its merits and with a guarantee of satisfaction with every sale. A consistent policy of strictly upright methods has built up the largest Music House in the West, and provided an absolute safeguard for satisfactory piano buying. Get in touch with the House of McLean before you buy.

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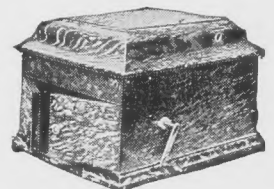
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Winnipeg's Greatest Music House
The Home of the Heintzman & Co. Piano and the Victrola
Dept. W

329 Portage Avenue

Winnipeg, Man.



Buy a
Victrola and
Purchase True
Pleasure

The Victrola is a source of endless pleasure, and is ever ready to amuse, to entertain and to educate. The world's greatest bands and instrumentalists, the most famous opera stars, the popular singers and entertainers, are yours to command and enjoy. If you want to dance the Victrola is always ready to provide the necessary music.

We carry every style, size and price of Victrola from \$21.00 up to \$305.00, sold on easy terms if desired. Also the most complete and up-to-date library of brand new records in the West.



*My Walls
Are Entirely Satisfactory Now
That I Have Used*

SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING

Sunshine cannot fade them; dust and dirt can be wiped off instantly with a damp cloth—they cannot crack or peel, and they can be kept clean and bright and beautiful.

SANITAS is printed in oil colors on a strong cloth foundation. It is as lasting as the walls themselves—and is absolutely hygienic. Over 130 distinctive designs—dull and glazed finishes—whose combinations of patterns and colors permit the most artistic effects for every room.

See the New SANITAS Designs

Ask your decorator to show you. If he cannot supply you write us. Identify the genuine by the trade mark on back of cloth.

Permanent SANITAS Exhibit—showing suite of rooms done in SANITAS by interior decorators—at Craftsman Home Builders' Exposition, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

THE STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.,
Incorporated.

320 Broadway, New York, Dept. 12.

Send me booklet showing the new SANITAS designs and the name of the nearest dealer.

Name

Address

THE MATCH OF TO-DAY

Is the perfected product of over 60 years experience in the match-making business.

EDDY'S "Silent Parlor"

If correctly held and struck on any rough surface, is warranted to give a steady clear light first stroke.

The E. B. EDDY CO.
LIMITED
HULL, CANADA

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

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Vol. XVI.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

No. 10.

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Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

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A Chat with Our Readers

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The months of November and December are always very busy for the circulation department because we have between ten and fifteen thousand subscriptions expiring during the last two months of the year. Some subscribers are considerate enough not to wait until their subscriptions have expired before sending in their renewals, but forward us their remittance three or four weeks in advance. This is an excellent idea. It saves us the necessity and expense of sending out bills and saves you the annoyance of receiving them while it is an iron-clad guarantee that your paper will not be stopped. We ask our readers to show us every possible consideration in this respect and we believe that our appeal will not be in vain.

We have at the present time under consideration several premiums—some of which will be offered our readers in due course in return for a certain number of subscriptions. Western Home Monthly premiums always bear the hall-mark of excellence, and this year's offerings will be no exception to the rule.

Keep your eye on our premium offers!

The publishers of this magazine have watched with keen interest the all round development that has taken place in all the Western provinces and have endeavored to keep the publication well advanced in the march of progress. That we have succeeded to a somewhat commendable extent is proved by the favor and appreciation of over 40,000 subscribers. Yearly they spend their good money freely with us, and the general opinion expressed is that they would not be happy without their favorite magazine. It is now in the seventeenth year of its career, started when the territory which it now covers so well, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast, was but very sparsely populated. Even in those days it quickly made its way, and found a place in the affections of all our people who read the English language. We are told by our canvassing agents that in some districts it is rare to find a home that does not receive the magazine, and indeed many of our readers are now paid up to 1916, 17 and 18. We appreciate the fall is a busy season for many of our people, but even while in the midst of work in connection with the harvest many opportunities are accorded our friends for saying a good word for The Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in your district, and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they would really enjoy reading, and which is essentially a Western magazine, published in the West for Western people.

We have not published any appreciations lately but don't think it was because our subscribers have ceased writing us in a kindly strain. We append a few extracts from recent letters.

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Economy means spend judiciously and get value for your money.

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TRUE ECONOMY is to avoid extreme fashion, buy a good article of sound material, and well made that will give long wear, continual comfort and pleasure to the wearer and will look well to the end; such garments are worth taking care of and repairing.

JAEGER PURE WOOL WEAR has been tested for 33 years and has given satisfaction to thousands all over the world. Think of this when you need Underwear and Knitted Goods this year.

JAEGER GOODS ARE TRUE ECONOMY.

A fully illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's "Health Culture" will be sent free on application to:

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen Co., Limited
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
Incorporated in England in 1883 with British
Capital for the British Empire



Painless

When Using Our Latest
Method we, the

New Method Dental Parlors

guarantee to complete Dental
Work of any description with-
out pain, or

REFUND YOUR MONEY

No person too Nervous
No work too Difficult

New system Teeth, without
plates; crowns, inlays, all kinds
of fillings; extractions or any
other form of work performed for
you by the most up-to-date
methods.

Samples of our work shown
and estimates given upon request.

Offices:

Corner Portage and Donald
WINNIPEG

CANADA'S BEST AND MOST UP-TO-
DATE DENTAL OFFICE

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

THE DAINTY
MINT-COVERED
CANDY-COATED
CHEWING GUM

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

PROVINCIAL
LIBRARY
MANITOBA



OCTOBER, 1915

WINNIPEG, CANADA



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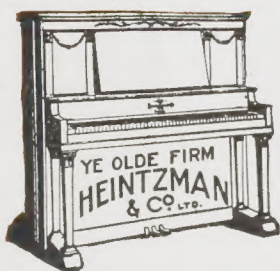
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MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
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Capital for the British Empire



Painless

When Using Our Latest
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New Method Dental Parlors

guarantee to complete Dental
Work of any description with-
out pain, or

REFUND YOUR MONEY

No person too Nervous
No work too Difficult

New system Teeth, without
plates; crowns, inlays, all kinds
of fillings; extractions or any
other form of work performed for
you by the most up-to-date
methods.

Samples of our work shown
and estimates given upon request.

Offices:

Corner Portage and Donald
WINNIPEG

CANADA'S BEST AND MOST UP-TO-
DATE DENTAL OFFICE

Chiclets

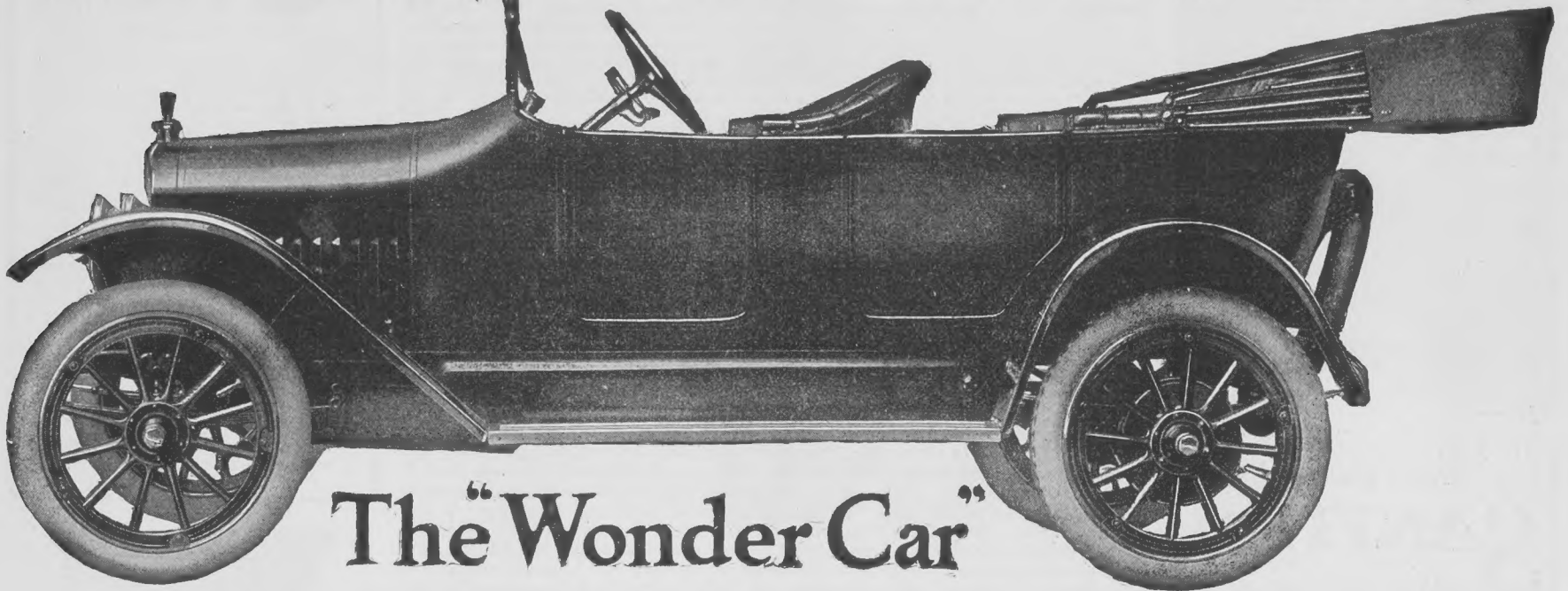
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

THE Dainty
MINT-COVERED
CANDY-COATED
CHEWING GUM

1916 Maxwell

\$925
F.O.B. WINDSOR

Including Electric Starter
and Electric Lights



The "Wonder Car"

A Stampede to the 1916 Maxwell

To-day, the 1916 models of every important make of automobile have been viewed by the most critical jury in the world—the Canadian automobilists.

Already the record-breaking sales of the 1916 Maxwell show an absolute buying stampede to the "Wonder Car."

The "wise ones" who have given the 1916 Maxwell the verdict, base their judgment of real automobile value upon these four vital points:

- 1st—The "first cost" of the car.
- 2nd—The "after-cost" of the car.
- 3rd—The quality of the materials and workmanship in the car.
- 4th—The equipment and the "completeness" of the car.

The 1916 Maxwell's new price, \$925, fully equipped, with electric starter, electric lights, high-tension magneto, demountable rims, "one man" mohair top, and every other high-priced-car feature has earned it first place as the car of record low "First Cost."

The 1916 Maxwell's lowering of all economy records for—

- 1st—Miles per set of tires
- 2nd—Miles per gallon of gasoline
- 3rd—Miles per quart of lubricating oil
- 4th—Lowest year-in-and-year-out repair bills

has earned it first place as The Car of Lowest "After Cost."

The 1916 Maxwell's pure stream-line body, new rounded clean-cut radiator design, and handsome "one man" top, have earned for it first place as "the prettiest thing on four wheels."

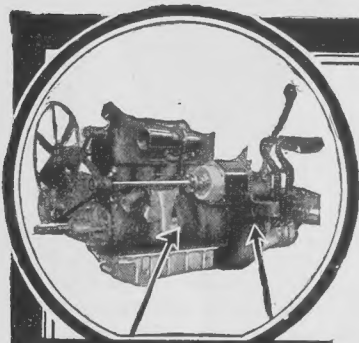
The 1916 Maxwell's special heat-treated, laboratory-tested steel, built into a Twentieth Century Automobile by men who really know how—has earned for it first place as the car of record low repair bills. And this record will extend over the entire life of the 1916 Maxwell.

1916 Maxwell High-Priced-Car Features, all included for \$925

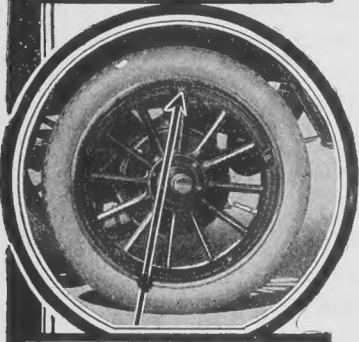
Electric Starter and Electric Lights	Electric Horn	Handsome Rounded Radiator and Hood	Easy Riding and Marvelous Flexibility
Demountable Rims	Double Ventilating Windshield (clear vision and rain-proof)	Linoleum covered running-boards and floor-boards	Unusual power on hills and in sand
High-tension Magneto	Aluminum Transmission Housing	Automatic Tell-tale Oil Gauge	Ability to hold the road at high speed
"One-man" Mohair Top	Robe Rail with back of front seat leather covered	Heat-treated, Tested Steel Throughout	Improved Instrument Board with all instruments set flush
New Stream-line Design			
Wider Front and Rear Seats			

Every feature and every refinement of cars that sell at twice its price
PRICE F. O. B. WINDSOR

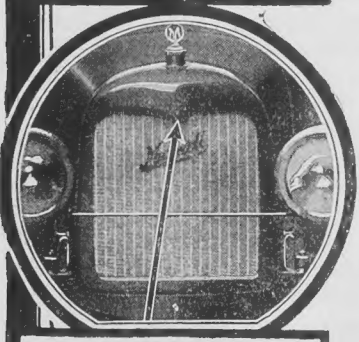
Write for 1916 Maxwell Catalogue, and name of Maxwell Dealer nearest you. Address Dept. A.V.
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



4-cylinder Unit Power Plant with enclosed fly-wheel and clutch.



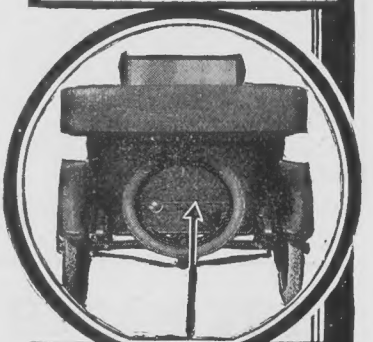
Demountable Rims are regular equipment of the 1916 Maxwell.



Front view showing the handsome lines of the new radiator and hood.



Speedometer, fuse box, ignition, lights, battery regulator, all mounted flush on instrument board.



Note the compact arrangement of spare tire carrier, tail light and license bracket.



Perfect-fitting, "one-man" mohair top; quick adjustable storm curtains, rolled up inside of top.

Built complete by
the three gigantic
Maxwell Factories

Service and Parts
Stations at Winni-
peg and Windsor

Editorial Comment

LOOK WITHIN

In the current number of *The Round Table* is an extract from a letter written from the trenches at Gallipoli. This letter is so heart-searching that a quotation from it should be read by every son of the Empire. "If there is any possible influence which could be exerted to show the nation at last what it is really fighting for, there might be more hope of a near end at least something would be done. If the nation could realise that it is fighting not so much against German militarism, or for Belgium, or for anything else, but just against itself, against all that which has kept us where we are, instead of the living Empire we ought to be, there would be more hope. Unless we first cast the beam out of our own eye it is of no use shrieking at the size of the mote in the eye of another nation, and until we do it all our struggles and the heavy price of manhood we are paying will really be as vain as they sometimes appear." As an explanation of this somewhat pessimistic outburst the writer of the article says: "If we are to exert our full national strength in the war, we must decide to act much more as if we were an army than as if we were free independent citizens, obedient as in peace only to a law of our own choosing. . . . In this war the larger half of the army is in the mines, the workshops and the fields at home. . . . Every section of the people, at home or in the field, must carry out that fraction of service which falls to its lot with loyalty and determination to the end."

Another writer in the same magazine dealing with the financial situation has something to say which puts the possibility of helpful action on the part of every citizen in a very striking way. "If every man who smoked tobacco in this country were told that by everyone abstaining from smoking for a year, we could afford to buy, in order to aid our cause \$40,000,000 more of guns and shells, than we otherwise could, how many would refuse? If every man, woman and child saved only 25 cents a week, it would amount to \$600,000,000 a year. . . . If this was to be a war of exhaustion, then that people will win which can bring to its aid the greatest energy, abstinence and endurance."

* * *

SOMETHING WRONG

It is not necessary to explain why the price of wheat has declined so suddenly and with such amazing swiftness. There are many reasons that will explain it, such as the possible opening of the Dardanelles and the liberation of the enormous Russian surplus, the phenomenal crop of this year in America and Europe, the sudden glutting of the market by the output of Canadian and American farms. The one outstanding fact is that there has been a disastrous collapse of prices at the very last moment. It is impossible for the Western grain grower to understand how he should not be able to get more than one-half the Liverpool price of a bushel of wheat. He assumes that he is not getting the highest price the market will afford, or that the cost of bringing the wheat to market is altogether too great. Both assumptions are fully warranted.

There is a county to the south of us which this year has an enormous wheat crop, but which nevertheless is anxious to obtain hundreds of thousands of bushels of our harder varieties. Yet by an insane customs regulation we are shut out of exporting to that country. The export duty is ten cents a bushel. In other words, if we were to remove the barrier to the importation of

wheat into this country, as asked for by the Western grain growers themselves, our grain would automatically be shipped into the United States at a price far exceeding that now received.

This, however, does not explain all. Even if it were permitted to send our wheat across the border the price received would not be in right proportion to that paid in Liverpool. The spread between producer and consumer is unwarranted. Insurance, rail and water rates are altogether too high. It may be that the federal and imperial governments cannot buy the Western wheat at a fixed price, but they can regulate carrying rates even if it means the building of a new fleet of merchantmen. People are getting tired of the same old story—this rake-off by the middlemen.

They tell us of a million pairs of boots being ordered for the Russian soldiers, and only 10,000 getting to men-in-arms. All the rest went for rake off. That story may be a fabrication. Let us hope so. We hear of \$40,000 going into the gates and fence of a public building in one of our Western provinces when the value was not more than \$6,000 or \$8,000. We are told of a poor Ruthenian farmer cutting wood and carrying it to a barge on the lake for about a dollar a cord. The rate to Winnipeg was 95 cents a cord, and the selling price of the wood between four and five dollars. That is even worse than the wheat rates.

When is the thing going to end? Over in the Motherland they tell us there is a very serious condition of things. Young men are saying, "Why should I go to war? We have no stake in the country, no land, no house, no prospects. Let those fight who have something to protect." Of course this is a weak argument, for life and honor are more than property. Yet the argument is not altogether pointless. The surest way to make men patriotic is to give them a stake in the country. Material prosperity counts for something. So, if our farmers are being deprived of their honest dues it is worse than a misfortune. It is a crime—a crime that in its time will lead to revolution. Surely it is clear as day that tariff schedules and public gifts have been for the few rather than for the many. The time has come for a change. The man who does the work should receive a fair amount of the income. And this applies all around—to producers in the shop as well as to producers on the land.

* * *

NON-ENLISTMENT

On another page is an article from the pen of a well-known journalist of Montreal dealing with the matter of enlistment in the province of Quebec. Whether he is right or wrong in his facts and deductions *The Western Home Monthly* cannot pretend to say, not being in close touch with life in the Eastern province. If the article presents the case unfairly no doubt the writer will be corrected by some of our subscribers. Indeed *The Quebec Telegraph* commenting on similar criticisms in Nova Scotia papers has this to say:

"Our English confrere, who is not obliged to be au fait with the discipline of the Catholic clergy, will learn with pleasure that the clergy of the country as well as the clergy of the city adopt regarding the war not the principles of such or such politicians, but those which are taught to us by the pope and the bishops. Now, upon this important point the bishops of our provinces have expressed the essential words that the members of the clergy have made their own. Here they are once more: We cannot dis-

simulate the fact that the conflict is one of the most terrible the world has ever seen, cannot fail to have its effect on our country. England is engaged in it and who is there that does not see the fate of all parts of the empire bound up with the fate of its arms? The empire rightly counts upon our assistance, and this assistance, we are happy to say, has been generously offered to it in men and in money."

This whole subject is of more than passing interest. It is of the highest personal and national importance. Nor does it end with the people and the province to which reference is made. There are right here in Western Canada some who for various reasons remain apathetic and inert.

One man said to me last week, "I'll fight for Canada, but not for England." To him I could but say "Well, it is lucky for you and all the rest of us at this time that we have Old England for our mother. A little experience with Germany or Austria as a step-mother would soon make you change your tune." And to this he was forced to agree.

Another man said, "I am a Christian. I must love all men. I cannot fight. I must refuse to enlist. I must protest against a war tax. I cannot contribute to the patriotic fund. I will not assist in the Red Cross work. My kingdom is not of this world. I am a Christian, and a Christian belongs to all nations, and uses no sword to win his battles. The spiritual kingdom is the only one I acknowledge. I disclaim mere flesh and blood ties. I disclaim force. I love peace." To which I had to say, "Young man you are committing the unforgivable offence of putting asunder what God has forever joined together. There is no spiritual kingdom apart by itself. It must manifest itself in individuals, in families, in communities, in churches, in states. A good Christian surely attains to the ideal of love to all men, but this comprehensive love is prepared for by love in the home, love in the community, love to one's country. There is more real Christianity in England's love of justice, hatred of slavery, loyalty to freedom and faithfulness to her trust, than there is in all your beliefs, and ceremonies and prayers and vague feeling of brotherhood. You are lost in the forms and symbols of truth. England has been living the truth. It is quite time you came to her assistance. You accept her protection, while you find fault with her. You accept every favor she has won for you through life sacrificed, and yet you refuse to come to her aid in her extremity. British victory is the only way to world peace. You know it. Your ingratitude, your supreme selfishness bespeak your un-Christianity." This and more, but of course it fell on deaf ears. And so it should, for it was the wrong reply. The real reply is to point to the homes of Belgium, to shrines polluted, children maimed, women wronged; and to ask, "Is it a Christian act to stand to one side and to permit that? Oh, it would be possible to point to the Lusitania, to the Arabic, to the Hesperian, and ask if it is Christian to remain apathetic under such conditions. And if the only answer to this should be, 'I am a praying man,' the further reply could be made, 'Then in Heaven's name, get to prayer, as Moses did when he sent Joshua to battle with the Amalakites. Pray! pray! pray!—but give up this everlasting whine. Pray! but be loyal to your country! Fear God! but Honor the King!'"

Men! East and West, have you thought what defeat would mean—not to the Empire only, but to the world, to the cause of truth, to God's kingdom on earth? Have you figured out what it would mean to you, your family and your faith?

"Blessed are the Peace Makers"

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by Marvin Leslie.

"YOU'RE coming on fine in your business," said John Stanton, M.P. for the Nova Scotia county of Luxemburg, "and as an election worker you can't be beaten in certain lines. The way you caught on to the kodak voting machines last year was a masterpiece of strategy."

"Am I not qualified to be your son-in-law, then?" demanded Grant.

"I only wish," evaded Stanton, "that we could persuade you to take a more public part in the coming campaign. There's Fred Turner, for instance, with not more than half your ability, is making quite a reputation as a talker, while you absolutely refuse to go on the public platform."

"It isn't 'hot air' that counts when election day comes," defended Grant; "it is the quiet worker that gets the votes."

"Just the same, I wish you would get before the public a little more," persisted Stanton.

"I suppose he thinks because he is a natural 'spouter,'" grumbled Grant, as he retired, "that everybody else must go and do likewise."

For John Stanton, be it known, was in the opinion of the people of Luxemburg, "a born orator." This opinion was largely due to the fact that when other speakers appealed to the "fishermen" who formed ninety per cent of the voting strength of the county, they always called them by that prosaic name. Stanton, however, invariably spoke of "the hardy citizens of our rocky coasts who go down to the sea in ships and smite the sounding furrows of the deep."

Accordingly when the chairman of the provincial party organization opposing Stanton called young Fred Barry into the "inner room" at the party headquarters in Halifax a few days before election, and told him to go down to Luxemburg and "put one over" on Stanton, he naturally demurred.

"That's impossible," declared Barry. "That Stanton's a regular talking machine, and all the people down there think he is a heaven sent genius to lead them out of the political wilderness."

"A chattering parrot like that can always be 'got,'" declared the chairman, "if you work your cards right and watch for the 'break,' and it's up to you to do it. Good day."

Barry knew better than to make any further objections, and the next day he arrived at the Shiretown of the county of Luxemburg, where he found the campaign in active swing and his own party doing everything possible; but openings for putting anything "over" on Stanton seemed remote enough.

Two days after his arrival he sat in the little "Exchange hotel" gazing ruefully at a telegram from the chief in reply to his own wire suggesting that nothing could be done, and asking permission to return to Halifax, which was not within the purview of the provincial prohibitory law.

"If you can't do anything," the telegram read, "you might as well stay there and get a job on the fishing smacks."

"There's only one possibility that I can see," mused Barry. "They say it's a mathematical fact that the impossible may happen if one tries often enough. Now this Stanton is an endless talker, and if a fellow talks all the time he is sure to get off something that he could use against him."

He turned to the table, picked up the "Luxemburg Leader" and scanned the list of meetings advertised therein.

"He speaks at Lennox to-night," he declared, "and I'm going to drive out and hear him and take a long chance on him saying something that I can pick an argument out of," and half an hour later the party auto was whirling him out the Lennox road. About two miles from town a road turned to the right.

"Where does that road go?" asked Barry.

"It runs about 20 miles north," was the reply, "to a big settlement called Innishown."

"Irish, I judge," remarked Barry.

"You better think so," was the reply; "the whole place without a single exception is Irish from the word go."

"How do they vote?"

"Pretty evenly divided."

When they arrived at the Lennox meeting they found the hall well filled, and a few moments later the local chairman rose and haltingly introduced "Mr. Stanton, our honored Federal 'representative'."

Stanton rose and glanced over the audience, acknowledging the generous applause of his supporters with the easy grace of a seasoned campaigner.

"He has got a good platform manner, blamed if he hasn't," admitted Barry.

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," began Stanton, "I assure you in no perfunctory sense, but very heartily and sincerely, that I am both honored and delighted to be present with you to-night and have the privilege of addressing this large and intelligent audience, composed as it is of the sturdy voting strength,

the warm sun, the pale stars and the gray fog, the long, lean, gray fighting machines of England stand between us and annihilation. Let the thin khaki line once break, remove the dreadnoughts and the battle cruisers from their ceaseless vigil, and instantly every English and Canadian coast town would be exposed to the raids of the German navy, the soldiers of the Hun would land on our shores, our cities and towns would be given up to sword and flame, and the lives of our children and the honor of our women left to the tender mercies of German 'culture' as enunciated by the leaders of Teutonic thought in the cultivated city of Berlin, and as practised by their generals upon defenceless towns and cities of unoffending Belgium."

"Some talker," muttered Barry, "for those that like that sort of thing."

"Already we have paid the price of participation. We have seen our own Canadian volunteers gather at our military depots and cross the boundless deep, and to-day over thirty thousand of them are upon Salisbury Plain pining

"There's no speed limit after the writs are issued for an election," replied Barry.

As soon as he reached town he rushed down to the office of the newspaper supporting his party, and the day before the election Innishown was flooded with a bright colored dodger giving verbatim quotations from Stanton's Lennox speech.

"Electors will observe," it concluded, "that while Mr. Stanton praises the English and Scotch regiments, he did not even mention the Irish regiments who have fought equally as well. There can be but one conclusion from this pointed insult to the Irish race, and that is that Mr. Stanton don't want any Irish votes, and if we have correctly judged the feelings of the people of this county, we don't imagine he will get any."

That afternoon Grant who was making a personal canvass of the Scotch settlement of Argyle, a few miles from Innishown, received an urgent telephone message from Stanton.

"I'm told," declared the agitated candidate, "that Innishown is up in arms over my Lennox speech."

"They are," replied Grant. "I've just got one of their dodgers and it's a pretty neat piece of work."

"What can we do to contradict it?" asked Stanton.

"Oh, I can fix that," declared Grant. "I've engaged Tara Hall and billed the place for a meeting there to-night. That gives us the last word."

"Yes, but there's no time now to send up speakers for it. If I'd known it in time I could have come myself and brought O'Brien or some of our Irish supporters," objected Stanton.

"Never mind," said Grant. "You'd do more hurt than good. Stay where you are and I'll do the speaking."

"You," declared Grant. "You've always wanted me to get before the public and this is my chance."

That evening in Tara Hall, Grant faced a large and hostile audience.

"I'm not a public speaker, as you will soon observe," he began, "and I did not come here to talk politics. I do intend, however, to discuss and explain a certain dodger that has been circulated in this locality during the past twenty-four hours."

"It'll stand a good deal of explaining," shouted an old immigrant who was "a long way from Tipperary."

"That's what I'm here for," declared Grant, "as I know all about that Lennox speech. I am closely connected with Mr. Stanton and I may tell you that it is his invariable custom to write out all his speeches and read them over very carefully before delivering them."

"He couldn't have read that one very carefully," shouted another voter, "or he wouldn't have slurred the Irish the way he did."

"I want to tell you," Grant went on, "that Mr. Stanton read that speech to me and I made the same objection that my friend in the audience has made."

"I said to him: 'Mr. Stanton, you haven't said a word about the Irish soldiers at the front, and you know they've fought as well or better than any others, bar none.'"

"He said," Grant continued, calmly, "that it was necessary to say that the English and Scotch were at the front and fought well, but that it was absolutely unnecessary to mention the Irish at all, for everybody who knows anything at all knows that whenever there is a scrap on anywhere the Irish are always in it and always fight well. 'The people would laugh at me,' said Mr. Stanton, 'if I would take up their time telling them that the Irish are good fighters. I might just as well tell them that a duck swims.'"

The man from Tipperary was on his feet.

"Three cheers for Stanton," he called.

Election night when the Innishown returns came in showing that Stanton had carried the poll by a neat majority, the happy and elected candidate turned to Grant.

"You certainly did it up brown," he exclaimed.

"Well enough to be your son-in-law?" demanded Grant.

"Yes," admitted Stanton. "I knew you could talk if you'd only try, and next election you must go on the stump in earnest."

"Not on your life," replied Grant. "This is a special case."



"Better late than never"

and at the same time, I am happy to observe a large proportion of the charming female beauty and grace of this prosperous section of the good old county of Luxemburg—that county which I have had the honor of representing for the last ten years, and which I know I will continue to represent after the tenth day of the coming month." (Loud applause, yells of "Sure you will," "That's the stuff," and "Good boy, John.")

"A model opening," decided Barry. "Just the right amount of 'taffy,' and rouses his own fellows, too."

"In discussing the issues of the present campaign," continued Stanton, "I only intend referring to one leading issue, and I make no apology for doing so—in fact I would feel that I owed you an apology if I referred to anything else. That issue is the present European war—a conflict which is the greatest historical event from the beginning of time down to the present hour."

"Upon the plains of France and Flanders the fate of the Empire is being decided, and with it the fate of Canada and every other colony that is bound up with the Empire. Up in the North Sea, under

for the hour when they can fight side by side with their imperial kinsmen for the unity of the Empire and the sacred faith of treaties.

"England has so far borne the brunt of the fight and suffered accordingly. Some of the best blood of Britain has been shed, and thousands have paid the last full measure of devotion to king and country, honor and fame. Whole regiments have been wiped out fighting to protect the ashes of their fathers and the country of their gods from the foot of the foreign invader. The Gordon Highlanders, the gay and gallant Gordons, are no more, and many of the crack English regiments have been reduced to a mere corporal's guard. And the end is not yet."

The rest of Stanton's speech was equally flowery and guarded, and as Barry whirled back to town he reluctantly admitted that his trip had been a fruitless one.

As they passed the Innishown road, however, he turned to the driver.

"Go like the devil from here in," he ordered.

"But the speed limit."

The Stranger within our Gates

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by E. G. Bayne

"KISS me gooda-bya, Carissima."
"Say bya," coaxed Mrs. Kapatetti, lifting the black-eyed bambino up to meet its father's bent head. The woman did not smile and the infants usual gurgle too was absent. Three other children, ranging in size like stair-steps, clustered about their mother's skirts. It was six o'clock in the morning and breakfast—God save the mark—was over.

"You try again, Luigi?" queried the woman, in a dull toneless voice.

"Again," replied her husband, listlessly.

"You t'ink you geta da job to-day?"

Luigi shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"I musta try," he said.

"An'—if you not geta—"

The woman broke off. A deep frown gathered on Luigi's brow.

"If I am turned away again, Lucia, I swear—you heara me—I swear, I steala da fooda! I—"

"Hush!"

"We cannot starve!"

"Dere is—dere is always—da Charity Bureau."

A spasm of pain shot across Luigi's face.

He winced as under a blow. The woman,

as she spoke the hated name, sent an

anxious glance into the white pinched

faces of the children. In their great,

mournful dark eyes was the look of half-

starved creatures.

"If we only hada da leetle fruit-shop!"

sighed Mrs. Kapatetti.

She had made that fervent wish so often

in these past dark months. The little

fruit store had been the goal she and Luigi

had worked so hard to achieve—he in the

city sewers, she over the wash tub. But

there were so many little mouths to feed,

rents were so criminally high and sickness

had invaded the little family so often, that

since coming to Canada ten months before,

they had never risen higher in life than to

occupy a small dark room at the rear of an

old factory that was tumbling to pieces.

And then, the rent for this hovel was such

as would make the angels weep. Eighteen

dollars a month for the privilege of looking

out into a particularly squalid back yard,

filled with all kinds of rubbish that had

never been carted away. Into such a

narrow, circumscribed rut had their high

hopes fallen, for Luigi had been thrown

out of work in November and had had no

occupation since.

FRESH AT NIGHT

If One Uses the Right Kind of Food

If by proper selection of food one can feel strong and fresh at the end of a day's work, it is worth while to know the kind of food that will produce this result.

A school teacher in the West says in this connection:

"At the time I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts my health was so poor that I thought I would have to give up my work altogether. I was rapidly losing in weight, had little appetite, was nervous and sleepless, and experienced, almost constantly, a feeling of exhaustion.

"I tried various remedies without good results; then I determined to give particular attention to my food, and have learned something of the properties of Grape-Nuts for rebuilding body, brain, and nerves.

"Since using Grape-Nuts I have made a constant and rapid improvement in health, in spite of the fact that all this time I have been engaged in strenuous and exacting work.

"I have gained twelve pounds in weight and have a good appetite, my nerves are steady and I sleep sound. I have such strength and reserve force that I feel almost as strong and fresh at the close of a day's work as at the beginning.

"Before using Grape-Nuts I was troubled much with weak eyes but as my vitality increased the eyes became stronger.

"I never heard of another food as nutritious and economical as Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest

"If only we hada stayed in Naples!"

Luigi's sombre eyes smoldered with resentment, as he spoke. Why had he ever set out for this Canada, this so-called "Land of Promise?" Bah! There were liars and thieves here, as everywhere!

"Ah, Naples!" echoed Lucia, shaking her head wistfully, while slow tears gathered in her eyes.

Dear dirty Naples! How the very name warmed her heart! Was it only last summer that they had sailed away from that dear port? Here they were strangers in a strange land, invited, urged to come, and then—cast aside, allowed to starve—treated like cattle and worse.

The Bay of Naples, with the olive-hills clustered about, rising amphitheatre-like above the curve of yellow sand that embraced the arm of sapphire sea! Naples! With the white doves in the city plazas

jeetly under the thumb of the Big Interests as ever France was servile to Louis, when the hour of disillusionment comes—who is to shoulder the blame? For the blame belongs somewhere!

Luigi opened the door and a flood of morning sunlight poured into the squalid room.

"Poor Luigi," murmured Lucia, laying her hand tenderly on his worn coat sleeve. "You musta not walk so mucha to-day. Lasta night so tired you were an' da feeta so sore. You—"

Luigi laughed bitterly.

"When you hava no car tickets you musta walk," he said.

"Da pavement! It is so hard." Lucia went on. "Oh, Luigi, if we could geta to da country!"

"Like everyt'ing else it taka da money, Carissima, to go to da country."

"Ah, da money!" echoed Lucia.

"But if I could geta dere I show da people how to farm! My padre—he was da besta vine-dresser in da province of Tuscany!"

"So he was."



Please sir, our clothes are gone

that came clustering upon the head and shoulders of the passerby. Naples! With the liquid song of the boatmen when the sea in the evening shone silver with a glory pilfered from a splendid moon!

"We cannot starve," repeated Luigi, as he settled his cap more firmly on his head. His glance travelled across to the deal table upon which stood only a portion of stale bread and a tin teapot that had contained a very weak brew. There was no other food. The cupboard was as bare as old Dame Hubbard once found hers.

Yet up on "the hill" on Millionaire Avenue many families would be breakfasting presently on crisp bacon, tender omelet, fragrant coffee and fresh fruit. So nicely is this world divided; so neat the line that is drawn between the sheep and the goats. The stranger comes at our urgent invitation. He rears our fine buildings, lays our railways, makes our cities. We tell him he can do better here in the New World—make more money, educate the bambinos, become the equal of any man. When he learns the truth, learns that money does not grow on the maple trees, learns that he and his are only "cattle," learns that the land is as ab-

"Dese people here dey wasta da land like water. Only yesterday I pass ten empty lots, t'ick wit da weed!"

"It is a sin! Such wasta!"

"Da owners holda da lot for beeger price. Sacristi! Dey are a lazy lot demselves. If my padre hada bud halfa da acre he maka feeda da family all da winter."

"It is already halfa-pasta seex, Luigi. You hurry now. It may be da lasta chance."

"Ah—so it may be," he said gloomily.

Was he born under an unlucky star he began to ask himself? His fate had lately seemed so perverse, his every hope doomed at its birth to disappointment!

They went slowly out and around the old building to the street.

"For me," Lucia said, summoning a brave smile. "For me, I can do wit'out fooda longa time, but da bambino an' da leetle Guiseppe, dey musta eat. Dey musta have milka an' breada."

"I try dis lasta place," said Luigi, "I been honesta up to dis moment. After dis, if I not geta work, I steala! I geta da fooda—da breada for da bambinos—I geta it somehow!"

He spoke passionately. Lucia sighed and turned back to her simple duties indoors.

When she had imparted some touch of neatness to the room, and wrapped up the half loaf of bread carefully in a damp cloth, she made the two little girls ready for kindergarten.

Kindergarten! Blessed source of comfort in these dark days! There the children received at eleven each day a generous bowl of soup and one soda cracker. They were assured of one meal on every day except Sunday. That was something to be thankful for.

Meanwhile, Luigi, fondly believing he would be early (for the big place of business that had called for one hundred men, had been announced to open its doors at seven-thirty) arrived before seven only to find himself at the extreme end of a long line that had been forming apparently since dawn. "One hundred men"—and here were twice that number already with more arriving every minute. Luigi was here on an off-chance as it was. This was his last straw, for he was not a skilled workman, only willing, so willing to learn. It seemed to him that his very eagerness was his undoing. The careless ones were always the lucky ones!

Eight o'clock—and twenty-five men had been selected. Nine—and fifty had been accepted. Nine-thirty—and seventy-five were made happy with work. Ten—the hundred had been chosen!

"No more men wanted." So read the big card that was now hung on the door.

Three hundred disappointed applicants turned away—some gloomy and morose, some cursing fervently, others merely white-faced and spiritless.

Luigi for a time was so crushed in spirit that he lost all sense of his whereabouts and kept plodding on without a thought of destination. Tramping the city pavements had become a habit. After a time, he looked up to find himself in a quietly elegant district. Wealth did not flaunt itself here in garish grandeur, but there was an air of substantial comfort to the buildings and the lawns. The houses had here been joined by business blocks, fine restaurants, a motion picture palace and other modern appointments of our civilization. This fact alone marked the district as one of the very oldest of the residential portions of the city.

Luigi was hungry. He caught the fragrant odor of Irish stew cooking somewhere near and hot rebellion surged up in him. It was nearing the luncheon hour. He had almost decided to beg a meal, but his pride still held out. He would steal rather than ask charity! And he cursed—cursed volubly, and with a whole-hearted abandon.

"Here, my man! Do you want to be run in?"

Luigi had jostled a well-dressed gentleman, who swung a cane airily, but who stopped now to look severely at him.

"Swearing in public is an indictable offence."

Luigi cast a look at the speaker out of his black eyes and then passed on in silence.

"Drunk," was the other's mental comment, for the Italian walked none too steadily.

Extreme hunger, weariness, and the habit of living on one meal a day does not make for a springy, upright carriage.

A restaurant! Luigi's tired feet brought him up short before a window full of toothsome delights. It was one of those middle-class eating places, half way between the luxurious velvet-carpeted grill where they stick you a dollar and a half for the simplest meal, and the antithesis, where flies abound and the table napery is decorated with an arabesque of egg-yolk and tomato ketchup. Here were meat pies, chains of wienerwurst, a cooked chicken with a wreath of parsley about its neck, a dish of steaming spaghetti, freshly sugared doughnuts, head-cheese and cup jellies.

Oh, blase diner! You who must coax the appetite with cocktails and tabasco relishes! Oh, pale dyspeptics! Look here upon Luigi, a husky giant of a man, clean living, simple of tastes, starving in a land of plenty! It would be ridiculous were it not so pathetic.

Luigi entered. Why, he could not have said. It was an irresistible impulse and his feet led him in toward the source of these good things. God knows he hadn't a cent in his pockets. He seated himself at a table in an obscure corner, and pulled the menu card toward him. A brisk waitress drifted up and, handing him a

starched serviette, stood awaiting his order.

Behind Luigi stretched a half wall of green baize behind which was evidently a sort of general clearing house for trays of dishes. From afar off came the tantalizing odors of the kitchens, but here in this place between, sizzled gasoline burners for coffee.

The cafe filled up quickly. Presently there entered a dainty young woman in grey, with golden hair, who glanced uncertainly about for a time and then took the only remaining seat, which was beside Luigi, with her back to the baize wall. This dismayed Luigi, for deftly and furtively he had been stowing away portions of his dinner in the capacious pockets of his overalls, for Lucia and the poor kiddies. Now he must stop.

The orchestra was just beginning: "Get Out and Get Under," and Luigi had finished his coffee, when a report like a cannon-shot stunned the crowd into quick silence. Followed a hissing sound and then over the baize screen poured a thick volume of smoke. A tongue of flame licked the flimsy material and in less than thirty seconds the whole wall was blazing.

"Dad"
The old gentleman wheeled.
"Good heavens Marjorie are you safe?"
"Safe and sound. You got my message?"

"Why yes. You 'phoned your mother you would lunch at Hector's, and so—as soon as I heard where the fire was—"

She interrupted his panting sentence to seize Luigi by the arm and thrust him forward.

"This man saved my life," she said simply.

Luigi flushed beet-red, but the girl's parent, after a precursory glance at the man, thrust out a fat white hand.

"I'm much obliged, my man," he said, graciously.

His daughter proceeded to give a detailed account of her fortunate escape, but Luigi interjected a sentence of deprecation, spoken in his soft Italian tones.

"You are a foreigner? An Italian, I take it?"

Luigi nodded and was about to turn away.

"Stay This is a service I cannot hope to reward as it deserves, but you will accept—"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you go on the land?"

Luigi did not understand for a moment.

"So many of you fellows, you see, won't go to the country," continued the old gentleman, testily. "So I ask you, would you be willing to go and work on a farm, thirty miles out—a truck farm? Your wife could go along and cook for the men. I am after the right man—have been after him all spring. Will you go?"

Mother of all the saints! Would he go to the country? If he could have spoken English more fluently he would have explained that the Italian has reduced tilling of the soil to a fine art. The dago knows the virtues of soil economy, of fertilization, of conservation, of drainage. He knows, because the knowledge has been handed down to him from the early Roman days, the secret of making the desert bloom like the rose.

"I taka da offer," said Luigi.

And you could not have discerned in his quiet, brief statement, how joyously his heart was beating.

An expression of satisfaction passed over the old gentleman's countenance.

"To me?"

Luigi nodded.

"A guya come inta da shop to-day an' tooka da meal—you call it swipa da meal—he sorry. He nota do it again. He rich now."

Sambo's Reason

Col. Davis, a fine old Southern gentleman, and a faithful attendant upon the beautiful services of the Episcopal Church, was always driven into town on Sunday morning in most orderly and dignified style by Sambo.

After carefully seeing to the fastening of the staid and sober horses, Sambo himself used to slip into a pew and be a most attentive listener. Under any ordinary circumstances neither master nor man were absent.

It so happened that on one particularly fine Sunday the Colonel noticed, on casting his eyes around to the usual pew, that Sambo was not in his place. The Colonel was surprised, but said nothing, supposing Sambo had some good reason for his absence.

But noticing for two or three Sundays the continued vacancy in Sambo's place, he determined to enquire the reason why.

"Sambo," said he, "I haven't noticed you in church for two or three Sundays."

"No, Massa; no, Massa, I want dere," said Sambo, shifting about uneasily.

"And where were you, Sambo? I should like to see you in church, sir."

"Well, Massa," said Sambo, "I'se jus' down to de lil Methodist' church roun' de conah."

"Why, Sambo, I'm surprised at you. What have you got against my church? Doesn't it suit you, Sambo?"

"Yes, Massa. Yo' church good church, Massa; but den I mus' go an' look ater de hosses now, if you'll scuse me."

"Never mind the horses, Sambo. Just tell me the reason."

"Well, Master, it's just like dis. Up at your place dey spen's so much time readin' de minits o' de previous meetin', but de Methodist', dey gits rite down to bizness to once."

SLUGS HARD

Tea and Coffee are Sure and Powerful.

Let the tea or coffee slave be denied his cup at its appointed time! Headache—sick stomach—fatigue, etc.

"Strange that thinking, reasoning beings will persist in the use of coffee," says a Western man.

He says further that he did not begin drinking coffee until he was twenty years old, and that slowly it began to poison him, and affect his hearing through his nervous system. (Tea produces about the same effects as coffee, because they both contain the drugs, caffeine and tannin.)

"Finally, I quit coffee and the conditions slowly disappeared, but one cold morning the smell of my wife's coffee was too much for me and I took a cup. Soon I was drinking my regular allowance, tearing down brain and nerves by the daily dose of the nefarious beverage.

"Later, I found my breath coming hard, had frequent fits of nausea, and then I was taken down with bilious fever.

"Common sense came to me and I quit coffee for good and went back to Postum. I at once began to gain and have had no returns of my bilious symptoms, headache, dizziness, or vertigo.

"I now have health, bright thoughts, and added weight, where before there was invalidism and the blues.

"My brother quit coffee because of its effect on his health and now uses Postum. He could not stand the nervous strain while using coffee, but keeps well on Postum." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms:

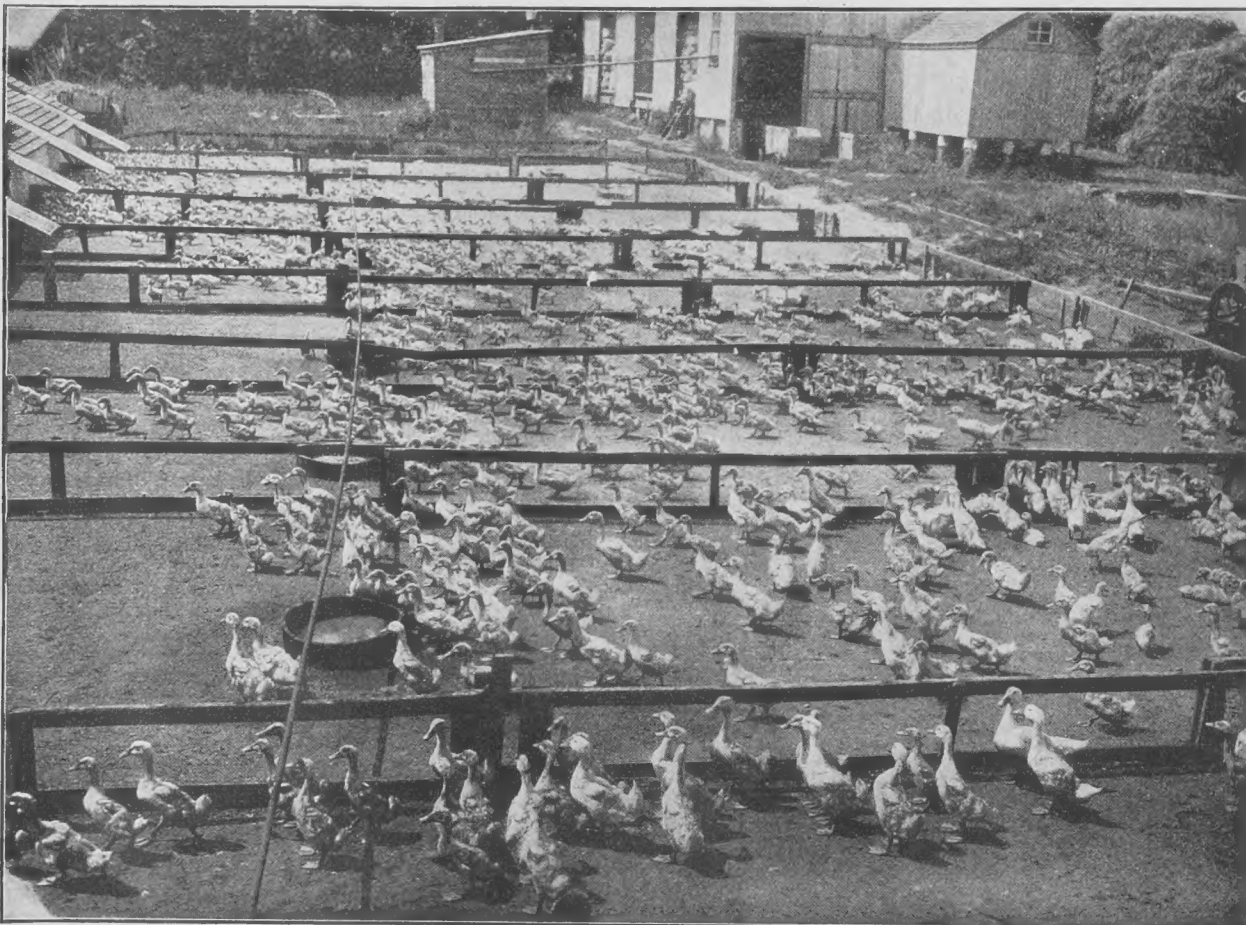
Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage **instantly**. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.



Duck Raising, a highly profitable industry. The picture shows a section of a duck farm that weekly sends its thousands to the New York market

But the crowd had not waited to see this. At the first alarm the diners had bolted for the street doors, in a dense mass—all but the girl with the golden hair, and Luigi.

She had risen and taken one step forward, blindly with her arms before her face. Then, so thick was the smoke, she had fallen first to her knees, fighting the acrid odor, coughing and gasping, and then had fainted quite away. Before them there was no outlet, for the doors were blocked in front by the escaping, panic-stricken crowd.

But Luigi saw a half-boarded up window at the side. Seizing a chair he broke the glass and lifting the girl up in his arms he passed her slight form through to someone on the outside. Her dress bore holes here and there, but otherwise she was unhurt. Luigi's hair was singed, and his sleeves burnt nearly to the shoulder. Bare-headed and panting he stood beside the reviving girl, his white teeth gleaming in a broad smile of relief.

The hook and ladder now dashed up and with difficulty, rescuer and rescued escaped through the surging mass of humanity packed about the now blazing building.

Suddenly the girl gave a cry indicative of delight, and, following her glance, Luigi saw a portly old gentleman just alighting from an automobile, and bearing on his rubicund features a very agony of suspense. He began to force his way through the crowd, hitting smartly with his cane right and left.

Luigi gave a fleeting glance at the bill-fold the old gentleman had pulled out. He shook his head and spread out his hands in a gesture of mingled gratitude and scorn.

"But, you—I—" puffed the old gentleman, blinking with a puzzled expression at the Italian.

It was clear the man was poor. At the instant a bright idea struck the young woman. She leaned forward and whispered something into her father's ear.

"That's so, that's so," he said, nodding. Then, "Where do you live, my man? My daughter suggests that we send you a little treat, seeing you won't accept money."

Luigi did not comprehend.

"Where do you live?" asked the girl.

Luigi named the place.

"What do you do? Where do you work?" asked the gentleman.

Luigi smiled faintly. The question seemed almost a mockery.

"I gota no work," he said.

"He must be one of the out-of-works," observed the gentleman in an aside to the girl. "Well, well" he exclaimed, for want of an idea.

His daughter supplied the missing idea, however. She again whispered something in his ear.

"The very thing—if he's honest and reliable"

"At any rate we could give him a trial. He looks reliable," said the girl, naively, "and I'm sure he's honest."

"All right We'll try him. Now, my man, you have a family, I suppose?"

Again he produced his bill-fold, and drew out of it some money.

"This amount will be in advance then. Pack up your belongings and be at the depot Saturday morning at ten. Can you do it?"

"Yes, sir," said Luigi, taking the bills.

"I will add that, if you give satisfaction you will be taken in on shares and in a year or two will be given land of your own. I hope for both our sakes you will make good."

An hour later Luigi, his arms filled with packages, a new cap on his head, and with a heart as light as a balloon, passed the scene of the recent fire. He was on his way to catch a car that he might the sooner reach Lucia with his glad tidings.

The ruins were still smoking. The interior was completely burnt out but the shell remained. On the pavement stood the proprietor, his cash register safe, high and dry, on a pile of boxes. The acrid smell of fire and smoke and water-soaked wood still clung to the place and the firemen were still hosing the rear timbers.

Luigi stopped, and the proprietor turned and looked at him disapprovingly. Excepting for his new head gear, he looked the most disreputable "dago" the proprietor had ever clapped eyes on. He did not recognize the hero of the fire in this soiled "vag." Luigi fished down into his overalls and drew out a crisp dollar bill.

"Dis belonga to you," he said, passing the money over to the wondering proprietor.

A Laggard in War

Written for The Western Home Monthly by William Lutton

In the scheme of confederation the province of Quebec is politically pivotal. That is why criticism of anything Quebec may think or do takes on a soft and placable tone. A tradition has grown up that Quebec must be treated differently from the other provinces.

If there are any favors to be bestowed, she must get them. If there are exemptions or privileges or advantages she must be first considered. Quebec is peculiar. The French people are different from the other elements. Back in history there was a fight; and Quebec tells us, with much insistence, that on account of that fight she must be treated with peculiar tenderness; must be indulged, even at the expense of the other provinces.

When Quebec hinders, therefore, any large scheme of advance; when she refuses to link herself with the other provinces in any plan or policy which would, in her opinion, impair her peculiar individualism, we shrug the shoulders and say, "Oh, well, you know, at the time of the Cession, Quebec obtained certain privileges."

It is on this account that public speakers, when they refer to the sacrifices which the Dominion has made for the war, speak of the French and English

and simple, and has always viewed with disfavor even the innocuous militia, which made an imposing parade on Sunday.

The pastoral life tends to phlegm. The inhabitant cultivates his land; he says his prayers; he smokes his pipe; he listens to the Cure as the voice of God; he goes to sleep, and lets the world go by. There are 2,000,000 of him like that in the province. In the city it's a little different. In Montreal for instance, the French Canadian forms the great body of workers—to the number probably of 350,000. Of course in the individual case he will be a lawyer, a doctor, a politician; in the mass he is seen in industrial life, smart, eager, doing his work well and cleverly.

Almost in infancy the French Canadian comes under the influence of an educational and religious system of which the genius might be said to be a large and immovable passivity. That system has many excellences, no doubt. It is the friend of order. It renders obedience to all proper authority. It conserves society—in unassuming content. But the early school gives the chief prominence, not to this world and its concerns, but the next. In the cate-



General Botha Acknowledging Salute of Guard of Honor on His Return from S. W. Africa. Left to right: Guard of Honor Cape Town Officers lining the jetty along which the General has to pass. General Botha, Mrs. Botha and staff officers. It is not often that the navy furnishes a guard of honor for an officer of the junior service and the fact that it did on this occasion, must be regarded as a remarkable tribute.

fighting side by side; paint glowing pictures of the French Canadians shedding their blood for the two mother countries which inspire their conduct. They know the statements are not true. They know that it is all a fiction. They know that only a handful of the 2,200,000 French people composing the population of the province has responded to the call for service at the front. They are aware, in looking over the casualty lists that the honored names are English. They are fully conscious that even while they extol the valor of the French Canadians, the latter are indifferent to the claims either of their own mother country or those of their foster mother—England.

The truth would be disagreeable, and it is not spoken. Let any speaker describe the true conditions and there would be a race cry over the province which at this juncture it is not desirable to provoke.

Many have sought to account for the indifference shown by the French Canadians in this crisis—an indifference which was strongly emphasized in Montreal when recruiting officers were stoned by a rowdy mob; an indifference unaccountable when it is considered that their mother country, to which they appeal with thrilling pride, is imperilled.

Canada is of course a non-military country. It was this which appealed to the hundreds of thousands of so-called foreigners who came to our shores to escape the burdens which an inexorable militarism forced upon them in Europe. Quebec, however, is peculiarly pastoral

chism, the confessional—and all the Catholic schools are confessional schools—the child learns that this is a transitory state; that the concerns of the world are trivial and passing; and that the chief concern is to have the right faith by which one saves one's soul, which is the prime consideration.

If the lad enters the college after his school training this ecclesiastical system is accentuated for the eight years of the course—philosophical or theological. Good principles are instilled; the education proceeds upon scholastic rather than modern lines; the philosophy is medieval; and modern science has no place in the curriculum. Having completed his college studies the young man becomes a notary, a lawyer, a doctor, a priest, a politician. As a notary he is diligent—a little meticulous, but eminently respectable. The lawyer is quick and able, brilliant in oratory, for which every Frenchman has an instinctive capacity. The doctor is grave and dignified; the priest, pious and attentive; the politician, eager, dramatic, coruscating, vehement, with the glow, and at the same time, the inimitable grace of the latin.

This type is, in most essential respects, eminently desirable. It does not play baseball or lacrosse or indulge in any athletic games. It is removed from the rough and tumble of life. It is (barring the priest) a little sceptical to-day and would smile (not publicly) if you asked it whether it accepted all the claims put forward by the church.

But the mass of the French, who have only got the rudiments of education, who

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compose the great body of workers—these are obedient to authority; they are faithful to duty; they are good husbands and fathers, marrying young and bringing forth a progeny, which as the late Hon. Mr. Farles used to say, would swamp the English in the Dominion in fifty years, if the English did not mend their ways; but they are not a robust element in the population. The long habit of obedience produces passivity. The dutiful surrender of the will to an extraneous authority robs the individual of initiative. When a man is willing that another should direct him and do his thinking for him, he has lost the volition which alone could bulk as an expression of character. When a life is marked out, the human interest of it dies out. The French Canadian young men have not joined with the English speaking citizens, because they have been shepherded for other purposes. They do not play robust games, because they are occupied, in the time which should be leisure time, in going to church. The daring, the aggressiveness, the ambition which is felt when the life is independent, becomes inoperative when that life is regulated by an external authority, which is not to be questioned.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said in London at

the first colonial conference that he did not wish to participate in the foreign policy of the empire. Canada was loyal, but she was not military, and she wished to remain out of the military vortex. Therefore he, as representing Canada, was willing that the councils of the Empire should be held without his presence or participation. In saying this he was instinctively stating the French Canadian attitude in respect of native robustness.

The combative sense is lost when the chief consideration is to save the soul. The church has said that this is a righteous war, and the French Canadians have been urged to join; but the pressure has not been insistent. A system which permits no individual expression produces in time a fatal benumbment.

Certain of our French Canadian citizens have gone forward and done their duty. In proportion to number they have not responded in a degree which could be called commendatory or patriotic. Those who have gone to the front are highly spoken of. The inertia which is not aroused by the extremity of peril which faces, not only the mother countries, but Canada itself, is due to the atrophying effects of a system, which while it kindles piety, blows out the fires of patriotism.



Taking the rest cure

The Wolfer

Written for The Western Home Monthly by E. Fern Rear, Regina College

THE April sun had just dropped below the undulating wall of wooded hills that skirts the valley of the Assiniboine and shot his arrows of light far across the heavens, when a horseman suddenly appeared upon one of the highest peaks, and, stood, for a moment, darkly silhouetted against the blood-stained sky.

His eyes were fixed upon a point a little down the valley; his whole attitude was one of close concentration, not unusual in one who lived on the Canadian West in those dangerous times. Even his horse, a muscular little animal belonging to the type known as mustang, stood stock still, with his ears put forward, champing his bit softly, as though in deep meditation. Up from some hidden recess in the valley came another horseman dressed in the red tunic of Britains "preservers of the law." He rode at an easy gallop up the hillside, unconscious of the keen eyes of the man above, fixed upon him with that tense look of a hunted animal in their depths. As the Mounted Policeman drew near, the other suddenly plunged his spurs into the flanks of his horse and galloped at neck-break speed around a point of the wood, and came out on the path taken by the Constable, who was now out of sight on the other side. A sarcastic smile spread over his face.

"Well done, old boy!" he said aloud, stroking the sleek neck of his little mount with affection, "it takes you and me to get ahead of them bloomin' yella-legs, don't it; though 'donner und blitzen!' I was afraid once that he'd track us down. However that danger is past now. He will probably go back to the fort and put

up a long-winded yarn to the Colonel about hair-breadth escapes from a whole gang of us fellers, and the Colonel will slap him on the shoulder and say he can't see how he did it; the chief factor will treat the boys to a stiff Scotch, all round, in honor of the hero of the hour; and the old Indian nurse will use the story to frighten the factors' youngsters with when they won't go to sleep."

He paused, and laughed softly, "It's a good thing we ain't as black as them so called civilized fellers make us out to be, ain't it old man," he added. "And it's a good thing, too, that we can get along without the good opinions of our feller-men when we have to pay too big a price to get 'em."

He dismounted and set himself to the task of loosening certain packs, which, while the Constable was in sight, he had endeavored to conceal by the tail of his long coat, but which he now carefully rearranged, and secured by leather strings attached to the saddle.

He was not bad to look at; there was nothing of the criminal in his appearance; in fact, he was a man, who if his real identity as an illicit fur trader were concealed, one would instinctively trust; for there was something friendly and congenial in his smile and the humorous twinkle in his dark eyes. His face was overcast by a deep bronze, suggesting long hot summers on the plains, and long cold winters when the snow lies too thick and soft for aught but snow shoes, and when the north wind, which pierces one like the cold thrust of steel, fills the air with its weird melody, alluring, yet hateful withal.

The dusk was deepening rapidly now. The sunset lights left the hilltops; in the deep shadowy ravines the trees drew closer together, whispering among themselves secrets world-old yet, ever mysterious, ever new. It was the hour in which, in the wilderness, after a long day of rest, nature suddenly bestirs herself and rouses to active life. Frogs began to croak in the ponds; a fox brushed close past the traveller; in a tree near by a wild cat lost its clutch, and fell, screaming with rage, to the earth; and somewhere far away rose the long-drawn howl of a timber wolf, joined in a moment by another near at hand, then another and another, until, soon the cries became a whole chorus.

As the traveller rounded a curve in the valley, he observed a tiny spark, like the light of a glow-worm, not far away. The wily little pony saw it too, and doubtless scented some other horse's supper, for he quickened his pace and soon brought his master within sight of a teepee set in a grove of trees with a camp fire burning brightly before it.

An old chief sat on his blanket, gazing with stoic gravity into the flames and drawing at a long clay pipe. Behind him, and near the door of the wigwam, was a heap of furs, the fruits of his winter's toil. Doubtless his thoughts were on those furs now, for ever and anon he turned his kingly head in their direction and gazed at them long and earnestly. He had waited

heart on fire with the joy of living. If it is foreign to you I should say that you need something to warm you up; a figurative match to touch off the tinder of your soul as it were. I've got the very stuff that will do it too!"

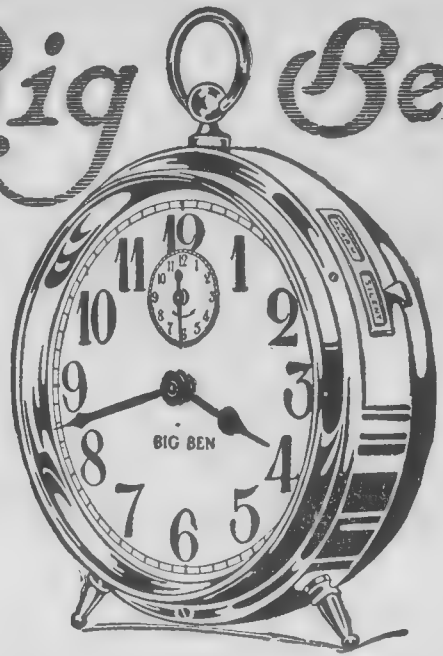
The Indian was watching him closely. A sudden gleam of understanding came into his eyes. "You don't mean—" the other nodded. "I do too, I've got the material right in here. Have you got the furs?"

The old man pointed with a skinny finger to the bales beside the wigwam door. "Good! then it's a bargain?" "Well," replied the Indian warily, "that depends on how much you are willing to give for them. I could get enough tea, tobacco and ammunition, besides shawls and beads for the squaws, to last us a year, at the company's store."

"Oh, but you wouldn't get any liquor at the company's store. I can supply you with all the things you mentioned, and liquor, too: good sparkling rye, that tickles all the way down, and makes you feel like a young brave again!"

The chief's eyes glistened. He tossed the long dark braids back from his face, from which all dignity and regal hauteur was gone, leaving in their stead a greedy lust that was almost beast-like in its intensity. The trader noted it with a smile of triumph. He began unpacking his wares, while the other motioned to the

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Under the care of a kindly canine

a long time for the trader from the fur post to pay his annual visit and buy them up, but, as the weeks went by and still he failed to put in an appearance, the Indian was forced to take them down himself. With his squaw and grown-up daughter he was now on the way.

On the edge of the ring of firelight the newcomer was surveying the scene with interest. He comprehended the whole at a glance; knew where the Indians were headed for and why they were going, and a chuckle of satisfaction escaped him as he thought of his good fortune in lighting upon the camp. The old squaw heard him and came forward.

"Good evening, mother," he began in the tongue of the Saulteaux, "your supper smells good."

Her only response was a grave nod. He dismounted, and she, motioning towards the fire, took his horse by the bridle and led it away. The man sauntered over to the old chief who was eyeing him steadily, and stood waiting for him to speak. There was a long silence then the Indian said in beautiful broken English, "come you as a friend or foe, my brother?"

"That depends," replied the white man lightly, "one man's friend is another's foe, you know it all hinges on the man." "You speak strange words my brother. Sit down and let's take supper, and then you shall explain yourself."

Slowly and with great dignity he rose and re-arranged his blanket so as to give the stranger an end, then they both sat down and the white man began rolling a cigarette.

"Hout man!" he said in answer to the other's remark, "my words are but cheerful. Cheerfulness flows naturally from a

squaw to bring him one of the bales of furs which he loosened and spread over the ground. They were beautiful pelts, soft, deep-furred, and superbly satiny. The white man gave a low whistle as he examined them.

"They'll bring me in a small fortune at Montreal," he said to himself. The old chief was watching him anxiously. "They are well stretched but of blamed poor quality, old dog," growled the man aloud, "I really can't afford to give you more than two bottles of rum for them, but, as you are an old customer, I'll make it three."

The Indian was plainly disappointed but his simple mind could not fathom the white man's treachery. His disappointment, however, was short-lived after the liquor came into view. Thereafter, they sat around the fire until far into the night, drinking and gambling. The two squaws sat across from them partaking of the contents of the flask, which the men had tossed over to them, and watching their movements with wide, wondering eyes. "My game!" cried the Wolf breaking the tense silence, as he swept the cards from the board.

"No, no! you cheat—I saw you I'll wager—" "What will you wager?" interestedly. "My furs—the rest of my furs!" cried the Indian excitedly, springing to his feet.

"Sit down!" commanded the other with a wave of the hand. "Look here, how would it be for us to play that game over again. If I lose you are to get all the whisky in my pack and if you lose I get the rest of your furs. That suit you?" The Indian nodded and sat down again, unsteadily; the liquor was beginning to



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tell on him. There followed a period of almost death-like silence, during which the two played as for their lives. The old chief, though so absolutely intoxicated, exercised his faculties to their utmost capabilities, and played fairly well. The white man was growing impatient. It was quite time for him to be on his way if he were to reach headquarter by daylight as he had arranged for. Watching his opportunity, when the attention of his opponent was distracted for an instant he once more swept the cards from the table and reached for the furs.

With an oath the Indian sprang to his feet, but he was no quicker than the white man, who rose also, and the two stood glaring at each other like infuriated animals preparing to spring at one another's throats. The squaws, scenting trouble had risen also and seized a couple of burning sticks for the purpose of backing up their chief if he proved unequal to the occasion.

For a full second they stood thus, tensely silent, each resolving in his mind to strike down the first one that moved or spoke. Finally, the red man's nerves could bear the strain no longer. He made a quick move toward his opponent "You're a darn cheat!" he growled. "You're a—h."

His cry subsided into an inarticulate mumble, as he fell, stunned by the Wolfer's telling blow, across the fire. By the time the two women had reached his

Along the edge of this ravine, which as we have said was very narrow but of profound depth, the man guided his wearied horse, until he arrived at a point where the sides broadened out and becomes less inaccessible. Here he struck upon a blind trail, by which I mean a track so slightly marked by the passenger's footsteps, that it can but be traced by a slight shade of verdure from the darker heath around it, and, being only visible to the naked eye when at some distance, ceases to be distinguished while the foot is actually treading it—right down to the deepest depth of the glen, to where, in the very midst of an impenetrable thicket of evergreen and gnarled shrubs interlaced with vines that hung over the path and quite concealed from open view, a group of buildings were situated.

A long low cabin erected of unhewn logs and chinked with moss stood against a rock overlooking the little stream; and, a little below, a miserable shack with windows knocked out and door hanging by one hinge, served as a shelter for a number of cayuses and half-a-dozen forlorn looking sleighdogs, one or two of which were nosing about the door-yard in search of a stray morsel to feed their half-starved bodies with. There was about the place an uncanny atmosphere of secrecy, which could be more easily felt than explained. It was not difficult to surmise this to be the headquarters of the gang; for, it was to all appearance, an altogether ideal location



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side the Wolfer had mounted, and, as they lifted the miserable creature from his fiery bed and brushed the red-hot cinders from his face and clothing, the hoof beats of the former came down fainter and fainter on midnight breeze, until at last they died away in the distance.

It was almost sun up when the Wolfer reached the end of his journey.

He had left the Assiniboine valley several hours ago, crossed the height of land, and entered the Swan River valley, which here in spite of its serpent-like windings proceeds almost due north. The country was becoming very wild and rough; and had an appearance of desolation which the season lent to it, for, although it was April, there was as yet little or no verdure to hide the ugliness of the rugged hillsides and the black morass of the ravines, save the clumps of spruce and jack-pine which relieved the sombreness of the landscape with one occasional touch of green. A column of thick, white fog rising from the river, traced its winding course through the hills for miles on either hand. Not a sound disturbed the solemn hush of morning, the monotonous murmuring of the rapid below, and the distant drumming of prairie-chickens served rather to accentuate than disturb that breathless calm.

Our acquaintance had gradually ascended out of the broad valley, and now found himself on a mountain ridge overhanging a glen of great depth, but extremely narrow. The sides of the glen were broken banks of earth and rocks of rotten stone, which sunk sheer down to the little winding stream below, affording many a thicket of scathed bushwood or tuft of fern.

for the nursery of crime, the birth place of the works of darkness.

It was very quiet about the place when our traveller arrived. He decided that the gang must be either all asleep or away. His entrance into the cabin, however, dispelled both suppositions. The breakfast table, well laden, and surrounded by the "boys," was the first object that met his view, and the familiar frizzle of frying meat came from a box stove in the corner which was attended by an ancient squaw with a blanket around her shoulders.

"Howdy'e, boys," he said in greeting. "Hello, hello Old Sport!" "The top o' the mornin' toye, pard!" and "what luck?" came from all sides. "Fairly good luck," he replied dropping the bales of furs in the corner and seating himself at the table. "And it's a peachy morning, too; but, 'donner und blitzen', I've had a narrow escape!"

"What! red-coats on the trail?" "Yaw. The colonel has got on our scent at last. I came across one of his men down at the Assiniboine yesterday morning. We had a grand game of cat'n' mouse which lasted all day. But I managed to double on him just at dusk, and threw him off the scent."

"Saperment! You don't suppose he will bribe 'em to squeal do you?" "Not as long as Ketchemoonae is on our side," returned another, "you can depend on the old chief to keep 'em quiet."

"Not now! That won't do—the old chief's dead—killed—laid in the locker, man—and his spirit is imbibing fire-water in the happy hunting ground."

"Dead?—killed? Some more of your work, I presume. Thousand Thunders, man! You should have had more sense than to 'do up' the hinge on which our whole trade swings."

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"Maybe he ain't dead," suggested someone, "it takes a lot to 'do' a nitchie, you know—they have as many lives as a cat."

"Well if he ain't," returned the other emphatically, "it will be all the worse for us. An Indian don't forget a foe sooner than his friend."

"Are you turned hen-hearted, Jack?" asked the doer of the deed under discussion, with infinite scorn.

"No,—Thousand Thunders!—no more than yourself. But it was something like that stopped all trade seven or eight years ago. It happened down on the Old Man River, shortly after the first Mounted Police force in the West took up quarters in Fort McLeod, under this self-same Colonel French. You've heard of the lost placer of gold, and how it came about that it did not reach its destination? Well there was a big dust about it, and it did up the trade for one while."

"How should that be?"

"Why," replied Jack, "the nitchies got rusty about it and would not deal; and the Colonel got so many warrants out—"

"Well, for all that," said the other, "I wouldn't be a bit squeamish, myself, about goin' down to the post, after we've sent the furs down-stream to join in the celebration, and try to find out just how matters stand in regard to us."

and lighting up the bronzed faces and bright-hued, picturesque dress of the half-civilized savages. The chiefs, gorgeous in paint and feathers, strutted about like imperial monarchs as they were, greeting one another with their most formal salutations, and inquiring solicitously after each other's health, but, keeping a watchful eye always on the gate.

Within the precinct of the fort there was also a busy scene. A huge mound of logs had been heaped in the center of the courtyard ready to be lighted; and in the store-room the fire-place had been abundantly replenished. The flames threw a cheerful glow over the chairs which drawn invitingly around it. A little table, on which was placed the historic pipe of peace and a flask of brandy, stood nearby, for it was here that the chiefs were to be entertained and the business was to be transacted. It was all very cheerful and homelike, the factor thought, as he closed the door upon it and strolled across the court toward the gate.

In all the buildings lights were flashing; and from his own house came the sound of music and dancing, for it was the season of festivity for all. Colonel French and half a dozen red-coats stood beside the gate, waiting to usher in the guests. As the factor approached, the former stepped up to him, "McLean," he began in an

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Sheep washing, a practice that is being discontinued in the West

"You can go if you like—none of the gang that has ever done that has come out alive—but we ain't responsible."

"Donner and blitzen! I'd like to see French try to get this youngster's head into a noose," returned the other and closed the subject.

All day long the waters of the Assiniboine had borne the heavily freighted canoes of the natives down its swirling ice-fringed current. All day long they had been gathering at the pier, and the big gate of Fort Pelly had swung for the patient squaws, who, with the fur bales strapped on their backs, had toiled up the hillside and deposited their burdens in a small out-building, adjacent to the magazine, or store; until, now, as evening approached, the little building was filled almost to the roof with the precious wares which meant gold to both tradesman and customer, and presided over by one of the Mounted Police and one of Colonel French's surly blood-hounds. It was the trading season, as much an event as Christmas or the First of July. The Indians had come for miles in every direction and, after announcing their arrival and disposing of their furs, had gathered outside the gate to await the formal "opening" when they would be admitted into the fort, and begin the joyful rites of the celebration.

Upwards of two hundred of them there were. They had separated into groups—each tribe, seeming by its own volition, to stay by itself—and had lighted fires to keep themselves warm. It was a wildly barbaric, yet with all, a pleasing scene. All along the crest of the hill on which Fort Pelly stands, glimmered the sparks of flames like glow-worms on a summer's night, kindling the dark expanse of heath,

undertone, "a bunch of men came in to-night to join in the celebration. Most of 'em are rough-riders from the Swan River ranch but there's one among them whom I suspect to be one of the gang of illicit traders we've been scouring the country for all winter." "Surely not!"

"I do though, they're regular dare devils you know; brassy enough to defy the king and all his court."

"I doubt if either the king or his court would be capable of doing much with one of them gents," grinned McLean. "However I hope it is one of the gang and that you get him. They're a frightful menace to lawful trade. Good luck to you!" He mounted the steps the watchman's gallery, and the colonel dropped back into his place.

As chief factor McLean appeared before them a hush of expectation fell upon the throng of natives without. The chief stepped forward, all in a row, and, after making low obeisance, stood silent, waiting.

"My brothers," began McLean, "I am glad to welcome you all back to Fort Pelly again. The heart of Adam McLean warms at sight of you. You have suffered many things in this year you have been separated from; have nobly dared, bravely borne. You have brought your furs many miles, shooting dangerous rapids; have passed by the posts of the rival company, withstood the allurements of illicit traders; all this, to bring your furs to me. The heart of Adam McLean thrills with gratitude for your loyalty; and now, he invites you to partake of his hospitality and of that of your friend and ally, Colonel French."

As he finished speaking the little cannon in the bastion was discharged, the gate

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was thrown open, and the great throng of Indians marched in, to the music of the military band mingled with the beating of tum-tums carried by the chiefs. The latter were ushered into the holiest of holies, otherwise the aforementioned store-room, while the populace remained without in the courtyard, indulging in the saltatory gyrations of their savage forefathers.

Around the palisade, stood, or squatted upon the ground, a number of white men, employees at the post; while in a doorway of the stable lounged the rough riders from the Swan River ranch, who had come to participate in the annual celebration. They seemed to be attracting a deal of attention from everyone; partly, perhaps, because they were strangers, partly for the same reason that cowboys in other climes meet with like attention. They were watching the wild grotesque dances of the Indians with interested eyes; and, finally, seeming to catch the spirit of the hour, swung into a lively trot known as the Red River Jig. Now it was the Indian's turn to stop and look; and there was one among them who looked more attentively than the rest. An old chief, with a fresh scar upon his cheek having no furs for disposal had declined to join his brother chiefs and remained without, wandering disconsolately up and down and utterly refusing, in the sadness of his spirit, to join in the merrymaking. Now, however, as he looked interestedly at the

French and his men were coming. The factor, followed by the chiefs, was also rushing across the yard. The crowd parted to admit the former, and then closed up again. The Wolfer's fingers are upon his antagonist's throat, he is choking the breath out of him. And, even as French reached the spot, the old chief rolled over on his side, and lay still. A sudden frenzy seized the crowd. With a yell of fury they rushed forward to the spot where the Wolfer stood, looking indifferently down upon the face of his dead foe.

The Mounted Police made a desperate effort to keep them off, but were themselves swept to one side; and the murderer was seized and borne, struggling, out of the court.

For a few moments the little band of red-coats stood still, looking around the now deserted yard, lit only by the scattered embers of the fire, which the mob had trampled out in its fury, and listening to the far away sounds of the hub-bub, then with a queer little laugh, French turned to his companions:

"Guess we might as well let 'em have their way, boys," he said. "It's a bad business, I know, but it saves us the trouble of hanging him."

Out in the silent darkness behind the fort, a man's figure lies quiet under the stars; and far away across the sea a mother prays for her boy whose chair stands vacant beside the fire place.



Towing her into deep water

group of merry, rollicking cowboys, he caught sight a familiar face and a strange expression at once malignant, revengeful and cunning, came into his own. For it was the face of the only man whose hand he could not clasp in friendship; it belonged to the man who had robbed him of his furs—it was the Wolfer!

A group of Indians were trying to imitate the dances of the cowboys, and had swung out from the fire to meet them as they reeled and two-stepped across the yard. Chief Kitchemoonai joined them. He caught the eye of the Wolfer, caught and held it. The white man knew that when they met there would be a final testing of strength and powers, yet he kept right on. Nearer and nearer they edged to one another, the Indian, his eyes still holding those of his enemy, was gathering himself, like a panther preparing to spring upon its prey; the white man nervously fingered the handle of the long knife hanging from his belt, and kept on dancing.

With a loud crash the band stopped. The antagonists were not six feet from each other. The white man could see the lurid lights that played in the other's eyes. Suddenly, as with a single bound he cleared the intervening space, the Indian was upon him. With a fearful oath the Wolfer shook him off, but he was back again instantly, and the two fell, grappling desperately, upon the ground.

The crowd gathered around them, watching the fight with silent fascination. The Indian, being slighter and more supple, was quicker, but the powerful heavy frame of his opponent, once on top, never let him rise again. A shout arose from somewhere in the distance. Colonel

Too Vivid

One lady of the congregation had her opinion of the new minister's wife, and at last, after many veiled statements, all of a more or less dubious cast, she made it known. "She may be a good wife and mother," said she, in the tone of one who makes mental reservations, "but she lacks a good many qualities that you'd naturally look for in a minister's wife. She hasn't a mite of appreciation in her."

"I mean this," she went on solemnly. "When she spoke of going to her mother's for a week with the children, I said to her: 'I've never taken outsiders into my family, nor ever should, but a minister is different, and I'd be pleased to have your husband come here for that week. I will give him the north chamber, that hasn't been occupied since grandmother's death.'"

"There are few I should be willing to have occupy that room and bed," I told her, "but of course the minister is one."

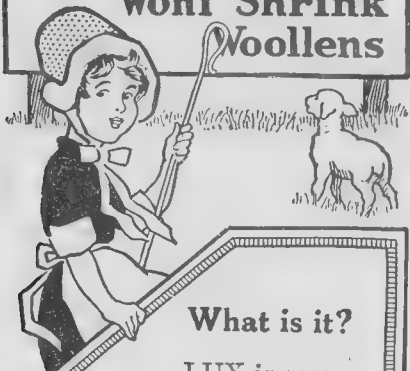
"Then I related to her how that Aunt Caroline, Aunt Eliza and my mother had all passed away in that north chamber, and how grandmother, who was the last to go, wasn't able to leave her bed for six years. I told her that every chair, table and pin-cushion in that chamber had associations with those who had passed away in the room, and how their portraits all hang on the walls; and what do you suppose she said?"

"I can't imagine," faltered the visitor. "She said, 'Oh, I think he'd better stay at home, alone, thank you.'"

"Now make what you can of that," said the unappreciated one, lugubriously. "It shows she had no realising sense of what I offered."

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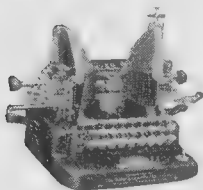
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The After Treatment of Infantile Paralysis

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins).

ALTHOUGH in the acute stage of an attack of infantile paralysis, the chief efforts are directed toward cleansing the nose and throat, flushing the bowels and kidneys, reducing the temperature by ice caps and sponging, and relieving pain, yet the moment paralysis sets in or is even suspected, the treatment to prevent deformity must be begun and developed patiently, perhaps for months.

The first and most important measure is to give a prolonged deep, hot bath at least once a day, if possible three times a day, and once in the night. The child should be laid in deep water, at a temperature of 100 degrees, and hotter water should be added during ten or fifteen minutes, till the bath is 104 degrees. The body should be completely immersed, the head supported by the nurse's hand, and the cramped limbs should be straightened and floated. The warmth relaxes the tension of all the muscles, and during the stages of acute pain affords the greatest sense of relief. Many of the deformities come from a child being allowed to lie in bed with one knee drawn up or an arm contracted, because the limb cannot be stretched straight without great pain. The value of the bath lies in the fact that the limbs can be straightened for a few seconds at first, then for an increasing time, till they can remain in position for minutes.

In cases where there is meningeal pain, with rigidity at the back of the neck the head should rest in the water till the ears are almost covered. This floating position eases the pain at the back of the neck.

It will be found that after a few days slight voluntary movements can be made with the paralyzed limbs, while immersed in water, first the thumbs or toes can be moved, then the hand or foot, then the arm stretch out to grasp a floating toy, or the foot be pushed against the foot of the tub. Great importance is attached to the systematic repetition of these movements, for they can be accomplished fully two weeks earlier in the water than they can be in the bed. Even before the voluntary movements can be made the nurse should make passive movements, while the child is relaxed in the bath, so that the muscles may not become atrophied. In order to keep a child contented during the long interval of fifteen minutes, there should be toys, a boat, or ball, or magnetic fish in the bath, so that he can move his arms and feet to some purpose in playing. A second attendant should always be at hand to keep the temperature of the water increasingly hot and to assist in the removal to bed.

This must be accomplished without chill. The best way is to lift the child into a blanket, roll him up, lay him in the bed and dry him quickly. Food and necessary medications should follow the bath immediately and then, if possible, the patient should sleep.

During a period of several weeks which follow the severe pain and onset of paralysis the child suffers from total or partial paralysis, great weakness and tenderness in the limbs. He will always complain of pain in the well side of the body, for that is tired by the dragging weight of the paralyzed limbs. The paralyzed side must, therefore, be supported on a pillow, and both sides massaged.

As the object of treatment at that stage is to prevent deformity and to restore to every muscle whose nerve supply is not cut off as much power as possible, it is of the greatest importance to carry on a series of progressive exercises in the hot bath as well as in the bed or chair.

The nurse must use her ingenuity to make these exercises attractive and encourage the child by rewards to increase the number of times of the

movements each day. The following are the movements that should be made first in the bath, then in the bed. Clinching the hands, extending the palms, waving the arms up and down and around, touching each shoulder and the top of the head, holding the hands extended and turning them every way possible or performing any of the regular school exercises.

For the legs and feet the following exercises are of use: Wiggling the toes, moving each foot up and down from side to side, raising one foot and placing its heel on the toes of the other, drawing the leg up to the knee and extending it, separating the feet and drawing them together, kicking up in the air.

These exercises begun in the bath, continued in bed and when sitting up in a chair, should be practised a great many times daily, until the child can make sufficient movements to help himself. As soon as he can raise himself to a sitting position by the nurse's hand, and can sit up dressed for an hour or two, then every effort should be made to develop his muscles by means of his play. The hot bath should be continued once a day for splashing, and regular exercises should be especially planned to overcome the particular deformity that is threatened; but what the child will do voluntarily for himself is of the greatest importance.

Sir Walter Scott was a victim of infantile paralysis, which attacked him at the age of eighteen months. It is interesting to note that the treatment prescribed by his grandfather, who was a distinguished anatomist and physician, was the same as that recommended today. He was sent to his grandfather's farm in Scotland, and when the day was fine he was carried out among the crags and rocks and laid down in the care of an old shepherd. He soon began to roll about and try to stand, finally to walk and climb and run, and in his own words he says: "I, who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child."

The ideal place to recover from an attack is the country, by the waters of a shallow, warm lake or river, or the seashore where there is no surf. This facilitates swimming or swimming movements. Level roads and a slight slope to climb furnish the best surroundings; but, lacking these, especially in winter, many artificial aids to exercise may be had indoors.

A child should be put on a rug on the floor with toys as soon as he is well enough to sit up for a few hours, and should be encouraged to crawl around. If the lower limbs are affected he should crawl around, turtle fashion, by sprawling on a little wooden platform set on castors and pushing and pulling himself from place to place. A jaunting car to work with the arms will afford him splendid exercise for the arms, and a tricycle can be used as soon as he can walk a few steps. All sorts of games to strengthen the arms and hands can be devised, a pulley to work from the child's window to another, or across the room, hitting a shuttlecock suspended from the ceiling, all kinds of kindergarten work, clapping the hands, to music, playing "Pease porridge hot." "Simon says thumbs up," as well as tests in pulling and pushing.

During the time of slow recuperation, massage of the paralyzed limbs should be practised intelligently, and galvanic treatment given daily for at least three or four times a week.

Nearly all the deformities of infantile paralysis can and should be prevented by careful attention to exercises and proper posture, or by the use of simple appliances, therefore, although country life is urged as the ideal, it is well to keep in touch with the clinics and specialists of a city for advice.



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Famous War Correspondents

By E. L. Chicanot, Thorsby, via Leduc, Alberta

THE first message sent back from England, by the men who went to represent American papers at the theatre of war was in the nature of a complaint or lament "The day of the war-correspondent is gone." The almost complete embargo imposed by France and England upon newspapermen, has sent these over to the German military bases, where they have almost a "passe-partout", or compelled them to leisurely follow up the Allies line of advance through the devastated villages of France and Belgium. Never do they approach the actual scene of operations, and the literature of the war when it comes to be written will be done by men who took part in the conflicts of which they write.

It was Kitchener's determination in the first place to permit absolutely no newspapermen to accompany the expeditionary force, but the tremendous outcry raised by London and provincial newspapers caused him to retrench a little and a single correspondent from each allied country was allowed to go along with the troops. Only one correspondent was permitted to all neutral countries, and the unique honor of being the sole transmitter of views from the actual seat of warfare, to American and Canadian papers, fell to Frederick Palmer, a well-known New York journalist. Mr. Palmer is perhaps the best known war-correspondent on the American continent, having already been under fire in the Russo-Turkish war, the Russo-Japanese war, and the campaigns in China and the Philippines.

Apart from the political motives Kitchener seems to have a special detestation for the war-correspondent as the following story shows: During his Egyptian campaign, the famous journalist Bennet Burleigh accompanied the troops as correspondent of a London paper, and his despatches formed the literature of the campaign. During a short engagement, Burleigh in his eagerness to see everything that was to be seen approached very near the enemy's redoubts and was in a position of extreme danger. An English soldier noting his predicament went out to him and brought him safely back to his own line. The following day Kitchener in his despatch to the war-office mentioned this soldier and recommended him for promotion and a medal "for conspicuous bravery in saving the life of a camp follower."

The same Bennet Burleigh made a glorious "scoop" on the eve of the last South African war. This was an interview with Joubert the Boer general. A slow train on which he was travelling was overtaken by a special on which Joubert and his staff were going to the front. By bluffing a station-master he got the special stopped, and boarded it. He was heartily congratulated for his enterprise by the good humored generalissimo, and obtained a capital interview for his paper.

The exploits in the same war of Winston Churchill—his capture, imprisonment at Pretoria and subsequent escape under a load of merchandise—are too well known to need recapitulation here.

But the reporting of modern wars fades into insignificance when we take into account the toil and hardship which zealous newspapermen had to undergo in an era previous to that of the telegraph, cable and cameras,—when messages were transmitted by horsemen and pictures taken in pencil under difficult and dangerous conditions.

Melton Prior, the famous artist-correspondent of the "Illustrated London News," who died a few years ago, was in altogether thirteen campaigns ranging from the Ashantee War of 1874 to the Russo-Japanese, of 1913. During these expeditions he sent scores of sketches to his paper, drawn often, stretched on his stomach on a hammock, with the shells bursting around him.

Anterior to Melton, on the same famous paper, was the war-artist William Simpson, who followed the French troops in the Franco-Prussian war, and afterwards accompanied the Germans in their entry into Metz. Again in the Afghan war, he kept his journal supplied with the most vivid portrayals of current happenings.

Perhaps the greatest war-correspondent who ever lived was William Howard

Russell of the "Times", who was knighted by King Edward, when over eighty years of age.

His virulent dispatches from the Crimea, and his disclosures of the awful mismanagement of military affairs led to the fall of the existing ministry. Latterly he was attached to Lord Clive's staff in India, and assisted at the capture of Lucknow. Afterwards he went to the United States and through the "Times" gave to the English people, the events of the Civil War. His descriptions of the Zulu War, the Battle of Sedan, and the Egyptian campaign were marvels of descriptive writing, and the fact that these accounts are still extant speaks volumes of their literary value.

"Archie" Forbes, the famous "Daily News" correspondent, peculiarly filled his position, for before embracing the profession of journalism he was for some years a private in the Royal Dragoons which he joined on leaving Aberdeen University. His extreme virility and boundless good health and spirits, made feats possible to him which would have been beyond the capacity of many a writer placed in the awkward situations he sometimes found himself in. He accomplished marvellous feats of news transmission in the Franco-Prussian war, and in the Zulu war, made his famous ride of 110 miles in fifteen hours, by which he gave to his paper the first account of the battle of Ulundi, received in England. It was just about this time that the globe came to be completely circled by cable and telegraph, and the speedy transmission of the news of the battle aroused much comment at the time. Thus on account of the vast difference in latitude, the result of the battle was being cried in London streets but half an hour after it had apparently taken place, whilst the news reached San Francisco actually ten hours before it took place. Archibald Forbes also went through the Russo-Turkish war, in his journalistic capacity, and sometimes entered into some very dangerous situations to obtain the "copy" for his vivid accounts.

Mr. Le Sage, the editor of the "Daily Telegraph," has filled many journalistic roles and in the Franco-Prussian war, proved himself a very enterprising war-correspondent. He went through all the stirring incidents of the Siege of Paris, a previous to it becoming public, received the news from a high authority of the signing of an armistice.

Realising the value of the information he hurried with all speed to the Gare du Nord and set himself to work to charter a special train from Paris to Calais. He discovered, however, that he had been forestalled by the special correspondent of the "Times", who had utilized the only available train. Determined that his paper should be the first to secure the important news he commandeered a train which was about to start for Lille. There he was successful, and managed to get his news through to England so that special editions of his paper were being sold in London some two hours before the news reached other newspaper offices.

A Man and a Dog (With apologies to Life)

He was a dog,
But he was loved
And petted by everyone—tenderly led.
He was a dog
That didn't roam.
He lay on the couch, or rug, or bed,
And with the daintiest bits was fed;
For the dog each heart in that household beat
At morning and evening, in cold and heat.
He was a dog.

He was a man,
But didn't stay
To cherish his wife and his children fair.
He was a man
And every day
His heart grew callous, its love-beats rare.
He was left to himself by night and by day,
And, shunned by his family, hurried away
To his work, to the lodge, the store or the show.
For they would rather he'd go, you know.
He was a man.



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Things

How many of us are abject slaves to "things." It nearly kills me to clean house, says one, for I've so many "things." They all have to be cleaned and dusted twice a year and a good many have to be repaired. It takes me all the time, says another, to keep my house even decently tidy. We've so many "things" it takes one woman all her time to care for them. And so we go, all of us, wearing our energy away, putting our time away, enslaving ourselves to "things." What kind of "things"? Oh, curtains and portieres and draperies and couch covers and sofa pillows and crazy quilts and vases and things you buy at the ten-cent store and cheap pictures and tag ends of dishes that you've no use for and which you bought at a sale, and rugs and carpets and blankets and birds in cages and artificial palms and wax flowers and enlarged pictures and statuettes and rocking chairs and big heavy wooden bedsteads and tabourettes and pedestals and knickety-knackety stands and all of those other things which instalment stores advertise as making a house look "homey." They make it look more like a secondhand store.

If we could work a reform in house furnishing we should have wrought a miracle in the health and spirits of the women who take care of the houses, and so in the care and training of children and in the happiness and success of the marital relation, and so to the next generation and then the millenium would be here. But women will keep on being the slaves of Things. When a girl begins her preparations for marriage she begins to gather about her—Things. She collects cushions and draperies and curtains and dishes and gew-gaws of all sorts. Men and women are a good deal like the jackdaw who steals everything and anything he can get his beak on to carry off to his hiding place—except that the jackdaw steals because he doesn't know any better, and people spend their money and energy on buying Things because they don't know any better. A woman will sit for hours in a close room embroidering some foolish little piece of linen for her table, injuring her eyes and wasting her strength when she might a good deal better be out in the sun and wind and air getting strength and health stored up so she can be happy and cheerful and nerve-less instead of nervous.

We believe, as no one better, in a beautiful home, but there are a variety of opinions as to what constitutes a beautiful home. Every nation, every age, every decade, almost every year has a new conception of beauty. A few years ago walls were decorated with cardboard mottoes, cardboard picture frames, worsted flowers, wax wreaths, hair wreaths tables were littered with conch shells, star fish, bits of coral and sea weed, bearing testimony to the travelled accomplishments of some member of the family and so to be displayed in pomp and pride. Another time we carted in great armfuls of cat tails and sunflower stalks—which wasn't so bad because we had to go out of doors to get them. We painted the butter bowl and the jellycake tins with winter scenes and sprinkled diamond dust over them; we painted bottles and cloth and dust-pans and everything that wasn't being used in the oven—and thought we had an "aesthetic taste!" Then we swung over to big Bibles and enlarged pictures and cheap paper mache and plaster of paris figures and vases; and I don't know just where we are now. I've sort of lost interest in—Things. It's a phase that all home-making people have to go through more or less, but the pity of it is that the majority of them go through it—more. A goodly share of the working-man's wages goes to the ten-cent store for worthless trash. Countless valuable things, good enough for anybody's use can be bought at the ten-cent store and it has been of inestimable value in bringing comforts into the poor man's home. Possibly, too, there is an argument in favor of the cheap "pretty" Things. Very likely the bisque and plaster of paris figures, the pictures and other trucky things one sees in cheap stores satisfy a certain longing for beauty that

the very poor could not otherwise have satisfied. If so they may have their place, but if we could be taught that it is better to save ten ten-cent pieces and buy one really good picture for our walls, instead of ten cheap little things, a valuable stride would have been taken in our education toward better—Things.

We have to have some Things of course—bureaus to keep our clothes in, beds to sleep on, chairs to sit on, dishes and tables to eat from. If we eliminated Things entirely from our scheme of life we should be no better off than our ancient ancestors. But we can learn the beauty of simplicity in Things and that is a lesson upon which we are almost universally ignorant. A dining room is a place in which to eat. The only things needed there are a table, a proper number of straight backed chairs, a sideboard, serving table and possibly a closet or cupboard for dishes. Nothing else is needed, but to add to our pleasure we may have growing plants or cut flowers. Absolutely nothing more has a place in this room. If there is a mantel let it hold a clock, a vase for flowers, possibly a rare or treasured dish, but nothing else. Plate rails are dust catchers. Dishes hung about the wall add little or nothing to the beauty of the room unless they are very rare or very beautiful and you can afford to keep some one to dust them. The house mother has too many really important things to do for her to spend her time dusting useless plates. If the dining room serves as living room as well then some leniency may be had in the furnishings and those things added which are necessary for the comfort of the family.

Bedrooms should have nothing whatever in them but the bed, a chair, a bureau or dressing table and whatever other furniture is absolutely needed for dressing and sleeping purposes. Any superfluous curtains, draperies, decorations, or bric-a-brac are collectors of dust and germs and act as conveyors of poison to the lungs.

Floors might better be bare if one can afford smooth floors, although in these days of vacuum cleaners, carpets or filling can be laid over a bad floor and still be kept free from dust. Useless rugs laid about here and there for ornament are a nuisance. All vases that carry no message, have no memories, have no use, and are not particularly and especially beautiful, so giving pleasure and comfort to the soul, might better be thrown at once upon the junk pile along with useless draperies and other trash.

Go over your house carefully and see how many perfectly useless Things there are in it; how many Things you are dusting and handling every day or every few days, Things that are just—Things.

If ever I build a house—and I hope to some day—I shall have very few rooms and these with plenty of room and light—rooms that have but two windowless sides to them anyway, and one where possible. I shall have sideboards and closets and all possible furniture built in so they won't have to be handled in house-cleaning time (and anyway there shan't be any house-cleaning time) even though in so doing I deny myself that pleasurable prerogative of womankind—changing the furniture about. I shall have smooth, bare floors and few rugs. I shall have few pictures and those chosen because I love them. What vases are about will be there to hold flowers. There will be two or three good figures—plaster, if I can't afford anything better. There'll be no hand embroidery on my linen, if I have to do it myself, although I'd like it to be of good quality. The dishes will be as fine as I can afford, and as beautiful as I can get for my money, but there won't be any more than I need. But there shall be plenty of garden and lawn and piazza—heaps of piazza, and on the piazza will be good comfortable solid furniture—wicker, I think, with hammocks and lounges, for my house shall be an outdoor house with a comfortable inside to live in when you can't live out. I shall have nothing to take care of that I can possibly avoid, and I shall be no slave to Things.



A Supper Story for the Boy

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Rich Red Men

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Max. McD.

It will be rather a surprise to most people to be told that aboriginal red men of the United States and Canada are the wealthiest people per capita in the world. The average wealth of the people of the world is about \$10.00; for the United States and Canada combined about \$1,400.

But a tribe of Osage Indians in Oklahoma and the Blackfeet tribe in Alberta, have these figures pushed away into the background. The Osages are worth per capita more than 860 times, and the Blackfeet more than 500 times, as much as the average citizen of the world, and six and four times respectively as much as the average citizen of the United States and Canada.

The Osages number about 1,800 souls, and every one of them—man, woman, and child—is worth \$8,612 in land and cash, and has a comfortable income besides. The words "every one" are used advisedly, for all the worldly goods of these people are held in common. Their possessions, reinforced by a present capitalization of their income, make every one of the tribe worth, it is estimated, about \$50,000. Their wealth at hand consists of \$8,000,000 in cash held by the government, and 1,500,000 acres of land, most of which they lease.

It was through the sale of their land in Kansas several years ago that the Osages were started on the highway to their great wealth. For this land they received from the government a sum total of \$8,000,000, which the government has since held for them in trust, paying to them quarterly, the interest, amounting annually to \$400,000, or \$222 for each man, woman and child. Of the 1,500,000 acres of land which they have retained, they lease 600,000 acres for grazing, at an annual rental of \$120,000, which, added to the interest on their money at Washington, makes a revenue of a little more than \$300 each, or over \$1,500 a year for each family of five or more. One family of fifteen, for instance, would receive \$4,500 a year without having to do a tap of work.

At \$5.00 an acre—a small valuation for land in that section, the Osage grounds are worth \$7,500,000, or \$4,166 per capita. This added to the \$4,444 in cash, makes a total of \$8,610 owned by each individual from the increment.

Blackfeet Land Worth \$10,000,000.

There are 2,329 Blackfeet settled on three reserves in Southern Alberta. They belong to the great Algonkian linguistic stock. One of these reserves has an area of 349,326 acres, and is the largest in the Dominion of Canada. The total value of Blackfeet land is \$10,000,000, and the value is increasing at the rate of a dollar per acre per year. Besides their vast reserves, the Blackfeet have stock amounting to half-a-million dollars; their buildings are worth \$150,000; implements and vehicles represent nearly \$100,000; public properties are set down at \$90,000; while household and general effects bring the total of real and personal property held by the 2,329 Blackfeet up to \$11,645,000 or \$5,000 per capita. In addition to this they have an annual income of nearly \$500 per capita.

The Sarcees, a small band of 200 Indians, whose reserve of 69,120 acres touches the city of Calgary in Southern Alberta, have wealth, mostly in land, amounting to a trifle more per capita than the Blackfeet, but the band is so small that it can scarcely be spoken of as a tribe or nation. These Indians belong to the Athabaskan race which are spread out between Alaska and Mexico, the Beavers in the north, and the Navajos and Apaches in the south, being branches of this tribe.

In the Blackfeet nation there are a great many children. The records of the government agents show only 609 out of 2,329 over the age of 21 years. If the wealth of the tribe were committed to these, as it actually is, each would be worth \$19,121. Unlike the Osages, the real and personal property of the Blackfeet is not held in common, but is given to the heads of families. Allowing eight

children to a family, which is a moderate estimate, the head of every teepee on the reserves of the Blackfeet would control \$40,000.

Fortunately for the red men, their vast estates and personal property is held in trust by the government and cannot be squandered. If the Indian had control of his wealth he would spend it on fancy biscuits, gaudy handkerchiefs, and fire-water. The fact that their revenue enables them to live in idleness has resulted in abuses in many quarters. Intoxication is said to be on the increase, and many of the Osages and Blackfeet are described as having retrograded to primitive conditions.

The wildest of the Osages live in the southwest corner of their reserve in Oklahoma, where they are said to observe closely the customs of their forefathers. They burn their dead at the stake, go almost naked all summer, and eat dead dog, a custom hardly to be reconciled with one's conception of the richest people on earth.

The Blackfeet were once a powerful confederacy which held by force of arms for a century all the territory from the Missouri on the south to the Red Deer on the north, and from the Rockies east to the Cypress Hills. The protection of their vast territory against invasion, imposed upon these Indians a life of almost constant warfare with the numerous enemies that surrounded them on all sides, and developed in them a proud and imperious spirit, which, after more than 30 years of reservation life is still the prominent characteristic of the Blackfeet.

These Alberta Indians are 60 per cent pagan, and comprise 88 per cent of all the pagan Indians of the province, and 15 per cent of those of the Dominion of Canada, including the Eskimos. They are the last band in Canada to accept treaty from the government and settle on a reserve. Till they were actually prevented by the Royal North West Mounted Police, they continued the barbarous practices connected with the Sun Dance. It is only within the last few years that they have made any advance toward civilization.

The Kodak on the Farm

We are in receipt of an interesting booklet from the Canadian Kodak Co. which explains the thousand and one advantages of owning a Kodak. For those who live on the farm there is no more valiant ally against the common foe, monotony, than is photography. For photography is not just a hobby by itself; it is an ally of every other hobby. It makes no difference what your hobby is, pictures of everything pertaining to that hobby have a personal and compelling interest—an interest that is intensified if you make them yourself. There's a home side, a fun side, an educational side and a practical side to the Kodak on the farm.

The booklet is filled with beautiful illustrations and the publishers explain that it has not been the idea in selecting the pictures for the little book to choose unusual subjects, but to show just the kind of pictures that anyone can get at home or near home. They could have illustrated it with photographs of aeroplanes and dreadnaughts and submarines and foreign views—with speed pictures that are marvels; but they have chosen rather the everyday things that are within the reach of everybody's lens.

President Eliot of Harvard recently visited a hotel in New York, and when he left the dining-room the colored man in charge of the hats picked up his tile without hesitation and handed it to him.

"How did you know that was my hat when you have a hundred there?" asked Mr. Eliot.

"I didn't know it, sah," said the negro. "Didn't know it was mine? Then why did you give it to me?"

"Because you gave it to me, sah."

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A Trip through the New Gateway of the Rockies

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Jean Alice Blow

The outbreak of the European war spoiled what promised to be the most successful holiday season ever known in Jasper Park and Central British Columbia. When hostilities began people were already gathering at various resorts, but particularly at Jasper, for mountain climbing, fishing and general sight-seeing expeditions. A number of artists and magazine writers were also among the visitors determined to exploit with brush and pen the scenic beauties of this now accessible wonderland. But immediately the word was flashed over the telegraph wires that

at Banff, and are also much higher, and will undoubtedly soon become a Mecca for people in search of health. An hotel and other accommodation for visitors will be provided as soon as the park management can get around to that feature of the proposed development works. The springs can be reached by a ride of nine miles over a bridge path from Pocahontas, but we preferred to take the longer route from Jasper up the Athabasca and across the mountains. A trail has been opened part of the way, and the scenery along the route is extremely grand; consequently we felt well



The famous Punch Bowl Falls, Pocahontas, Jasper Park, Alta

Great Britain's war dogs had been unleashed there was a hasty flitting homeward of the men folks, some of whom had business interests involved, and others were eager to enlist for service wherever duty might call. One would scarcely suspect that there was such a martial spirit in the men, both young and middle-aged, who had set out to have a good, care-free time. It flashed out spontaneously, and was really admirable. Although their departure lost to us the gentler sex, the opportunity of forming new and no doubt desirable friendships as well as companionships on our various jaunts, we could not be so selfish as to wish they were not going. We therefore decided—that is our little party of non-militants—that we would follow out our prearranged plans as far as possible under the circumstances, and a most delightful outing we most certainly had.

After visiting the pretty lakes which nestle in the valleys of the Athabasca and Miette Rivers, and in among the mountains in the vicinity of Jasper, we made a "hike" with the ponies to the hot springs (sulphur), which are twenty-eight miles south, and enjoyed a couple of days "taking the waters." The waters of these springs analyse much higher in medicinal qualities than those

repaid for tackling the few difficulties that beset us, and have promised ourselves a second, and if fortune favors us, many more visits in the future, for there are so many of Nature's glories to be seen, and the mountain air is so exhilarating, that one feels that several summer seasons would not be sufficient to satisfy the longing which seems to be created after one taste of this mountain grandeur and the life-giving elixir of the pure atmosphere.

For those who are partial to the strenuous amusement of mountain climbing, enjoyment to their heart's content can be had in the neighborhood of Jasper. There is Mt. Geikie, whose peak rises to a height of 11,000 ft. yet to be conquered. Mr. Munn and Mr. Howard attempted the ascent last year with Guide Stephens, but were not successful in achieving their object, so the honor of reaching the summit of this Rocky Titan yet remains for some ambitious Alpinist. A trail has been opened to a point close up to the mountain, so that it can now be easily reached by pack pony. The scenery of Geikie is lovely and most inspiring. Its ice and snowfields, and castellated main and minor peaks, present a fine view from Jasper, particularly at sunrise and sunset. Then there are two other

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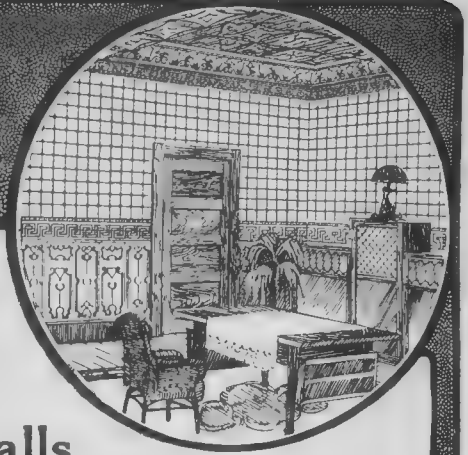
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Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

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But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

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I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

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So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

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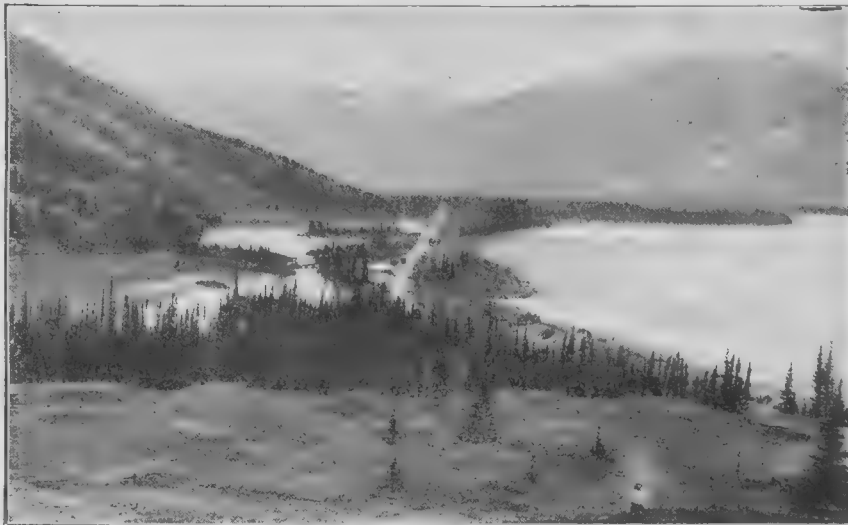
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peaks in the vicinity, Mt. Hardisty and Mt. Pittsbugh, both 9,000 feet high, which climbers will find worthy of their physical exertion. Pyramid Mountain is not so difficult; the summit gained, however, a scene lies spread out to the beholder's gaze which is enchanting. We did not attempt any of the more difficult climbs on this occasion, as the time

ing Mt. Whitehorn on the way which is 11,101 ft. high, after which we soon began to circle the mighty base of Robson, and began to realize its wonderful extent and height. It was only twelve miles by the trail, but it was two days before we reached our objective point, some of the ladies of the party being new to the experience, thus rendering it



The G.T.P. track through the Park, Interlaken, Jasper Park

at our disposal was not sufficient to permit it. After doing Pyramid, we made the ascent of Goat Mt. by the new bridle path, made under the supervision of Col. Rogers. This is a splendid path, and we made the ascent rapidly. The view from the summit commands the valleys of the rivers for many miles, and the panorama of mountains, lakes, running streams, and cascades, is extremely beautiful. The rich coloring of the water, seen from this great height, is magnificent. No artist, however, talented, could reproduce their brilliancy. It is something that must be seen, and once seen is a picture of loveliness that the memory will long retain. With a trip to beautiful Maligne Lake, where an American lady traveller of note declares is the grandest scenery in the world, and a second visit to the canyon of the Maligne River, we bid adieu to hospitable friends at Jasper, and set out for Mount Robson, famous for its remarkable composition, its immense body and for its being the highest known peak in the Canadian Rockies.

We had heard a great deal of Mt.

necessary to make short camps. However, arrived at Berg Lake, we found ourselves in time for an unexpected phenomenon. The great glaciers were delivering themselves of their surplus ice, and we were fortunate in witnessing the fall of several enormous masses from the ice caves hundreds of feet above us, and crashing into the lake with a mighty roar, raising waves which washed clear across the lake high up on the opposite shore. It was indeed a thrilling and exciting experience. The surface of the lake was full of ice washed into many fantastic shapes, which the movement of the water gave the appearance of animated life. We did not venture to emulate the feat of Mr. Kinney and Guide Phillips, who three or four years ago succeeded by superhuman efforts in reaching the highest point on the mountain at an elevation of 13,700 ft. We assuredly did not feel equal to the task, and we would have failed if we tried. Nevertheless, we enjoyed every moment of our stay, even if we did awake one morning to find ourselves in the midst of a very wintry scene as a result of a



The Giant Pot-holes of the Maligne Gorge, Jasper Park, Alta

Robson, as no doubt everyone has who takes an interest in mountain lore, and we were therefore in a measure somewhat prepared for its awe inspiring grandeur. From Mt. Robson station we proceeded across country by bridle path, wending our way over hills, through tree-encumbered dales, crossing creeks and rivulets, but forever climbing, skirt-

heavy snowstorm that prevailed in the night. This snow was a source of good fortune to us, for it cleared the air, and for the next two days we had clear views of the giant from base to dome, and what a sight! What glorious tints and shades when the rays of the morning sun were illuminating the peaks with iridescent glory, or in departing at eventide when



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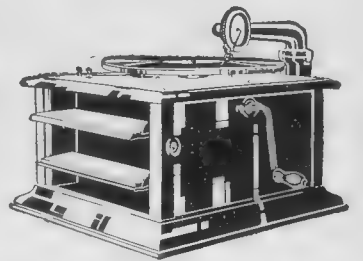
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they lit up the snow and ice peaks with soft rainbow hues! All visitors to the shrine of Robson do not have such luck, for the highest peaks are usually enshrouded with clouds or mist; hence we had good reason for congratulating ourselves. Mr. Bell-Smith, the eminent Canadian artist, Mr. Jackson of Toronto, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Topley of Ottawa, all artists of repute and familiar with mountain scenery, were visitors to the mountain whilst we were there, in pursuit of their professional work, and all declared that grander sights than Mount Robson favored us with could not be conceived. Their artistic senses were intoxicated with enjoyment, and I think we were all affected by the same inspirations. It was truly grand, and we will have something to talk about for a long time to come.

From Mt. Robson, our itinerary took us across Central British Columbia by the Grand Trunk Pacific, and here the writer received the surprise of a lifetime. Having been under the impression that the new rail route to the Pacific ran through a mountainous country for the entire distance from Western Alberta to Prince Rupert, judge of my astonishment to find on crossing the Rockies that the mountains gradually recede until they entirely disappear for a distance of three hundred miles, and give way to an extensive basin whose chief characteristics are river valleys and plateaux, principally timbered, and exceedingly fertile—a country beautiful in its present state of nature that will be infinitely more beautiful when it

Mountain, which overlooks the railway at this point. A four mile ride over a pretty bridle path up the mountain side brings the sight-seer close up to and directly below the glacier, from which two foaming cascades fall a distance of a thousand feet sheer into a boulder strewn moraine, which is skirted by magnificent forest growths, and down which the water leaps and rushes to the calm and beautiful Lake Kathlyn nestling at the base of the mountain five thousand feet below the glacial bed in which the waters were originally cradled. A second trail leads around to the opposite side of the mountain, where there are some overhanging glaciers and a series of pretty lakes which teem with trout, as all lakes and streams do in Central British Columbia. This district is in a mineral belt and mines are being opened up, frequent blasting reports testifying to activity in this line of enterprise. Lake Kathlyn has some fame for its wonderful reflections. It mirrors the surrounding mountains and forests with remarkable realism, photographs taken over its surface showing perfect double pictures. With its interesting scenic attractions, good roadways, fishing, grouse shooting, and deer hunting. Lake Kathlyn is destined to find a place on the itinerary of tourists, though it is one only of many localities on the Grand Trunk Pacific that possesses magnetic lures for the pleasure seeker.

Continuing our journey towards the sea, we made a stop at New Hazelton,



Pyramid Lake, Jasper Park

has been reclaimed by the agriculturist and the home builder. From the summit of the Rockies the railway follows the Fraser River to Prince George, then the Nechako to Fort Fraser, then the Endako; next through the Bulkley Valley to Hazelton, whence it skirts the mountainous shores of the Skeena to the tide water at Prince Rupert. All these rivers and valleys with intervening lakes are very beautiful, and are intensely attractive features of a route that is replete with interest throughout its entire distance. Urban and agricultural settlements are springing up all along the line, and one would judge by the optimism and enthusiasm of the settlers, will soon be contributing largely to the productive wealth of the country. Among these new places may be mentioned Willow River, Prince George, Stuart, Fort Fraser, Endako, Vanderhoof, Burns Lake, Barrett Lake, Smithers, New Hazelton and Terrace. As we had to rely on construction trains for transportation we had opportunities to visit several of the farm settlements, and were favorably impressed with what we saw. The settlers did a highly profitable business with their produce during construction, but now that the market is no longer available they are getting into live stock and general mixed farming as rapidly as their means will allow. But this is a practical matter with which this article is not intended to deal, so we will return to the affairs of our holiday. We made a pleasant stay at Lake Kathlyn, three miles west of Smithers, and climbed up to the glacier on Hudson's Bay

in the charming Bulkley Valley, near the junction of the stream of that name with the Skeena. Our purpose in visiting this place was to see the "Bulkley Gates," a natural wall of rock which at one time extended across the gorge in which the river flows, but through which the waters have broken a passage, leaving only sections of the wall jutting out from either side. This wall looks as though it had been constructed by human hands, and it is a fact that some people believe a yarn that it was built by Indians years ago in order to cross the river. It is likely a rock dyke of harder substance than the prevailing rock on either side, which in some manner was interposed during the cataclysm that formed the mountains. At any rate it is one of those odd freaks of nature that provoke more than passing interest. For miles the railway hugs the Bulkley, and the traveller is treated to an array of scenery that embraces almost every aspect of landscape—it is a continuous moving picture with something new almost every instant to arrest attention and evoke delight. A short stroll from New Hazelton brings one to the Indian village of Awilgate, which was the meeting place between the coast and interior natives in the Indian days, a sort of neutral ground from which neither side was permitted to enter the territory of the other. There is quite a population living in semi-civilization, with the Catholic church in which services are held every morning, afternoon and evening. The land of the reserve appears to be suitable for agriculture, but there has been but little

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effort at cultivation, a few small hay-fields and garden patches being the only visual testimony of conditions in this line of advancement. The romance of the old days has departed, and many

people doubt that the Indians are better off under the new state of affairs. However, they secure salmon and fruit in abundance, which they dry in large quantities for winter use, and perhaps consider themselves well off. Some of the men find employment in various ways, and usually are in possession of good coin of the realm with which to buy clothing, luxuries and non-essentials. The village is picturesquely situated near the brink of a river canyon, which here spreads out into a large semi-circular basin three hundred feet deep. Along ledges of the cliffs Indians fish with hooks fastened into long poles by means of a thong, the haft of the hooks freeing themselves like a whaler's harpoon when a salmon is taken. Various basket devices are also employed to capture the fish as they attempt to breast the falls and are forced back by the rushing water. It is marvellous the number of fish which are caught every day by these primitive methods. During the fishing season the odour of the salmon roes which pervades the vicinity of the drying houses is not to be com-

pared to that of the American Beauty. There are two examples of bridge engineering here that excite wonder and admiration, one a single span suspension bridge which has been thrown across the gorge at its highest point. It is approximately three hundred feet above the water, and as many feet long. It is carried by heavy wire cables suspended from concrete towers at each end. This bridge was built under government auspices in connection with colonization road work. The other bridge is at a much lower elevation, and much shorter. It is a crude affair built by Indians with telegraph wire and poles, but it has been in use many years, and is still doing duty for foot passengers. This bridge is an example of the Indians' ingenuity, and is an object of much curiosity to visitors. The village cemetery, which has a greater population than the village, is interesting because of the quaint little houses of varying designs erected over the graves. There are many of these simple mausoleums, some moss grown and decaying, and others trim and freshly painted and containing marble tomb-

stones inscribed with the name and virtues of the deceased—a fashion adopted from the whiteman's cemeteries at the coast cities.

In the vicinity of New Hazelton there is considerable mining activity, and there is every promise of an important mining centre being established. In every shop and office window rich looking specimens of silver and copper ore, all bearing a good percentage of gold are displayed. These are labelled with the names of the claims from which they were taken, and from the number of names one must conclude that a good deal of territory has been staked. The Rocher de Boule, or Mountain of the Rolling Stone, which is a well-known geographical object, forms a massive background to New Hazelton village. High upon its side a mine is being developed on a considerable scale, and an aerial tramway, seven miles long, is being built to carry the ore to the railway. The money being expended in these development works indicates an assurance on the part of the operating company that they have a good thing.

A short distance west of New Hazelton the railway strikes the Skeena River, which is crossed on a fine steel bridge in sight of old Hazelton, the head of navigation on the Skeena from tidewater. Indian villages with the usual display of totem poles and house-covered graves, and more or less squalor, are now frequently passed, and give an added touch of interest to the splendid scenery of the noble river, flowing through its confining adamant walls and receiving occasionally turbulent streams from snow and ice-clad mountain-peaks which adorn the landscape. One of the Indian villages, known familiarly as the "Holy City," looks like an eastern village. The houses are commodious and trim, and there is an air of prosperity seen in no other native settlement. This is an old mission village, and its founder is said to have ruled with a strong hand, and succeeded in instilling progressive notions into his uncultured flock.

At Kitwanga, situated at the junction of the Skeena and Kitwanga rivers, on a flat of considerable extent, we found some very old and fine examples of totem pole carving, and did not fail to secure pictures of them for the pictorial record of our trip. Hung up besides the chief's totem was a carved image of that functionary's recently deceased daughter. Paternal affection among the natives, though both deep and lasting, does not, we are told, often find expression in this strange way. The survey for the railway ran through the cemetery at this place, and when the graders began unearthing bodies, the Indians stopped the work until a settlement had been effected at the rate of from \$5 to \$150 according to the age and social or official standing of the deceased. The Indians of Central British Columbia are noted for their highly commercialized proclivities, and this is one evidence thereof. They are ever keen to do one a service, but a bargain must be struck first, even though the offer of service comes from them. If one wants to take a photograph there must be some return, and a copy of the picture will probably be demanded. Settlers are finding their way into the district, and we saw some very good grain and vegetable crops in the Kitwanga valley.

Our last stop before reaching Prince Rupert was Terrace, the trading centre of the Lakelse and Kitsungalum valleys. We were all greatly interested here in the fruit growing experiments of the enterprising settlers, who are sure that they have found the garden spot of this section of the province. We visited several young orchards just beginning to bear, where we saw convincing evidence of the suitability of the soil and climate for all the hardier varieties of tree fruits. There were also all the standard varieties of berries bearing prolifically while the fruit was of large size and excellent flavor. These beautiful valleys constitute the largest area of arable land in the Prince Rupert district, and will probably become the market garden and summer resort for that young city. There is a pretty lake and sulphur springs in the Lakelse valley, and also a lake in the Kitsungalum valley. Both valleys extend to arms of the sea, and the warm air of the ocean has a modifying effect on the inland temperatures both summer and winter, so that with a



Athabasca River Bridge, Jasper Park

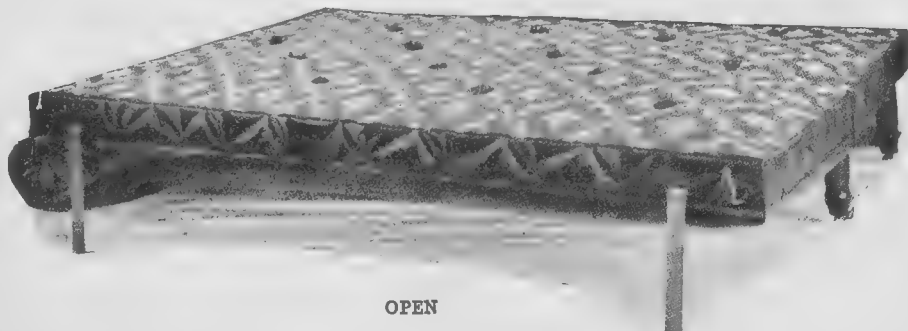
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To READERS of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Owing to their two-fold utility, there is a very big demand just now for davenports and many dealers are asking quite high prices for these useful pieces of furniture. An opportunity, however, came our way of

purchasing a whole shipment at a cut rate and accordingly we are able to offer our readers the handsome davenport (as illustrated above) in return for only NINE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS to The Western Home Monthly.

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rich productive soil and a long frostless summer all manner of grains, vegetables, and hardy fruits can be successfully cultivated. It is estimated that there are now about three hundred settlers in the two valleys. These settlers are real homesteaders and not land grabbing speculators.

Our stay in Prince Rupert was in the midst of war times, the presence of soldiers and a warship bringing home to us our close personal interest in the great sanguinary conflict on European soil.

In saying our good-byes, we all expressed the hope that our outing next

year would not be marred by thoughts of such a terrible calamity, and that we could see more of the beauties of British Columbia's newly opened up wonderland, and see them more leisurely and more thoroughly. Know your own country first is good advice, and those who would know something of that part of the Dominion now made accessible by the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific should not fail to arrange a summer's outing along the line as soon as possible. A party of congenial friends can make the trip with greater pleasure than going it alone.

The Next Great Question

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Norman F. Black, M.A., D. Paed, Regina

ALL over America there is sweeping a movement the aim of which is to make better worth living the life of the mass of the people, the special means to this end being to reform and revitalize the people's schools. Probably never since the time of Horace Mann and Egerton Ryerson, seventy years ago, has any educational problem of such a character been the object of such general and serious reflection on the part of such a proportion of the more intelligent element of the citizen body at large. The man or woman not interested in this matter is out of step with the times. During the coming autumn and winter, especially in Saskatchewan, but in other Western Provinces as well, there is every indication that the regeneration of the elementary schools, particularly in rural districts, will be the topic of supreme popular interest, next to the war itself. In the great campaign of discussion already well started the editors and readers of The Western Home Monthly may doubtless be relied upon to do their share.

Let us commence by frankly recognizing that our schools, even as they are, have done and are doing an immense amount of good. The fact remains, however, that the need of sweeping reform is evident to anyone who cares to consider the matter.

A course of study and a system of administration and supervision might be an excellent one in densely populated manufacturing community with a purely native citizen body, for example, and yet be very ineffective in an agriculture community peopled by immigrants from every corner of the world. A wise school system will be one based upon the needs and conditions of the state or province that is to be served. This is a proposition so self-evidently true that it needs only to be stated and it will be endorsed by any intelligent person.

Nevertheless this truth is conspicuously ignored in our western school laws and courses of studies. The time is now ripe for the correction of this error. It will not be corrected, however, unless the people speak up and in unmistakable fashion.

The central industry of the prairie dwellers is and must remain agriculture. Upon it depends not alone the prosperity of the country districts but the prosperity of the villages, towns and cities as well. The public welfare demands that the overwhelming majority of our most intelligent and best educated boys and girls should be so trained as gladly to choose a life upon the farm. Even those of our young folk who may elect to be townfolk must, in a community like ours, be given a reasonable opportunity to learn what intelligent farming really means. Agriculture, therefore, should have a central and fundamental place in the people's schools. At present that school is exceptional in which agricultural study is anything more than a farce or, at best, a side issue.

Our schools are also deplorably defective as a means for direct training in the rights, duties and customs of citizenship in a British democracy. It is important that an ordinary prairie boy should know something of the duties of the Secretary of State for foreign affairs; something about the Bill of Rights; something about the origin and methods of the Imperial parliament, and so forth. Is it not perhaps even more important that the elementary school should render him familiar with the duties of a weed inspector or medical health officer; something about our laws regarding lien notes

and the purchase of agricultural implements; and something about the management of the affairs of a rural municipality? In such a country as ours it is imperative that the school should so impress upon the mind of our children and youth the reasonable and contemptible nature of all forms of political corruption that when they grow to maturity they will render such abuses impossible. In short, it should be the second great aim of the people's schools to train up, not merely by indirect means however valuable these may be, but by direct means also, an enlightened citizen body equipped for self government in the province in which they dwell. There surely can be no dispute about this.

If my readers have agreed with me so far, we may lay down the principle that when our course of studies is revised the double core of the curriculum will be training in agriculture and citizenship. Even in the teaching of other subjects such as arithmetic, geography, history, and the like, the basic character of these two fundamental departments must not be forgotten. Even literature, the most important cultural subject of them all, will become immeasurably more vital when taught as another means of interpreting to the pupil his own environment and rendering his relation to it more intelligent.

Most and perhaps all of the present subjects of study should retain a place in the new curriculum, but much useless dead wood will have to be trimmed away from them. This will open up space not only for such topics as agriculture and citizenship, but for much more efficient training along other lines as well, notably the arts of home making and home keeping, and handwork with or without tools. There is enough time wasted now in the more or less unskilful teaching of a course of studies unsuitable to our conditions than would be required for the proper teaching of much additional work of essential and unquestionable importance. Half-trained teachers and many other people unfamiliar with the subject still think that such studies as I have been speaking of require a prohibitive expensive equipment. Educational experts, however, know very well that it is quite practicable to teach these branches with excellent effect even in the ordinary rural schools.

Our prairie school systems require prompt and energetic measures of reform not only as regards the course of studies. In this regard I am speaking particularly of my own province, Saskatchewan, but much that I have to say will have an application in Manitoba and Alberta as well.

It is becoming notoriously more and more difficult to induce our most successful and best equipped teachers to become and remain inspectors. In Saskatchewan I think there are only two members of the inspectorial staff that belonged to it when I resigned from it six years ago. No class of public servants is more grievously overworked, yet everybody knows that the supervision of our rural schools is most discouragingly unsatisfactory. Inspectors must become superintendents responsible for the efficiency of the schools over which they exercise oversight. These should not be more than about sixty in number for anyone superintending, so that instead of making flying visits once or twice in two years, he will be able to call at each school as often as the interests of that particular school require. The best possible initial preparation should be required of newly appointed superin-

THE WONDERFUL MISSION OF THE INTERNAL BATHS

By G. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

Do you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided.

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste, before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time—and the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and

unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be accounted for—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell of New York was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue that he made Internal Baths his special study, and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 254, 280 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this in The Western Home Monthly.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.



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tendents and provision should be made for such subsequent special study as would gradually transform the inspector body into a corps of highly efficient educational experts, to whom the general supervision of our whole system of education may safely be entrusted. In many directions the authority of these important officials should be increased. As has already been said in the public press and elsewhere, if we make our inspectors men of weight it will not be so hard to induce men of weight to become and remain inspectors. Until a more effective form of supervision is inaugurated it is useless to expect our rural schools to give adequate returns for the public money we expend upon them.

Of course there are many hundred excellent rural trustees and hundreds of thoroughly efficient rural schoolboards in Saskatchewan. Nevertheless nobody who is familiar with rural conditions needs to be told that at present the local business management of a very large proportion of our public schools is disgracefully bad. The most intelligent trustees are often the people most discouraged. They will be the first to endorse reasonable proposals of reform. I have dealt personally, in my official capacity as inspector, with numerous cases of misappropriation of school funds, secret commissions and other forms of graft in the purchase of school supplies, petty tyranny and injustice in the treatment of teachers, abuse and neglect of school property and gross indifference towards the education of the people's children, on the part of trustees and other school officers. In other cases I have seen school districts victimized by unscrupulous teachers and the trustees standing helplessly incapable of safe guarding the rights of the people. The interests of our rural districts require that some system of management be devised to take the place of our present method. The district school board has already been abolished in some twenty-eight states of the American Republic and in various parts of the British Empire. We too must try grouping several rural schools under a single board and bringing them under proper supervision.

The normal schools must be included within the scope of the projected reforms and adapted to the conditions existing in the province they serve. I do not understand why the farmers have not spoken up long ago, insisting that in these institutions greater attention should be given to preparation for teaching in ungraded schools. Again, in approximately half the schools of Saskatchewan, children enter upon their studies unable to speak English; any English-speaking teacher-in-training could easily be equipped to meet this situation much more effectively than it is usually met by "foreign-speaking" teachers, but the equipment is not given them. Partly because they are understaffed, but for other causes also, our normal schools as yet are failing, in many other important regards as well, to turn out the kind of teachers that the conditions of this province require.

I have given prominence to rural and elementary schools and their needs, because these are the most important educational institutions in the country, from the point of view of the people at large, perhaps not even excepting the university and agricultural college. The secondary school system requires overhauling as well. Especially is it necessary that rural high schools be created in which amid an agricultural environment, the boys and girls of the farm may secure a secondary education in every respect equal to that given in our cities.

By consolidation, by "perambulating schools" (school houses on wheels), or by boarding schools, a free and efficient education must be brought within the reach of every child in Saskatchewan. It can be done, and it will be done if the people speak the word. The present compulsory attendance law is practically a dead letter in so far as most rural districts are concerned and it must be replaced by something better. Something must be done to make the rural school fulfil more effectively its functions as the natural social centre of the rural community. And a hundred other matters of vital interest to the people's schools are crying aloud for attention.

To many of these matters Hon. Walter Scott, premier and minister of education for Saskatchewan, personally called attention in a very notable speech during the last session of the legislative assembly. Mr. Scott pointed out that in a new province where so many pressing problems of administration and reform devolve upon the government, it had been necessary to exercise choice as to what matters should be treated at once and what others should be postponed. Hitherto it had been necessary to include among the latter any general revision of the school system but its turn had now come. The premier, supported by the leader of the opposition, called for a province-wide discussion of educational affairs and suggested that, as soon as the people showed that they desired it, a special session of the legislature might be devoted to the regeneration of the people's schools.

No more important announcement was ever made in a Canadian Legislative Assembly.

The first to respond to the overtures of the Minister of Education were naturally the teachers of the province. Already they have laid before him memorials containing suggestions of a highly important character, and it is expected that the matter of educational reform will be the chief topic at some two dozen educational conventions this fall. A provincial Citizen's Committee for the Promotion of Educational Reform has been organized along the same lines as the "Banish the Bar" association, Rev. W. P. Reekie, of Weyburn, having taken the initiative in this matter. Prominent grain growers and members of the Home Maker's Clubs are taking the matter up. At least one of the leading religious denominations of the province, through its department of social service, is already issuing for circulation in all its congregations a pamphlet dealing with the movement and other denominations will doubtless promptly follow suit. Numerous special editorials are appearing every week in the newspapers of the province, many of which will this winter conduct special departments for the discussion of the improvement of our schools. The correspondence columns of The Western Home Monthly should contain letters on this subject in every issue.

Such is "The Next Great Question,"

Reader, you have a duty in relation to it. What are you going to do about it? Are you going to do it right away?

After all the departures suggested are not particularly radical. Consolidation has already been tried in most of the states of the union and in Manitoba, while the programme of studies has been given a practical turn in almost every civilized land. The trouble is to do any practical work worth while in the elementary school. Agricultural courses in secondary schools are possible, but scientific agriculture in small rural schools is out of the question. Rational native study, school-gardening, seed-testing and a few other activities can be encouraged. These should be carried on in every school. Mr. Black's other point with reference to the treatment of the non-English has particular value. The sooner we send Canadian teachers into the non-English settlements the better for all concerned. Nor is there much to be learned by a competent teacher if she is placed in one of these schools. The great success of the teachers who come out of the normal schools in dealing with the polyglot population of this city, shows that their training for the work has not been altogether neglected. The best point in Mr. Black's article is his plea for better rural schools. Even the small district school can be vastly improved, and the peripatetic "school on wheels" is better than nothing for the outlying districts.—Ed.

N.B.—The above article by Mr. Black deserves special attention.

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September Duck Shooting Days

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By Bonnycastle Dale.

"IT'S only 243 days more until duck shooting," yawned Fritz, as he looked out on the snow scene which lay spread about the Island of the Beaver in midlake on the morning of January 1st, 1915. Day after day, each with its duties well done, he has deducted a day from the score until 242 are all checked off. To-morrow!! is The Day! when all the devotees of this field sport slave from morn till dewy eve to get a fair bag to take home to loving mother, faithful wife or The Girl, never mind, it may be your own sister or someone else's sister?—don't tell.

"Whark! whack!" from Fritz's canoe. "Whack! Whack! Whack! from mine."

"Did you get it?" I called across the dark drowned lands to the lad.

"You bet! Say! ain't they thick?"

"Just after two, better try to sleep," and I snuggled down under the netting in my canoe. How interminable the night seemed. Great frogs "more-rummed" all over the marsh, muskrats ran past over the bog logs and plunged in with a solemn splash, a black snake, in pursuit of young "croakers," slithered over the dewy marsh hay on the bog beside us, wrens and red-wings twittered sleepily in the bushes, rarely a grebe crackled out its harsh laugh or a stately bittern "boomed," or a mighty heron croaked, and above it all, and through it all, buzzed the myriad mosquitos and, I must confess it, Fritz's heavy snoring (he says it's beastly unfair my writing all the stories to you and telling about his faults, he says you ought to hear me snore, don't you believe him).

"Bang—boom—boom!"—this made us sit up like two Jack-in-boxes—some fool had fired the first shot of the season—time 3 a.m. and pitch dark. All the birds and animals all over the dark brooding marsh complained drowsily about the unusual noise, even the fishes on the surface over a square mile about us splashed their protest noisily. "Tump! tump!"—I hear paddle strokes, set in lightly and drawn out carefully, nevertheless I hear them—someone is sneaking through the thin wild rice hoping to find this bay unoccupied—I'll save him some paddling, so I flashed my torch; Fritz did likewise and we both heard the canoeist sneaking off silently. Now the first faint grey appears in the east and the watchful old black ducks begin to call "Quack, quack." "Quack" go the noisy females, "Quack" answers the more silent males. Then we hear an early wood duck scuttle and "squeal" and a pair of little sawbills (hooded mergansers) dart by overhead, from all over the great wild rice beds comes the sound of heavily flapping wings and leaping splashing wild ducks, the flight is on and it is yet too dark to see—bang! bang! sings the black powder Indians. Ping! ping! answer the white men's guns—Bing-bing-bing-bing! rattles the pump gun of one of the Ojibway guides and a perfect stream of fire leaps out into the dark night (or early morning). "Ping" goes Fritz's single barrel across the tiny bay and no resultant splash follows. I promptly bore two nice holes in the atmosphere myself and hear the low cackle of the lad when "whack, splash!" ensues. So we both determined not to mind the other fools but to wait for better light. A perfect volleying sounds all over the ten mile long river, marsh and rice bed, streaks of fire like Roman Candles sputter everywhere and the birds fly wildly. "Splash"—right into the open water, between the lad and I, flops a wood duck, it's quite safe as we dare not kill it on the water while it swims between us even if we wanted to. I see the lad grasp his gun, I raise mine, kick a paddle to make a racket, the bird jumps and both guns roar. It will never be proven who killed that duck, we picked it later in the day and a single pellet had passed right through it, entrance and exit of the same size, of course the lad claims it, some people are so selfish! I really feel in my bones I killed that duck myself.

"Quack!" called Fritz, as a big black duck tore along past, it took three barrels to stop it and the poor thing dived the instant it struck the water. Fritz had reloaded and fired and killed it the moment it reappeared—wonderful, here is a bird that lacks food sometimes because it does not know how to dive, yet the instant it is wounded down it goes. In a lifetime's study I have never seen a Black Duck (dusky mallard) dive—from the time it quits diving as a down covered youngster, until it is wounded.

The flight became fairly good as clear

daylight came and we dropped a few birds and missed many more. Now the swallows poured out, the migration southwards of these birds had been resting in the marshes and fully a million were a-wing all over the shooting grounds, whirling and circling and dipping, one would never think he could pick out a duck in this weaving mass, yet the eye does instantly, and hardly a bird passed unsaluted.

It was easy to tell the amateur and the city would-be-sport, they fired at every thing within range, and far out of it too, missing all the ducks and occasionally killing a poor gull or bittern or heron—all guns should be licensed, any man slaughtering non-game birds should lose his paper and his shooting. Our friends the Indians, in their bay,

had kept up a regular fusilade, now they began to paddle out, so we too picked up the very few decoys we use and started off for camp, jumping ducks out of many a likely cover—this is excellent sport and good practice. On the way in Fritz picked up a poor aged Golden-eye and placed it on the bow of his canoe, the bird, a "left over" from the Spring Migration was so old that it sat contentedly there and had its picture "took."

On a neighboring island some beaver were feeding on the poplar trees, cutting them down with excellent success—but even beaver are fooled!—see the tree in the illustration, it fell inland instead of into the water, a grapevine made all the wise little beasts calculations fail and they will have to cut it all up and drag it to the water if they

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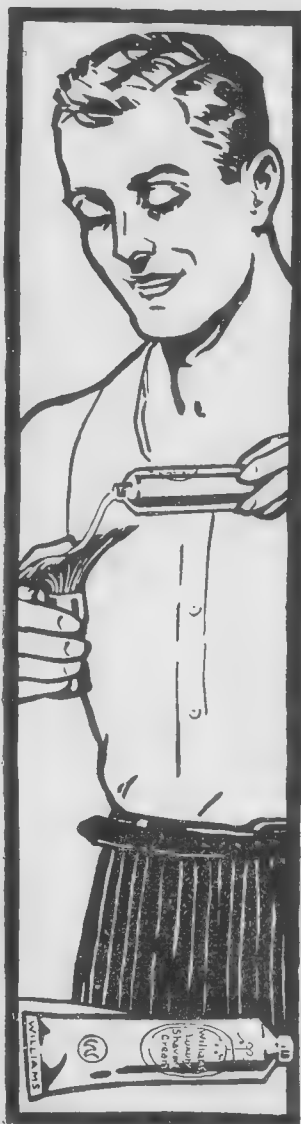
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want it for this winter's food. remember, preservation of our birds and animals is a good thing for them and for us—not for thirty-five years has a beaver been seen as far south in Ontario as Rice Lake, but they were preserved for ten years—so see the results.

Now, while we in this temperate zone are enjoying light and heat in these September days, the wild ducks which breed far north are losing both light and heat—remember one point, no steamship has penetrated so far into the northern ice channels but they found the ducks still streaming northwards overhead to some, still, northern, breeding ground.

One strange result of this dreadful war—all the game birds have all left the vicinity of the battle zones and retreated into neutral territory, or at least to untrenched territory, but the song birds still trill their matins where the dead lie thickest and the cannons thunder and rifle crack all the day and night long. We who cannot go, by reason of age, other most important duties, or incapacity, **MUST DO OUR SHARE**, remember, every name of a Canadian whom we read has died, is wounded, or is missing or a prisoner, bore that fate for **YOU AND I**, and we will have to give all we can spare, do without all luxuries, send every able-bodied man willing to go, as, unless we defeat our desperate enemy, it might perchance evilly happen that this fair land of ours will see the scenes of heartrending desolation of the homes and firesides of wrecked Belgium, northern France, poor little Serbia and war-rent Poland.

Still it is needful, having done our share to help our Empire, that life should flow healthily along in this great Canada of ours—so come with me after sunset to the Camps of the Ojibways, where the wild rice gatherers are tenting. From the dark rice beds the great Sugar Maple Island rose like some fabled monster into the gloomy sky, the twin camp fires on the lonely point its baleful eyes—Fritz says if those were its eyes it was no Cyclops, as he counted twenty fires, you see the lad allows nothing for poetic license, nothing for the author to speculate upon—anyhow we paddled along the dark waterways of the rice beds, jumping many a wild duck and mudhen, bitten and heron, rail and shorebird, these rose with alarming quack or plaintive cry and sped off ahead, once we went "ker-slap" into a submerged log with a bump which made our teeth chatter. Ahead lay a bizarre scene, the white tents under the dark trees flickering in and out as the camp fires glowed or paled, the dark figures of the natives seated about them quavering out the song in the native tongue.

"Umba o nesh kon nin je chog,
Kuk ba kee zhig suh uh no keen;
Wa be nun ke te me shke win,
Kuh ge zhaib dush nah te bun doon."

"Awake my soul and with the Sun,
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice."

'Twere better to sing the Morning Hymn at sunset than sing no hymn at all. How peaceful it all is, if somewhat gloomy—who can look at these quiet civilized tribes, this dark September night, and not give them great credit for the sons who are battling in the trenches this very hour, they volunteered willingly and many more would have gone had the conditions not been so severe.

"Ah! ahtahyah! cheemahn (Hullo, canoe!) called an old trapper friend and we answered (Fritz tried it in the Ojibway and one of the young guides told him German was not allowed to be spoken in Canada, and Fritz was sulky for an hour afterwards). The rice harvesters are too early so they pass the time trolling for mascalonge and shooting ducks and mudhens, aye and grebe too, and any other big edible bird, for there are many kiddies, and this means many hungry bellies, and it is not wasteful to kill for the pot.

One old man, wrinkled and bleared by age, told Fritz of the shooting here when he was a lad, none of the boys had even handled! a muzzle-loader, they made their own bows and arrows and,

squatted along the shores, hidden in the rushes, killed enough wild fowl with blunt-headed arrows to supply each their own family's stewpot. The entire possessions of a family was the bark and skin tent, the birch-bark canoe, some deerskin clothes and covers, a few earthenware pots and bowls, a knife, an axe, some bone implements, a few fishing and hunting utensils and for the leaders a flintlock—with these rude tools they took plenteously of the fish and game and fur. What a contrast this camp offers. Canvas tents, modern pump guns, civilized (uncomfortable) clothing, artificial light, breakfast foods (looks like doll stuffing but tastes all right) highheeled shoes and, above the wailing of a brownskinned kiddie in a neighboring tent, soared and squealed a tinny gramophone in the classical notes of

"We won't go home until m-o-r-n-i-n-g (screech-screech)

We won't go home 'til m-o-r-n-i-n-g,

We won't go home until m-o-r-n-i-n-g (screech),

'Til daylight d-o-t-h appear" (screech! screech! screech).

But we went home at once nevertheless.



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An All-Canadian Company for Active Service

A movement has been started to raise an all-Canadian Company by the 106th Regiment, Winnipeg Light Infantry. Since the announcement in the press a large number of prospective recruits have come forward with a view to offering their services. The organizers intend getting the names of All-Canadians who wish to offer themselves, and when a sufficient number have been secured, the Company will be offered the next battalion organized in Winnipeg.

Every regiment on active service has a large percentage native-born, but it is felt that an All-Canadian Company will have the effect of a greater number offering their services to the Empire. That famous organization, the North End Athletic Association of Winnipeg, has promised to raise a platoon, and the organizers would like to hear from any clubs or individuals throughout the west who are qualified to join this company. Address all communications to the Adjutant, 106th Regiment, Winnipeg Light Infantry.



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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

It is a great pleasure to announce that Lillian Laurie has been appointed to a place on the Advisory Board of the Manitoba Agricultural College, the first woman in Canada to be so placed, and at the moment the writer cannot recall any woman in the United States in a similar position. Lillian Laurie has the extension work of the college very much at heart, and she will stand strongly for increased activities along this line as well as being admirably fitted to specially represent the needs of the women students on the board. It is not necessary to affirm that she believes in equality of opportunity educationally for men and women, she is advocating daily by speech and pen. Herself a college graduate, she will bring to that phase of the question, training and experience, she is a warm advocate of the return of the college to the fold of the University, from which it should never have been separated. We may look for many good things from this appointment.

threshed out with a good many women. They are not given as entirely the writer's exclusive ideas, but rather what she has gathered from many sources. All classes in the Agricultural College should be open to any woman who wishes to take a full agricultural course;



Miss Lillian Laurie

state of affairs can only be achieved by the very cordial support and encouragement of the principal of the College, and the backing of the minister which we are now sure of. Perhaps it would not be out of place to state why I dwell at such length on this phase. From time to time there have been women, Canadian born, who have wished to take this course, and have not been able to do so, and a number of inquiries have from time to time come from the Old Country from women who had from £250 to £500 or £600 to invest and who wished to go on land, but did not wish to risk their all without first having some practical knowledge of farming in Canada.

In addition to being able to take the full agricultural course, women who come in for the domestic science section should have their work arranged so that they can avail themselves fully of the training in dairy and poultry keeping, and while I would not go so far as to say that they should be compelled to take these classes, I think that the necessity of doing so should be strongly urged upon them.

Then there should be some arrangement of classes and training for intensive agriculture on small areas, say a ten or twenty acre farm. At present there is practically no provision for instruction of this kind, while there is a constant and growing need of just such information. Classes along this line would be found extremely attractive to both women and men, and would, I am sure, be a factor in draw-

ing a number of students from the city to the College with the ultimate view of going on small holdings of their own.

In the more distinctively women's and home-making end of the college course, I think there should be a lectureship established for women, where the lecturer will lecture on the care of young children, home nursing, preparations for maternity and similar subjects. The short course in nursing which was put on at the Agricultural College a year ago last winter was an eye-opener to many of us who thought we knew something of the needs of the country women with regard to maternity and home nursing. The anxiety of the women who came in for this short course to really get some practical training was pitiful in its intensity. For many years to come there will be frontiers, and I do think that it is the mission of the Agricultural College to supply the opportunities for this kind of training to the future home-makers, that come within its walls. No matter what we may do to promote the prosperity of the province, its real progress and prosperity will be determined by the homes that are made in it and the people who will make the homes of the future are the girls that will attend the college of to-day.

Next month I hope to say something about the extension work already started, and also about how it can be enlarged and improved.

Now a word as to the new Minister of Agriculture, Honorable Valentine Winkler. I want to repeat, as nearly as possible what I heard him say the other day, in answer to a question as to his attitude on extended opportunities for women at the Agricultural College, it was to this effect: "I have believed and advocated the right of



Hon. Valentine Winkler, Minister of Agriculture

women to vote for over twenty years, and I believe the women of Manitoba have a right to do anything in connection with classes at the Agricultural College which they can do, and any work looking to greater opportunities for them, will receive my cordial support as minister. "That is good news, but there is more to come. The little speech was repeated by the writer to a prominent business man of the west, and he said: "If Val. Winkler said that it is as good as done. I have known him for twenty-five years, and there is no man in Manitoba to-day with a finer sense of honor or one who more nearly comes up to that old description of an honorable man, 'he who sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not,' you can bank on Winkler." Is that not the best of news?

Here are some of the things which we should have in connection with the Agricultural College, and along this line I would be very glad of comments from my readers as to how nearly these ideas meet with their approval. During the summer, while travelling in the country, they have been

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

"SHE" DOESN'T LIKE MEN.

Recently a letter has come to my desk from a young woman who criticizes me for my high regard of men and my ambition for girls to become home-makers. The writer states that she has been a nurse for four years and thinks she knows a little about the "inner channels" of women's lives. She says she also spent thirteen months in a woman's hospital, and believes marriage is a failure. The letter bitterly criticizes Pearl Richmond Hamilton for encouraging girls to love home-making and blames the men for all their sins and miseries of humanity. I wish the readers of this page would help me answer this young woman. Since the world began, the two sexes have walked hand in hand in courage and in cowardice, in service and in selfishness. For say what we will, the ebb and flow of virtue and of vice in this world is human—not masculine or feminine.

If young women grow up with a passion for Virtue, Courage, Learning, Politeness and Sympathy—men will see clearer, step higher, feel braver and love more sincerely.

I asked one of the best nurses in Winnipeg her opinion. She has spent many years in hospitals besides several years nursing in private homes; much of her private work has been in rural communities. Her reply was: "I think the Canadian home life is beautiful. I have been in few unhappy homes. Much misery in homes might be avoided if girls who marry were better prepared in the art of home-making, and were less selfish." I have asked other experienced nurses—one of whom has nursed fifteen years in private homes. She said the writer was mistaken. I find the general opinion is that the average Canadian home is peaceful and happy.

I wish to state to the writer that I very much admire the unmarried woman who, for reasons of her own, has remained single and is doing fine service to humanity. We find them among our business women, our teachers, and in various other lines of work, including the sweet older sister in the home. The majority of them mother humanity in a way that the physical mother does not and can not. As a rule they are less selfish than we mothers are. We could not get along with ut them, and we respect, admire and love them. When I named my two little girls I wanted to name them after two ideal women who are women of big ideas and splendid accomplishment. They are named after two unmarried women—one a business woman and one a teacher. I trust this will satisfy the writer that I have a place in my heart for the unmarried woman. I wish to mention a bit of my own experience with girls. Scores of girls have told me of their desires, and I find deep down in the heart of nearly every one the desire for a home. During the past ten years about one thousand girls have passed in and out as members of the girls' club which I am selfish enough to call "mine," and many of them have since married and write me about their happy home life. Girls write me from all parts of Canada, and the pulse of love's inspiration throbs in their letters. Then, too, the girl with the broken heart sobs out in sad sentences the cause of her distress—a false man friend. Older "young women," as well, have told me of an aching loneliness which they cannot sooth. All this has made me feel that "home-making" is woman's loveliest ambition, and happiest calling. My own babes press their velvet kisses on my cheek and home-love inspires in me ideals of strength and beauty; all the lovely incidents that breathe contentment in the home life make me feel that the home-maker is blessed beyond measure and marriage is a God-made institution—not man-made, as the writer states.

It is true, bitter stories of home-breaking have been related to me by women whose hearts were sad, but these are the exception. Last year I heard an unmarried woman congratulate a young

prospective bride. This woman has made a wonderful success of her life work, and is one whose name is respected and admired in Western Canadian households. This is what she said: "My dear girl, the greatest blessing that can come into the life of a woman is the love of a good man."

With these experiences in the study of girlhood, have I not good reason to exalt home-making? What is the opinion of our readers?

COMMERCIALIZING HAPPY MEMORIES.

Ann Haviland, of New York, has created a profession that is yielding her a fortune. She is known as the perfume lady—the only woman in the world who creates and individualizes perfumes. To her studio come women of rank—society women, actresses, professional women—to have her bring out for them in fragrance—individuality. She perfumes



Remarkable Photograph Made During Visit of General Kitchener and General Joffre to the Front Line Trenches Where They Inspected the New Guns, Ammunition and Shells Used by the Allies.

In this picture we see the inspection party composed of General Kitchener (with cane, almost at foot of steps), General Joffre just behind breastworks in upper right hand of picture (second from extreme right), M. Millerand the French War Minister (in civilian clothes carrying cane, coming down the steps). They are making their way to the entrance of one of the communicating avenues connecting with the front line trenches where they later emerged in the daylight at St. Michiels, Lorraine, thirty miles from Nancy, opposite Metz.

entire houses and suites, she also perfumes theatres, using different perfumes in different plays: a strange profession developed from her love for the old-fashioned garden of her girlhood. This is how it came about. She loved flowers and could not find in perfumes the fragrance of the real flower, so she studied chemistry and decided to put the scent of real flowers into perfumes. With floral oils she combined and eliminated until her delicate senses discovered the scent of the real rose or violet. This was her beginning. To-day she is happy in a profitable profession. Jeannette Norton says she made use of the happy memory of her girlhood. What was the happy memory? In the words of Miss Norton: "It was an old-fashioned garden, many, many years old. Grandmothers and great grandmothers and great, great grandmothers had planted their beds of hyacinths, and lilies of the valley, and pansies and violets, their rose bushes, their clematis vines, and the wild, sweet jasmine, and the earth hid a heritage from each in its bosom. So nobody was ever surprised to find a lily-of-the-valley in the potato patch, or pansies poking their heads where only melons were supposed to show themselves. The big lawn went uncut most of the time, and had thick patches of purple violets in its depths. And, so, the little girl who lived there grew up in an atmosphere of flowers. They were the only scents she knew. Heavy, or sweet, or dainty, or springlike, the fragrance of them stole into her window at night and wakened her the first thing in the morning."

And the scents from nature's flower land she has created in artificial perfumes.

* * *

REFINED BY HOLY EMOTIONS.

There is the countenance of hate and the countenance of love, the clear, frank eye and the drooping, sly eye, the strong, determined chin, and the weak, wavering chin—the young face and the old face. Then there are sincere smiles and counterfeit smiles; kind words and lies; all these make up the female sex. Is it any wonder that girls are mysterious? Behind smiles, and beautiful dresses, and tactful decorum, are often tragedies hidden from humanity—draperies of diplomacy. We think we know an acquaintance, but we don't. The dictionary of personality is too complex for most people to understand—and so some girls believe they can venture and deceive and venture and deceive again. But human life can not go on long defying honest nature. Dissipation writes horrible tales on form and feature; while the clean life, the pure idea, and the honest effort develop into fine feminine fascination.

time on her work developed into wonderful power. Above her bed is this motto: "Kept by the power of God."

* * *

THE SOURCE OF POWER.

In his survey of the biographies of a thousand eminent British men and women, Mr. Havelock Ellis tells us that those who use their minds the most live the longest. Many of these people, including Mr. Gladstone, were exceptionally frail in early life. More than 20 per cent were "notably of feeble constitution," yet among them were some of the longest lived. A healthy, active mind—earnest study and determined ambition to achieve, aid wonderfully in resisting physical weakness. Hard study develops the mind and renews the body. Many times I have seen wage-earning girls waste their mental and physical energies over trashy books. Three years ago a sixteen year old girl, who received customers in the waiting room of a tailor's shop, earned four dollars a week. Three years ago I watched her devour a silly story during the slack periods. Last week I saw her in another store. She is still earning four dollars a week. Who is to blame? Three years and no advancement! She who stands still must become weaker. Three years hence she will probably be earning less than four dollars a week, or, perhaps, be an inefficient wife in a poorly managed home.

Earnest study is the price of every good achievement. If you give only half your mind to what you are doing, it will cost you twice as much labor. It is by doing things that we acquire power.

Do not be content with the knowledge sufficient for the present need; seek additional knowledge and store it away for the emergency reserve. Try to fix firmly in your mind what you would like to do; keep your mind on splendid ideals, and you will find yourself seizing the opportunities that are necessary for the fulfillment of your ambition. Victory—what is it?

To make your job a real part of your life;

To feel that by its force you grow and rise;

To know that Victory comes through honest strife;

That happy labor is itself a prize.

Then looking back, you'll know why right is right;

Nor feel false pride since you have played some part.

* * *

A HINT.

Some girls mistake gentlemanly courtesy for personal admiration. There are many men who are born gentlemen and who treat everyone with courtesy, and it sometimes happens that girls employed by such men become extremely embarrassing to their managers. Do not think that because your manager is courteous to you that he is in love with you, for I have known of girls losing their position for just this reason.

There is no place in business for sentiment.

* * *

SPIRITUAL CHEMICALS.

The priceless jewels of human society understand the deep secrets of the soul, because they themselves have suffered. They are able to endure trials without losing happiness. Carlyle points out the fact that we would never have had Shakespeare if Shakespeare's soul had never experienced pain.

A girl came to me last month and said: "What's the use? I can't get a job. It's just my fate to have to stand the knocks of the world. I'm going to give up."

Discouragement drives girls who have no faith in God and themselves to the devil. On the other hand discouragement lifts girls who have faith in God and themselves to Heavenly heights. There is harmony in the sound of their voices that makes one feel when in their presence that one has gained mental and spiritual power.

"He that dwelleth in me and I in him, bringeth forth much fruit."

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay Pervades it with a fragrance not its own, So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul, All Heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown."



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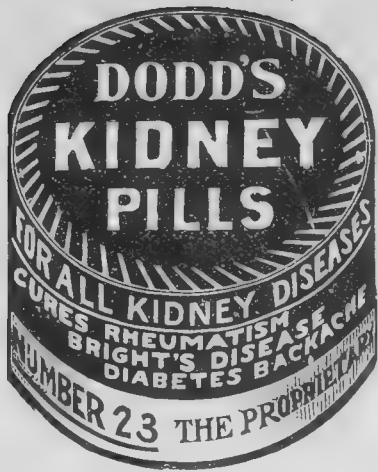
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WOMAN AND WOMAN.

This awful war finds woman closer to public affairs than she has ever been before. Women prove what is in them in times of crises. It is then you learn what they can do. To-day many of them are doing men's work. They are working in munition factories, they are learning to drive automobiles for service; they are forming themselves into home guards. One hundred young women in Winnipeg are learning to be chauffeurs, and expect to go to the old country to offer their services. A women's rifle company is doing splendid training in Winnipeg, and expect to have one thousand women in their organization by the beginning of winter.

The most promising feature is the fact that the first women of the land are taking the lead in offering their services. In England they stand side by side with all classes in the munition factories; in ministering to the helpless and the suffering. They are ready to work, to build, to guard, to fight, to serve in any place where needed. This crisis is developing woman's understanding, and making her wise in counsel. The opinion of

where she is not wanted. I've seen people go out of their way to avoid her. Why? She is not sympathetic. She is intellectual. She has finished a course in college but she is not educated.

We often wonder why men devote themselves to girls with little learning and shun the highly intellectual. Men admire and love girls who are gentle, tactful, understanding, warm-hearted—in other words they admire womanly girls. If the college girl is womanly her influence with men is marked but without the elements of sympathy she cannot compete successfully with the girl who is sympathetic. A woman's highest mission and fate are linked with the mission and fate of men. Whatever puts her out of touch with men is deplorable. If a girl's college course alienates her from the interests of men, it is to be regretted.

The right minded girl takes to college high ideals and comes away with still higher ones.

So much for the girl who can go to college, but I have a word for those who cannot go to college. I know her



Learning How to Throw Hand Grenades.

A scene at the French gunnery school during a moment when the pupils are learning how to throw hand grenades

thoughtful and efficient women is sought and considered by men. Mrs. Pankhurst has spoken from the same platform with Lloyd-George.

Women of intelligence and serious purpose inspire thoughtful men fired with a great purpose. Our homes are centres of patriotism, and the tide of patriotism rolling through our British Empire is clear and pure.

This is a great spiritual conflict as well as a material struggle. Some one has truthfully said: "War has found the soul of Britain and lifted it to the stars."

SCHOOL IDEALS

A girl should have enough sense to so order her present that it will consistently lead into and beautify her future. Will your college course do this for you? College is a preparation not an end. If a girl who goes to college longs for future usefulness and wide sympathies, if her home life is narrow, she is justified in her ambition for a college education. If people say, "How lovely Jane is!" not "How much Jane knows!" her college course has been wisely guided. It is wisdom not knowledge that makes a woman's personality powerful. Plan a broad, lovely future for yourself along definite lines, and remember that any study that robs you of being womanly and sympathetic will weaken your popularity with men and women. I met an unmarried woman not long ago—callous and cold hearted. She told me she liked people who are sarcastic—that she did not bother herself about other people's troubles—if Mrs. Jones is dead, she's dead, that's all. She doesn't believe in wasting emotion. I have seen her push her way into places

in many a lonely corner in the West—in store, in office, at home on the prairie and in domestic service. Is college after all one of the vital questions of girlhood? If you cannot go to college, cling to the idea. Have you longed for learning? Learn from the School of Life. Learn a lesson in patience every morning; there are lessons to learn in every bit of work you undertake. Shakespeare, Keats, Wordsworth, Plato, Michael Angelo, Raphael, St. Paul, David and scores of other great teachers are ready to instruct you. A few cents will purchase great lessons from them on sorrow, joy, love, tolerance, work, beauty and truth.

You disappointed girls after all may become well educated. Ambition will find its good and any lesson that develops in you the soul of sympathy and the spirit of usefulness is a college ideal. I have seen girls' natures grow and broaden and blossom in doing just the common, well-known work which so many of us do to-day for a living. Of all schools to which a girl might be sent to learn the great lessons of life, there is not one so good as the school of the world. Here by intimate experience, she may learn to understand many natures, many conditions; and meet constantly little emergencies to call out her usefulness; she may learn the great lessons of life in all its phases, its higher branches—sympathy, charity and love.

In the handling of possibilities the poor girl has as good a chance as the rich girl. When a girl once learns the few great, simple principles of life—sympathy and generosity—it is easy enough to live a broad, helpful, powerful life, no matter where that life is cast.

The Keeley Treatment

The Keeley remedies are best known in their application to inebriety. There have been hundreds of thousands of people who have taken the treatment and it has been in successful and continuous administration for more than thirty-five years. The Keeley Institute system has been extended so that there is now one or more Keeley Institutes in nearly every state in the Union, besides two in Canada and one in England. The time required to effect a cure of the liquor addiction is four weeks, and there is no confinement. We look after patients carefully in order to see that they take their medicine with the utmost regularity and indulge in no misconduct, but this is managed in such a manner as not to irritate or annoy the patient. Liquor is not cut off abruptly, but its use is continued until such time as the patient is able to get along comfortably without it; usually patients voluntarily give up the use of liquor the second or third day. As our remedies are tonic in their effects, the general health is always improved.

In addition to the treatment for drunkenness, there is also a tobacco cure and a neurasthenia remedy. If a person who is addicted to tobacco does not inhale tobacco smoke or does not use snuff, good results can be obtained by the use of home remedies; snuff takers, however, and smoke inhalers should go to a Keeley Institute for treatment; these addictions are serious and no delay should be permitted in obtaining relief.

Our neurotine is adapted to ordinary cases of neurasthenia or nervousness and good results always follow from its use. We do not recommend it where the nervous debility is extreme or in cases where the patient's mentality is affected; for a case, however, where a nerve tonic would be beneficial, we have no hesitation in recommending our remedies; there is nothing in any of them which would be injurious to the most delicate constitution. Correspondence confidential. Treatment administered privately. Address: The Keeley Institute, Dept. H., 676 Jessie Ave., Winnipeg.

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Soil Cultivation in the West

By E. Hughes

From the valley of the Red River to the foot of the Rocky Mountains stretches an area of country which, thirty years ago, was as little known, to the world at large, as the remote parts of China are to-day. To the world at large it was a barren, inhospitable waste, the greater part designated on our maps treeless, arid desert. It is true some travellers brought back stories that seemed to point to some variations from the general classification generally accepted. These stories came from enthusiasts and were accepted with so much salt that the whole mass was unfit for human assimilation. By degrees spots were discovered where the general designation of desert was palpably inappropriate; but when such places were looked up on the map, they appeared as mere specks in the wide expanse generalized. Though few of those who came to spy out the land had ever set foot in the commonwealth of Missouri, it took a lot of showing to make them believe there was a country here fit to live in.

denmed by some authorities but it has the advantage of getting a crop the first year and the second crop without much work. However, in some localities with a good top soil that is shallow it would not do, as the seed would be laid in subsoil and would not grow.

With a friable, sharp loam of good depth success has been attained by simply breaking rather deep, say four inches, and putting on discs and harrows till the sod is thoroughly pulverized. The advocates of this system claim that breaking and back-setting such land involves loss of too much soil moisture, but by giscing, harrowing and packing at once this moisture is held. It is, however, impracticable with a heavy, strong sod.

When a crop has been drilled in, frequent harrowings, especially after rain, hold moisture and kill sprouting weeds. This should continue till growing crop is covering the ground well.

Strange as it may seem, much the same general principles of cultivation apply in



Tommy Atkins Salvages Contents of Ruined Farm House.
British soldiers removing stores from a damaged farm house in the north of France

It took a long time to show people that there were different kinds of soil and different climates in this great area. As climates and soils varied, so have the pursuits of the settlers. Towards the Rocky Mountains, where winters were mild and cattle could get a living outside for most of the year, stock-raising or ranching was followed almost entirely.

Wheat raising belonged to Manitoba, the Red River valley, where the soil is a heavy, black clay loam but, going west, one encounters all admixtures from the heaviest clay to gravels, even to drifting sand. As a rule, as elsewhere, the more clayey soils last the longest under bad farming methods and they need more motive power in cultivation.

For general rules, the land should be broken as shallow as possible when the grass has made a good start, thus dividing root and crown so that the sod will die as quickly as possible. A month to six weeks later backsetting, or plowing the same land about double the depth after breaking, commences. Broken land is the better for being rolled or packed after breaking so that the least possible moisture may be lost and the sod rotted with all possible speed. Discing should follow backsetting and harrowing be done in the fall. This should make a model seed bed for the following spring.

The consensus of opinion among the best authorities favors the breaking and backsetting system for nearly all soils. A plan followed in Dakota and practised by Dakotans who come to this country, is to plow deep in breaking the sod, disc well, harrow and sow a crop of flax the first year. The second year the stubble is disced, harrowed and seeded without plowing. The third year the land is plowed four inches deep, and not until the fifth year is the original top of the sod brought up to the air again. This system is con-

the cases of very diverse qualities of soil. The reason is that good tilth, conservation of moisture and weed killing are as necessary in one soil as another and rainfall is light over all the country. The same degree of good tilth, or other requisites are not attained in a stiff, clay soil with the same power or in the same time as with a friable soil that pulverizes easily.

In the handling of stubble land much advance has been made in the last few years. Discing after the crop is cut is a good plan, for the process buries weed seeds, which start growing at once. These are killed by frost before they ripen a second crop and fall or spring plowing turns over a clean slice. Some good farmers have a disc following the binder continuously with splendid results. When fall plowing, or in plowing stubble in the spring, a gang plow with a light disc harrow attached does very good work in fining down lumps that would otherwise dry out quickly.

In calculating the power necessary to perform any of the different portions of the work on the lands of the Canadian North-West provinces, it is pretty certain that some land will take as much power as would be needed anywhere. In other places but a minimum is sufficient. Four 1,400 pound horses will be kept warm with a 14 in. breaker in some soils, while in others two lighter horses will cover the same ground in a day.

Though the above rules of cultivation hold good generally, anyone going into the south part of Alberta, which has been termed semi-arid till of late years, should observe the system of neighbors and procure a copy of the reports of the dry farming conventions. Much of Southern Alberta is irrigated and extensive systems have been instituted for distributing water, but in the same localities fall wheat was raised by dry farming methods and captured first prize at the great exhibition at

Advice from McBean Bros. to the Farmers and Merchants of Western Canada

Spot wheat at Fort William and Port Arthur during the last few weeks has been selling up around the dollar mark for 1 Northern, and these prices and even higher are likely to be maintained throughout October and November. There never was such an acute position in wheat and wheat products in the United States. The visible supply of wheat and flour there at the present time is the lowest on record and they will need nearly every bushel of their hard spring wheat for mixing with the soft winter wheat for milling purposes, and this means that Western Canada will have to fill the hard spring wheat requirements of Europe for mixing purposes for all this season. It will take the United States flour mills grinding at full capacity several months to fill the sales already made and get stocks back near normal conditions, as their stocks are now right down to the boards. The deterioration through excessive rains in the winter wheat states is, we understand, considerably larger than reported, and we claim there is no reason whatever for farmers here sacrificing their wheat at ridiculously low prices, and every bushel of our wheat should be sold at not less than \$1.00 per bushel in store Fort William or Port Arthur basis 1 Northern, and we may easily get higher than this before the close of navigation. We are satisfied that every bushel of our wheat that can be got to Fort William and Port Arthur before navigation closes will be badly wanted and we advise all farmers not to sell a bushel of wheat at track prices as there will likely be big premiums paid for spot wheat up to the close of navigation. The farmers who have been selling at track prices up to this date have been losers of from 5c. to 10c. per bushel, and we urge them not to sell a bushel until the grain is unloaded at Fort William or Port Arthur. We have figured this out carefully for years and find the only profitable way is for farmers to sell their grain after it is unloaded, never at track prices. We claim that 1c. per bushel is sufficient for handling grain, therefore do not give away 5c. or 10c. per bushel by selling at track prices. You cannot afford it. Don't get scared that prices will go to pieces all at once because we have a big crop. Every bushel will be badly wanted.

Oats and barley will also be in good demand and prices are likely to go higher.

We have nothing more to say about flaxseed. Hold it back in the granaries. You will get big prices for it—considerably over \$2.00.

We are grain commission merchants and would appreciate a share of your carlot consignments. If you have your car loaded and it is on the C.P.R. or G.T.P., bill it to Fort William, and if on the C.N.R., to Port Arthur, and write on your shipping bill "Advise McBean Bros., Winnipeg, Man.," so we can check up the inspection and weighing when the car arrives, which insures the grain being graded as high as it will stand.

We make big advances against carlots of grain, and when the grain is sold and we have the outturns, settlement is made promptly. This usually means a big convenience to the shipper.

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If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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WANTED—Salesman to sell Dirk's Red Mite Killer to general stores, druggists, and grocers. Also agents for same in every town and village. Marshall & Marshall, Niagara Falls, Canada. T.F.

WANTED—Reliable parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address: The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont. T.F.

WE WILL PAY YOU \$120 to distribute religious literature in your community. Sixty days work. Experience not required. Man or woman. Opportunity for promotion. Spare time may be used. International Bible Press, 182 Spadina Ave., Toronto. 10

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THIS MANITOBA COMPANY will pay you ten per cent as regularly as your bank pays you three. Figures for the past two and a half years will prove this to you. If desired, shares may be purchased on our small payment plan. Let me mail you particulars. J. B. Martin, 612, McIntyre Block, Winnipeg. 10

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SPEED'S "OLD COUNTRY" NEWS AGENCY—Any newspaper, periodical, magazine or other publication you may desire, delivered to your home. Country orders arranged. List on application. R. Speed, 369 Atlantic Ave., Winnipeg. 10

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES SETS—50 dainty articles \$5.50 sent direct return mail, carriage paid. Everything necessary, every outfit warranted new and complete, lists free, delivery guaranteed or money returned. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England. 15

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PATENTS AND LEGAL

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Billings, Montana, in the fall of 1909. Yields there reach 40 bushels per acre without water. It is only within very recent years that this section of the country has demonstrated its ability to grow cereals at all and, already, the land commands the highest price of any irrigated land in the country, as purely farming land.

Much injury has been done by the overweening ambition to have a large crop. There is more money in 100 acres of crop perfectly tilled than in 200 on the get-in-all-you-can plan. The man who is wiser than his neighbors will keep stock from the start and feed more grain than he sells; thus making it possible to have his yields of grain as large ten or twenty years hence as now.

The old tales of inexhaustible fertility are the veriest bosh ever invented. There never was such land anywhere, but generally where there has been a series of owners, clinging to that insane idea, the mortgagor has had to rustle to realize the amount of his claim.

When a dry year came to the early settlers and crops were short, following was resorted to with much improvement. Then it became popular. Land was cheap and some men found there was less rush in work by following land one year and growing grain the next, keeping half the land unproductive. Such a thing is too costly to-day and it would only defer the evil day of exhausted land. Following is good for weed killing and, with frequent harrowing much moisture is saved; land should not be plowed twice in a season if it can be avoided. Humus and intrates are wasted by such work.

When land becomes weedy, a good discing of the stubble in the fall, plowing in spring, cultivating and harrowing to kill weeds till 1st June will be fine preparation for a crop of barley. This can be cut and the land plowed again before weeds have gone to seed. With a cultivator and harrows weeds can be killed again and the land will be found clean again. If rape be sown broadcast about 1st September it will smother weeds, and either provide fall pasture for stock or make plant food for next year's crop. Rape costs about \$1.00 per acre for seed and is well worth sowing any time from 1st May till 1st September if land is going to otherwise be idle for seven or eight weeks.

In the Province of Saskatchewan to-day is to be seen the most gigantic and remorseless carnival of soil robbery of modern times. The next generation will curse the farmers of to-day for the abject idiocies bring perpetrated in the name of farming. It seems that every nation and every age must have its day of profligate waste that is only checked when dire want stares the people in the face. In Saskatchewan a warning voice is hooted and jeered. The waning yields of all America's wheat fields has no terrors for the "big-field" and "wheat-wheat-wheat" craze.

The bad state of the beef market and the atrocious handling of cattle by the railways in transit and at terminal points has done much to aggravate matters; but beef prices must improve for the agitation against these abuses has aroused an agitation that will enforce radical changes for the better. Pork and mutton are high, the former far passing all records. This year the best wheat, oats, barley and flax will be sold for more money in the stockyards than at the elevator and the land benefited thereby.

Denmark buys grain in the markets where ours is sold and Denmark is a country of very small farms, yet Danish butter passes our doors and reaches markets beyond, where it outclasses ours. Can it be possible that there is not something radically wrong?

Traction Cultivation

This subject is engrossing the attention of the progressive farmer to-day; for the great strides in effective implements and motive power compel the admiration of all who can comprehend their magnitude, and the influence they will have on agriculture.

Four short years ago the whole business was a gamble and regarded as a fad by many. The engines were cumbersome and shook themselves towards the scrap heap while drawing half a load. The hitches were home-made makeshifts, many of them marvels of ingenuity but impossible of general application. The implements followed in skirmishing order and the officer in command was compelled to

"halt" and "dress" them with great frequency to keep them all facing "front."

To-day engines are lighter, stronger, more durable, faster and more economical. They turn more quickly and are far handier. The plows are in a frame that is a marvel of rigidity on the forward movement and the individual is under marvelous control of the operator.

The following statement of cost of breaking two thousand acres of land, cropping with flax, threshing and hauling to elevator, shows what can be done under good management and favorable conditions and serves as a guide to possibilities in this direction:

Cost of Breaking.	
Labor.....	\$ 1,443.00
Oil.....	1,298.00
Board.....	333.00
Sharpening plows....	233.00
	\$ 3,307.00

Cost of Seeding.	
Seed.....	\$ 1,750.00
Oil.....	182.00
Labor.....	130.00
Board.....	30.00
	\$ 2,092.00

Cost of Cutting.	
Labor.....	\$ 528.00
Oil.....	229.00
Board.....	144.00
	\$ 901.00

Cost of Threshing.	
Labor and Team	
Work.....	\$ 2,545.00
Oil.....	367.00
Board.....	473.00
Horse Feed.....	110.00
	\$ 3,495.00

Cost of Hauling.	
Labor.....	\$ 284.00
Oil.....	146.00
	\$ 430.00

Lubricating Oils for the entire work....	
	\$ 360.0
Incidentals.....	
	500.00
	\$ 860.00

Total.....\$ 11,085.00

The same outfit broke one thousand acres more the same season. The cost of this work is not included in the statement. The total yield was 32,000 bu. of flax, which brought \$48,000 at the elevator. Kerosene cost 13c. per gallon and gasoline 17c. These prices are below the price of oil and gasoline in this country but the oil is a low grade on which some engines, it is claimed, do excellent work.

With such facilities for doing cultivation and all work in handling a crop at such a price, surely no excuse remains for insufficient tillage or sloppy work in raising flax or wheat.

Co-operation in an outfit, as for threshing, would be most advantageous in the way of getting work done economically; and the horse, which is not superseded, by any means, yet, will be less frequently called upon, minus hide and hair, to bleach his devoted slats on our gently undulating landscape. His lot has often been a hard one, when big crop returns enabled his owner to replace him without financial jolt when he died. Relieved of the worst of the work his usefulness will be rather enhanced. In grateful remembrance of his more unfortunate brothers, who have passed into oblivion by the sacrificial route, may his present master make his lot a little easier and give the respect past devotion has richly earned.

This co-operation scheme has been successfully carried out in Texas and elsewhere. Experienced engineers are employed, first-class blacksmith's camp with the outfit to repair machinery and sharpen shares; and every department is handled on the most up-to-date business methods.

"Private" John Allen says that an old darky preacher in Mississippi was recently approached by a deacon in the church, who desired to gain the reverend gentleman's consent to his daughter's marriage with him, the deacon.

"I doan' know 'bout dis," said the preacher, dubiously. "You ain't sich a young man, deacon. I ain't shore dat you kin support mah chile!"

The deacon bridled. "Dere won't be no trouble 'bout dat, sah!" he asserted, warmly. "I kin support her all right!"

The minister reflected for a moment. "Has you eber seen my Chloe eat?" he finally asked.

"I has, sah!" came from the suitor. "But, sah!" exclaimed the old preacher, impressively, "has you eber seen her eat when nobody was a-watching her?"

Lady Fairy Frock

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

"AM I," demanded Sir Roger Annesly, "your godfather?"

"You are, sir."

"Have I ever done anything for you?"

"You gave me a silver mug, I believe," replied the young man.

"Well, I'm going to do something for you now—I'm going to send you to the seaside for two weeks. It'll cost you nothing, and save the expense of a nervous breakdown."

The boy, he was little more, lifted his tired white face, "You are very kind, most kind but —"

"Stuff!" blushed Sir Roger. "Stuff, I'm proud of my godson—I suppose I can be proud of you if I like! Heaven knows I am ashamed enough of my own son. I've heard lots of people talking about your articles in the 'Post'—They all say you'll make a great name for yourself. Your room is booked at the Grand Hotel."

"Is it—er—swell?"

"It's solid and comfortable, and the food is excellent—excellent!" said Sir Roger with emphasis. "I have engaged two rooms, I suppose your dress suit isn't in pawn?"

proud clear cut curve of mouth and chin—she was the acme of good taste, and she challenged instant attention.

"We call her Lady Fairy Frock here," volunteered a young man next to Roger. "Isn't she a scream?" "Very attractive," Roger answered nonchalantly.

She belonged to a type, a class to which he was a stranger. She seemed to draw her charm from the sunny side of life, where one dreamed and—did no work.

He was on the shady side, the side where men jostled each other, filled with fierce endeavor, the lust of battle, where men had great visions, did great deeds, made hideous failures, and went under; their ways lay far apart.

Once or twice her eyes met Roger's—she made one or two attempts to draw him into general conversation but he refused to be drawn; their ways lay far apart.

After lunch she disappeared. He watched her go, out of the tail of his eye, and then he went and sat on the beach, revelling in the sea and the hot sun.

He told himself he was hungry, it was the sea air. He wasn't hungry a bit, he never bothered about afternoon tea, but



In the Trenches of the French in the Argonne.

A group of French soldiers wearing their new helmets, in one of the bullet-proof trenches in the Argonne.

"No," said the young man, eyes twinkling, "You see I've been doing jolly well lately."

"You've been overworking," sharply returned his godfather. "The doctor told me you had been doing the work of three men. What you want is proper food at proper hours, ozone and rest—and you'll get it at the Grand; it faces the sea—"

"You're awfully good, sir," said Roger Winch, and so the matter was settled.

So Roger Winch, pale, keen, tired, Roger Winch with his grave sedate face, and his brilliant masterful eyes, found himself a week later at lunch at the Grand; those keen, critical eyes "placing" the visitors one by one as they took their seats.

Miss Arford was first, a spinster known as "Vinegar," Colonel Mallot and family, the Rennet girls with their pretty aunt—artless silly little things, a fat widow who retained a good complexion and matrimonial hopes, two young men with dawning appreciation of the Rennet girls, and a pretty taste in socks—which they showed, and there were others.

He placed them all, and then came two, last of all, to enter the big dining room, and these he could not place—one was middle-aged and fat and the other was young, and most undeniably distinguished. The eyes of every man in the room rested on her with pleasure—even the four stolid waiters—and those of every woman with envy.

She wore a dress of plain white serge, most exquisitely cut and on her red-brown hair rested, at a chic angle a white Dolly Varden hat; below this came her creamy face, wide, velvety honest brown eyes, the

he told himself the doctor had told him to feed up; but in his heart he knew that he came back for the pleasure of seeing Lady Fairy Frock.

Tea was served in the cool green lounge and she was there, and he could see the red glory of her hair. She wore a simple white muslin frock—was it simple?—or was it the most subtle thing he had ever seen a woman in?

As he entered she was saying: "Then you will try my Gearing and Gloom? I will give you a personal recommendation to their mercy. Yes, I get all my clothes there—and my hats!"

And the widow was saying: "Do you really think they can turn me out as they do you?"

And the soft gay voice said, "I am sure they could."

She looked up sharply as Roger entered, and he saw something flash into her eyes and away again, something that had nothing to do with the bright and careless side of life.

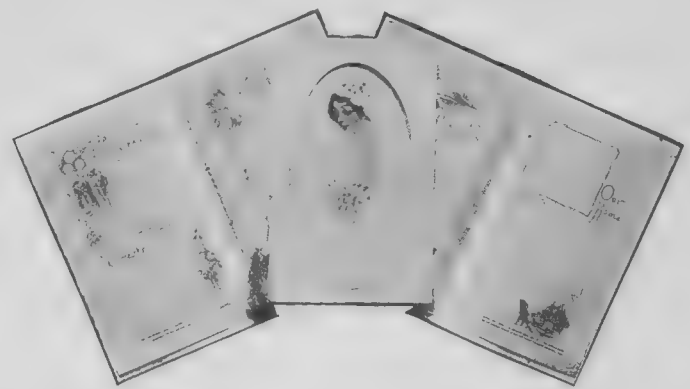
That evening the old Colonel took her with his meek little wife to a military reception. She wore a cloud-blue gown, and out of it rose the mystic sweetness of her arms and neck. A little buzz of admiration surged round her as she waited in the hall for her escort's car.

"You look too lucky for anything," said one of the little Rennet girls, in a burst of spontaneous worship.

"There's a letter for you, sir," whispered one of the waiters at Roger's elbow.

He took it from the salver.

It was the acceptance of his first novel by a well-known publisher, who made him a flattering offer



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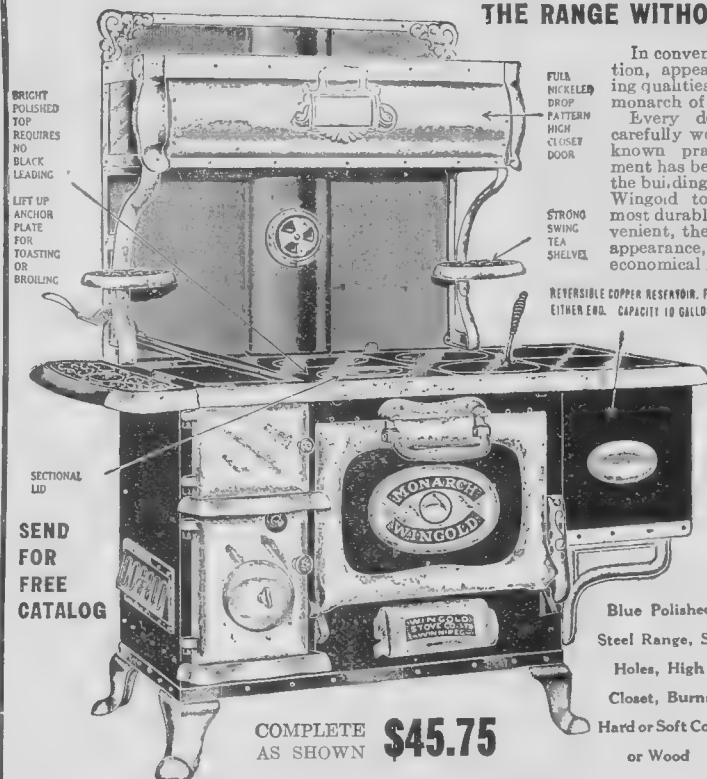
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"I'm going to call at Gearing and Gloom's, and order a cloak and dress to-morrow," cried the widow decisively.

"Mother has promised that I shall have my coming out dress from them," volunteered the elder Miss Rennet.

Roger looked up. In the eyes of Lady Fairy Frock he saw a vague subtle triumph, a sense of something accomplished, a satisfaction smaller, but of the same kind as the triumph which blazed in his own over the acceptance of his novel.

He could not understand it.

It didn't belong to the sunny easy side of life at all. The next moment, a whirl of blue and wine color, the hint of a smile flung at him, and she was gone.

He went to his own room. Somehow he felt elated, gloriously glad of his luck. He was glad of that fleeting smile.

He met her next morning, swimming at the baths. Her magnificent hair was coiled round her small head, she wore a black satin bathing dress, long black stockings, and absurd, delightful lace-up bathing boots.

She swam well; while he was a master of the art.

They walked back to breakfast together. "And what do you do with yourself?" she demanded in her jolly friendly way.

"I work," he said. "I'm a poor and struggling novelist, and you"—his eyes were very kind—"you play in the sunshine and enjoy life—as you were meant to do."

"I wonder why you think that?"

He glanced at her long blue blanket coat, her expensive little blue hat. Her eyes followed and read his.

"Oh, I see," she said, and laughed a quick odd little laugh.

That afternoon he asked her to go to tea with him on the Parade. He had long ago found that the fat little lady, who accompanied Lady Fairy Frock, was her companion and friend, so he asked them both.

The companion was going out to tea, so Lady Fairy Frock and he had tea alone, and of course to him she looked lovely. After dinner he spent the evening alone calling himself all kinds of fools for being a fool in love.

"Her shoes alone," he groused mis-

erably, "would swallow up my income." A little exaggerated, this perhaps.

The Colonel and family having departed a rich American widow and her daughter came in their place. The next day at dinner, the mother sat next to Roger.

"Please tell," she commanded almost at once, "who is that girl over there in the red gown. She's just the choicest, dinkiest sight I've happened on."

"Her name is Miss Florence West, but everyone calls her 'Lady Fairy Frock' here."

"And I guess she is some, I'll get her dressmaker's name, if I bust up in the attempt!"

One day Roger spent on the cliffs with our little heroine, an absurdly happy day, just filled with talk, long silences, charged with mutual understanding.

They had lunch at the little hotel, at one of the little white tables, watching the cloud shadows gliding over the hills, and they walked back in the evening, and in the cool green lounge she turned to him. "It has been such a pleasant day."

"It has been great for me," he answered sincerely. "It seems to as if —"

His eyes fell on her dress, blue skirt, blue suede shoes and blue silk jersey. "It has been delightful," he said in quite another tone, "Thank you a thousand times," and so left her.

Lady Fairy Frock looked at her little suede shoes, at her blue skirt and her lips quivered.

Poor Roger, he was sick of the seaside, and yet he did not want to leave. He knew it was jolly for a young novelist to make love to a girl who dressed like a fairy princess; and yet it was the maddest sweetest, dearest folly he had ever known. If only he might take his princess in his arms and lift her out of this luxury, to share life with him, to wrap her in the firm warm consciousness of his love, that she might never miss the soft feel of the silks and satins, to be-jewel her with such tenderness and care, that she might never miss the jewels that had been hers.

These were his dreams. But he knew that life was not like dreams.

He took her to see the old Castle, and in contrast, the caretaker's little cottage. She loved the latter.

"I could be so happy in a little place like that," she cried softly.

"The Castle would be more suitable for you," he told her.

She looked at him, and her face suddenly grew white.

"Oh, you don't understand!" she said vehemently, "you don't understand."

That night she hardly spoke to him at dinner. She wore a pale green satin dress, which seemed to enhance the sadness in her eyes. He would have given all he possessed to be allowed to kiss that sadness from them, but he looked at her gown and hardened himself, wondering what it had cost.

The next morning, a radiant morning of turquoise and gold, Lady Fairy Frock and companion came in late to breakfast. There was a letter for her in a business envelope and he saw her glance at it, read it, go very white, smile an odd twisted smile, hand it to her companion, and leave the table.

A minute after she passed the window, going in the direction of the cliffs. He rose and followed her. There were very few people about. He followed her at a distance.

By and by she stopped abruptly, flung herself down on the short grass, staring down at the sea.

He went and sat down beside her.

"I hope I didn't scare you," he said anxiously. "You seemed worried, and I came to ask if you wouldn't spend another day up here and let the wind blow your worries away."

"You are very good, but I'm afraid I can't. I have to pack."

"Are you going home?"

"Oh, no, back to the—the—the shop. I haven't any home or people."

"The shop?"

There was an odd thrill of relief, or was it actual gladness in his voice.

"Why yes. You see I'm a sort of walking advertisement for Gearing and Gloom. They pay us to stay at hotels and boarding houses, and recommend them as dressmakers. It was all Gloom's ideas. He thought it would bring the firm lots of trade—people they couldn't get in the ordinary way. I used to be in their show rooms," she went on, "but they made me the offer and packed me off with

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a lot of their new models to wear—of course Miss Willow—my chaperone—and myself have had a lovely time, but the firm isn't satisfied with the results. It isn't my fault. I've worked hard enough, but many of the people who said they would go to Gearing and Gloom, went back on me, and so —"

"And so?" he demanded rapturously.

"I'm sorry in a way. You see people thought I was —"

"By Jove, they did," he laughed exultantly. "I did. I didn't dare—the poor novelist and the fairy frock princess. Dear, dare I now? Could you possibly bear not to have all those lovely frocks?" Her eyes were wet, but near his own; her lips were quivering but invitingly near his own.

"Silly boy," she whispered. "If all the dresses had been mine, and a thousand more too, I—I—"

"Silly girl!" Oh, the blessed, blessed relief.

"Silly things. Silly things," shrieked the sea gulls, wheeling and curving, snowy and silver against the turquoise sea below. "Silly things! Silly things!"

New Manager for Doherty Pianos.

Mr. Roland C. Willis, who has been the Doherty Piano Co.'s representative in Ontario for the past five years, has been transferred to Winnipeg. Mr. Willis has been made manager of the Winnipeg branch with Manitoba and Saskatchewan territory under his supervision, and as he has been in the piano business since boyhood, he is thoroughly familiar with his task, and can be relied upon as one of the most capable of local managers.

Our readers are invited to get acquainted with Mr. Willis, and we have pleasure in introducing him to them in this way.

An Appetite

"Well, my man," said the visiting physician of a Dublin Infirmary to a patient, "how do you feel this morning?" "Purty well, sur," was the reply. "That's right. I hope you like the place?" "Indeed and I do sur!" said the man. "There's only want in this establishment, and that is I only get as much mate as wud feed a sparrow." "Oh, you are getting your appetite, are you?" said the doctor. "Then I'll order an egg to be sent up to you." "Arrah, doctor," rejoined the patient, "would you be so kind as to tell them at the same time to send me up the hin that laid it?"

The Sacrifice

(The following lines appear in the London Spectator, to the memory of "A.B.V.," by "R.V.," probably a sister.)

"I bow my head, O brother, brother, brother,
But may not grudge you that were All to me.
Should any one lament when this our mother
Mourns for so many sons on land and sea?
God of the love that makes two lives as one
Give also strength to see that England's will be done.

Let it be done, yea, down to the last tittle.
Up to the fulness of all sacrifice. .
Our dead feared this alone—to give too little.
Then shall the living murmur at the price?
The hands withdrawn from ours to grasp the plow
Would suffer only if the furrow faltered now.

Know, fellow-mourners—be our cross too grievous
That one who sealed our symbol with His blood
Vouchsafes the vision that shall never leave us;
Those humble crosses in the Flanders mud.
And think there rests all-hallowed in each grave
A life given freely for the world He died to save.

And, far ahead, dim tramping generations,
Who never felt and cannot guess our pain,
—Though history count nothing less than nations,
And fame forget where grass has grown again—
Shall yet remember that the world is free
It is enough, for this is immortality."

"Come home an' tek super wid me, Flannigan," said Mr. Brannigan to his companion. "Shure," replied the companion, "it's past yer supper time, now; yer wife'll be mad as a hatter." "That's jist it," replied Brannigan; "she can't lick the two of us."

Boy! Boy! Buffaloes out on the Plains.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans.

"BOY! Boy! Buffaloes out on the plains!"

Such were words heard by the factor, his clerk, and sundry customers in the store at Fort Garry, on an October morning in the long, long ago. The stent buffalo were on the plains emanated from an Indian, to whom the information had been given by two men just arrived from the Assiniboine in the vicinity of Portage la Prairie. In a few minutes the meaning of the Indians words was made clear; men were rushing to the river bank and rear of the store, to make preparations for the chase.

It may be remarked the expression "Boy!" is always adopted by an Indian, that aborigine speaking to any white man, whether priest or prelate, millionaire or mendicant.

* * * * *

On a Sunday afternoon in March last, the writer was walking along the roadway on the eastern side of Red River toward St. Norbert. From the church of that village on the picturesque slopes of La Salle, came the sound of a bell, ah! as in years ago when scattered populace along Red River's stream were called together to worship after the fashion of their foreparents. In a Manitoba of passed years, many chapters of historical record have been chronicled at St. Norbert, wherein to-day street car from Winnipeg rushes along, Red River cart and dog train forgotten in the abyss of years.

At a cottage in proximity to the main thoroughfare from Norwood, through St. Vital to St. Norbert, dwells a man now at the threshold of that journey into distant unknown, inevitable terminus of human life. During the afternoon, the writer had conversed with several residents of the localities. Indeed, at this date, the twentieth day of March a certain intense interest was the prevailing topic of conversation. At St. Norbert was presumed to be existent, a huge deposit of coal oil, boring operations for which would be inaugurated the morning following. Excitement was terse, marvellous developments anticipated; visions of wealth and golden dreams apparently were haunting the residents of the riverside.

But at one humble cottage into which the writer was invited, an aged occupant arose from his couch, and with old-fashioned Red River hospitality, extended a welcome. Upon a wall of the room into which the visitor was ushered, was hanging a musket of somewhat curious description. The butt of this weapon was engraved with marks which in years of early day Manitoba, would be delineatory of the prowess made by the owner of the firearm in the chase for buffalo and moose.

"You appear to be enjoying good health and retain your wonderful age well," remarked the writer to his nonagenarian host, at that moment filling a pipe. A few years only will pass ere this man born on Red River bank, will have merited entrance into decade necessary for eligibility into ranks of centenarianism.

"I try to," was the reply. "People in Manitoba years ago lived according to ways my great grandchild was reading to me about a few evenings ago. Where is that paper, my dear?"

The girl walked to a shelf, handed the visitor a newspaper containing an article entitled "Simple life." It is safe to assume such method of living formed the customary mode in vogue by Manitoba's inhabitants of decades passed by. The physical condition of the yet remaining old-time population, is corroborative of such.

"I always led an outdoor life," said the old man. "Nowadays every one rides, we used to walk. If people around here want to get into Winnipeg, they cross the river and take the street car. We always walked unless it was a very long distance; then we used ponies."

At this moment a motor car whizzed by the cottage. This happening drew

from the nonagenarian the remark, people were rushing to the cemetery at a sufficiently high rate of speed, without the assistance of what he made reference to as "new fangled contrivances."

"That is a splendid sample of skin," remarked the writer, pointing to a buffalo robe upon the couch.

"That's a good pelt yet," responded the old man, as he picked up the skin. "My father killed this buffalo at Stony Mountain; the pelt has been in our family ever since I can remember. You won't find many skins in these years; they all appear to be gone."

"Have you ever chased buffalo in the early days?" queried the writer. At this question the old man immediately appeared enthused; perchance a long silenced chord of the early years had been struck, would now vibrate again. He walked to a cupboard, produced a tin box containing a booklet in which was chronicled the date of his marriage and birthdays of the children.

"Yes. I can tell you of a buffalo hunt I remember. Only last Sunday an old man living near St. Andrews was here, and we were talking about it."

"How many years ago was that chase you are speaking of?" asked the writer.

"I am just going to show you, that is why I have brought this," pointing to the booklet. "It was before I was married though several years, and here is the date of my wedding, in 1846."

"Along with father I had ridden to the store at Fort Garry. The time of year was October, at least I know the crop of potatoes along the river had been picked, and this was generally the time of year we did that work. We were standing inside the store, and two men who had just got down from Lake Manitoba, they lived at St. Laurent, drove up in a cart. They stood outside talking with an Indian who, all of a sudden, ran into the store yelling out, 'Boy! Boy! Buffaloes out on the plain!' Father asked the Neche where the animals had been seen. He said they were feeding about thirty-five miles westward from the Fort, and—"

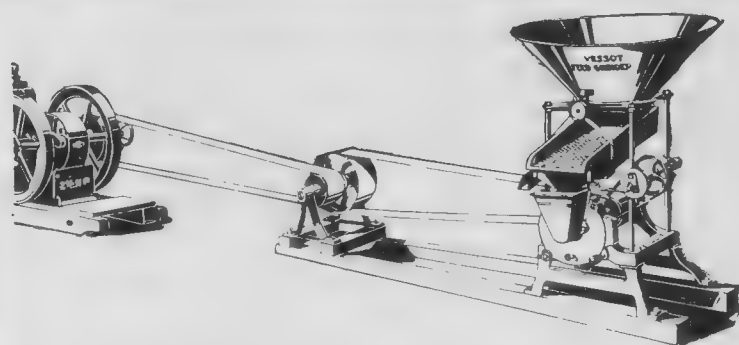
A momentary interruption occurred by the writer remarking the district alluded to would lay between Meadows and Marquette, on the main line to-day of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The localities mentioned were districts celebrated for abundance of grass, which the nonagenarian stated were naturally

sought out by the bison for grazing places.

"Several Indians were in the store getting supplies for winter trapping. Father asked if they were going out to hunt, as late in the Fall many families were usually out of pemmican. The fellows just picked up their things, and told the clerk they would return, then hurried off to teepees on the river bank over in St. Boniface to make ready and start out. As they were going out of the store, father told them he and other men were going, so one of the Indians

said, 'All right, boy, we go get ready.' Some men were fishing with a net on the river; father yelled to them buffalo were out on the plains, and told them to hurry up. We, with other men got our ponies, which were hobbled on the ground behind the store, and mounted.

We rode along the Portage trail, that is what people call Portage avenue now, to Sturgeon Creek, then turned a mile or so north, afterwards keeping in a westerly direction. I think nine men were with our party; the Indians were some distance behind us. We rode about



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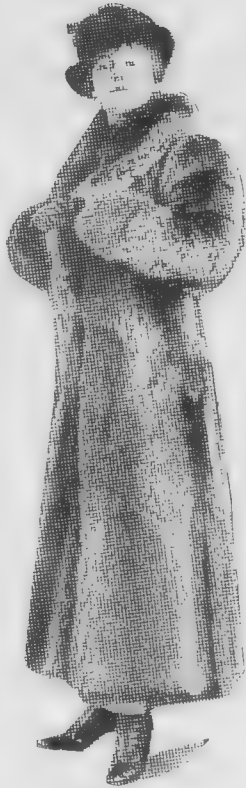
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four hours, then came to a knoll, when we dismounted. Two of our men went to the top of this knoll to have a look out; they soon came back as nothing much could be seen, for there was a bluff in the way. A few minutes later, the Indians arrived, told everybody to lay low, because if the buffalo caught a glance of us, they would tear away at once. One of the Neches walked toward the bluff; when he returned, he said thousands of buffalo were feeding about a mile away, that there would be a good shoot and plenty of pemmican. We then mounted the horses to ride toward the edge of the bluff. As the Indian had told us, most of the buffaloes were eating grass; some were laying down. I suppose these herds must have come from the south, perhaps around Rosseau River, and were heading for the country between the two lakes, Winnipeg and Manitoba. As we walked around the bluff, one of the men told us to walk steady and each pick out an animal and shoot, then make a great yelling to clear the herds away. Our muskets were loaded with heavy ball; we shot, then yelled; the buffaloes we had aimed at lay on the ground kicking, all the rest commenced to run off. The plains seemed to be trembling; the sound they made was just like thunder. We shot quite a number; one or two of the men missed. We skinned the animals and cut off meat; then we camped for the rest of the day and night in the bluff, expecting more buffaloes might come by, but they did not. The next morning we returned to Fort Garry and showed the

factor the skins. These were not in good condition; pelts are so in the cold of winter when they are good for dressing, because the hair is long and fluffy at that time. We were satisfied; lots of fresh meat was got, and the Indians, like ourselves, were mighty glad.

"Apparently, whenever buffalo were disturbed, these animals would rush away and continue running many miles," asked the writer?

"That was the usual way. But when Indians and old hunters went out on a regular chase, they would keep following the tracks, it didn't matter how many miles, until they could catch up with some of the herd."

"Was buffalo hunting very dangerous?" formed the next question of the writer, who had heard Indians claim the sport as fraught with mishaps.

"Indians are Indians, and always were. They were good, always good at the job until they got excited, or were mounted on ponies which weren't used to the work. Such horses as those would get badly frightened the first time, pitch a man off or roll with him. No man wanted to get excited; that was always the fault with yelling Neches, and some of the whites too, after a few of the buffaloes had been shot down. Of course we would yell ourselves if we wanted to clear a herd right off so as to get hold of any wounded ones."

In a few districts adjacent to Winnipeg, there are yet visible on the prairies, old buffalo "paths." As examples, the locality of Stony Mountain; also vicinity of West Selkirk such runs

are observable. The writer has noticed several pathways between Bergen and Rosser.

"My father said any ordinary buffalo could leap ten feet if anything was in the way," was the verdict of the nonagenarian when asked concerning the statement a bison was adept at jumping. "The buffalo," he continued, "which are kept for show nowadays, haven't the wild nature about them, and they are very much smaller in size. I have seen bull buffaloes which would weigh a lot over a ton."

"I suppose you have travelled many miles when out hunting them," asked the visitor.

"Many, many. We would hear from Indians or others at the Fort, the animals were around, perhaps at Lake Manitoba or some other place. I've seen plenty of them a few miles from here, down the river at St. Agathe."

"Plenty of game in your early days," remarked the writer, who had gleaned from the old man's interesting conversation, he was one of the few remaining inhabitants of early day, Manitoba, willing to converse and disclose information concerning old times in the colony.

"Game! Plenty of it." He laughed. "You should have seen what there was when I was a boy. One time I saw a black wolf an Indian caught in a trap down at the Point."

He was making reference to the locality now known as Union Point on the Red River.

"No: I never saw a black wolf since. I've heard trappers say there were only very odd ones, away in the north, and could not understand how one came to be wandering down this way."

The conversation turned to memories of days in old St. Boniface, and of Bishop Provencher, whom the old man well remembers not alone as a spiritual adviser, rather the friend of everyone in the colony, whether adherent of his communion or the contrary. To-day, the principal thoroughfare in the city of the beautiful cathedral and ecclesiastical buildings, is named after Provencher, pioneer and pathfinder.

Neither has the nonagenarian's memory forgotten the Rev. Fr. Ritchot, of St. Norbert, he whose long years of work in that riverside village, is perpetuated by the handsome church erected by him. The name of the municipality in which St. Norbert is situated, is known as Ritchot.

"The bell at the monastery is ringing, grandfather," said a young woman as she entered the cottage. "It's just seven o'clock."

Through the still air, the sound of the bell was distinctly audible. The old man stood at the door to listen.

"That means the Friars are going to bed," he remarked. "I generally go about the same time, but I don't get up at two o'clock in the morning like they do. Were you ever up at the Trappists' place?"

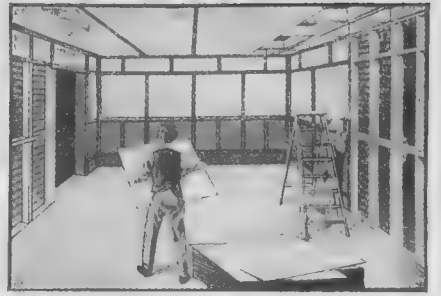
The writer nodded, and informed his host a visit would be paid by him to the monastical scenes of activity and silence on the following day.

Shaking hands with his visitor, the nonagenarian strutted across the room with the agility of a man in the forties rather than the wonderful age of ninety-four years!

But, he is one of the last remaining populace of a Manitoba in years when Indians camped on the now Main street of Winnipeg, days that neither white man or aborigine considered Fort Garry and the entire colony, would ever form aught but a livelihood for hunter and trapper.

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What are You going to do about it?

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Francis J. Dickie

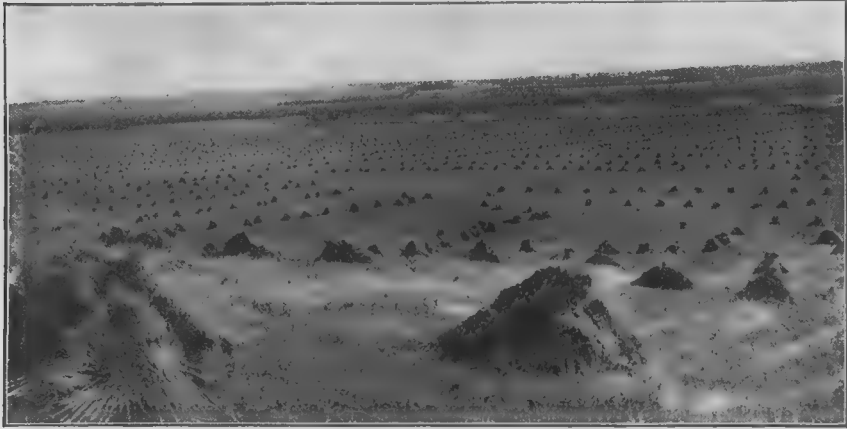
JONATHAN J. Jackson was fifty; a typical down east farmer whom the neighbors spoke of as "comfortable" when discussing his financial standing, meaning thereby that Jonathan had perhaps ten thousand cash in the bank along side the deed of his one hundred and sixty acres. Added to this there were the usual dozen or so head of cattle, horses and swine.

For half a century, Jonathan had seen the sun rise over the same old quarter. He knew every rail in the wriggly old fence

bank account. So, all this combined, his manner was one grandly condescending when he struck the country road and looked once more over primly kept fields—mere patches they were to him now.

During his short stay of two weeks, he talked often to Jonathan, with the result that the latter decided to take a trip West.

"I ain't so spry as I used to be," he admitted a little grudgingly. "I don't hustle through the chores quite so fast; and harvesting leaves me a little tired, so I sorter reckon a holiday'd do me good."



For two whole days of travelling Jonathan looked out upon endless miles of stacked bronze wheat

that still ran around two sides of the farm; he knew every maple, birch and hickory tree in the "back" ten acre lot. Fifty years is a long time to spend in one spot; it tends to make for certain ideas, to weld a man's thoughts into a certain groove.

Jonathan had read much of the West; of the great crops of wheat grown year after year upon the same soil, till he had come to put the whole west down as a land run by fabricators and mad men.

Now there was Cy Young, for instance, Cy had been out West for ten years and was now operating twelve hundred and eighty acres of wheat. Peter John, Cy's brother, told Jonathan many tales of Cy's successful grain growing; to all of which Jonathan listened only half convinced.

Certainly a man could not successfully farm two sections of land, always growing wheat—that is not for long. "It ain't according to reason, this growin' wheat year after year," Jonathan had remarked testily one day in reply to Peter John's tale of Cy's success out West.



Later, at Cy's, he saw it stacked

Then Cy, in the late summer of 1914, wrung a brief holiday while the grain ripened for the harvester, and came home. Cy was six feet two, stout in proportion, with the voice of a fog horn and the wind tanned face full brother to a harvest moon. Ten years of the West, of big deals and gigantic operations, had left their imprint upon him; he was breezily self assured, supremely satisfied in his own ego. Time had changed the quiet rural youth into polished business man. He was a practical farmer on a big scale, to whom one successful harvest brought more cash than did fifteen years of slaving of the folks back home. In 1913 his grain tickets had called for \$36,000, \$20,000 of which had later found their way to his

if of some Brobdignagian army in bivouack.

Then it was that Jonathan saw as red as the flames that tinged the autumn sky.

"Why! Why! Why?" The question reiterated itself in his brain; and then, turning to Cy who was accompanying him as far as Winnipeg, he burst forth: "Why this terrible waste?"

"What waste?" Cy asked blankly, not getting the trend of thought.

Silently the old man waved his arm toward the distant horizon where flames leaped high. Cy watched the flames carelessly a moment, then: "What can you do about it?" he said, answering question with question.

At once Jonathan was alive. Backed

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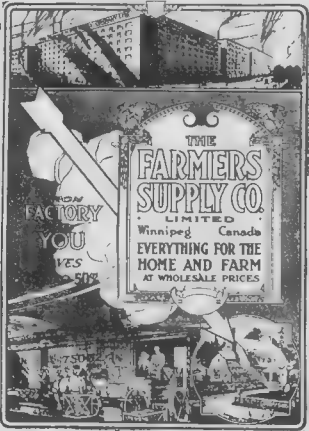
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with the experience of a long life of careful farming he sprang into the wordy fray.

"Manure, for one thing."

"But it's next to impossible in most cases," Cy came back. Then went on: "I get my threshing done anywhere from the end of September to the beginning of November. Even with an early start, like September, I haven't any time to spread and plow it under. Besides the frosts come too soon. Even the plowed under stubble has hardly begun to decay before the ground is ready for the new crop, let alone piling on a lot of straw."

Jonathan sat back, triumphant and pleased.

"Well," Cy remarked, "all you say is very true. Inventions have worked out all those different ways of utilizing straw. But that's all."

"Where are your factories to take the straw off the hands of the western farmer? Are they built? Are they on the ground handy; are their representatives on the job with a proposition?" No; they are not! You don't expect the farmers have the time or the capital to take up these matters themselves, do you?



And still later saw it hurled sheaf by sheaf into the gnashing, seemingly insatiable maw of the harvester

Jonathan tried again. "Well, there's lots of other things—bricks, for instance, are now being manufactured from straw." Then, with his old mania for figures to the fore and with statistics furnished by Cy, he went on: "The total yield of all kinds of grains in Alberta and Saskatchewan for the years 1913 and 1911 respectively—I'm taking different years for the sake of average—was 75,575,682 bushels for Alberta and 96,796,588 for Saskatchewan. Now, roughly, the ratio weight of grain to straw is two to one. The weight of wheat, oats, barley and flax, averaged according to their various weights, gives an approximate of 40 pounds to the bushel. The total grain yield of the two provinces was 172,489,080 bushels. Multiply this by eighty, or twice the average weight of the grain, and you have the enormous amount of 1,378,978,160 pounds of straw. By one of the latest processes, the product from ten pounds of straw makes one brick. So, this waste straw, devoted to brick making, would result in more than 137 million bricks, or enough to build a good sized city."

"As for baling the straw; it's like the manure proposition, we haven't the time or facilities to take it up. Now what are you going to do about it? Is the farmer at fault? Is he to be blamed for burning up a thing which, though valuable under certain conditions, is nevertheless useless to him under existing conditions?"

Cy sat back; lit a cigar, stared out into the dark, lit redly with the beacons of burning straw.

Slowly, piece by piece, Jonathan tore up his pages of calculation.

"Yes; that's right," he said after long minutes of reflection, "I never thought of it in that light before; but," he added: "the question is still here, it must be answered some day."

"What are you going to do about it?"

Advice for Grain Growers

Winnipeg, Aug. 31, 1915.

At a meeting held to-day, at which representatives of the farmers' organizations of Western Canada were present,



The straw of the Western provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan which is annually wasted, would bring at even half the eastern price, about \$50,000,000

"Then," he went on before Cy could interrupt: "there's low grade alcohol. Now, in Ger—," he caught himself to avoid an unpatriotic utterance, adding instead, "in Europe they devote straw to this purpose."

"Again, there is lumber; good lumber can be made from straw. Too, flax straw, for instance, at a low estimate is worth \$10 per 300 pounds for fibre. Over a million and a half bushels, or, according to our averaging of the whole, 60,000,000 pounds of this straw were wasted in the two provinces in one year. This alone would have brought \$200,000."

"Or, baled, the entire product of all the combined straws, would have brought at even half the eastern price, \$50,000,000

"How about all this?"

the matter of prices likely to be received for the present crop was discussed. It was the unanimous opinion of those present that a heavy movement on the part of the farmers to sell their grain at the present time would be almost certain to force prices to a lower level, and that if a more leisurely method of marketing were followed by the farmers in the disposal of their grain, a better average price all round would be secured for it.

While it was recognized that the matter of giving advice on the selling of grain is a difficult one, it was thought advisable by all present to make a public statement advising the farmers of Western Canada, as far as possible, to store a portion of their grain on their farms, and, in this way, spread the marketing

of it over the next eight or ten months, rather than place it in immense quantities upon the market in the next few months, with the certainty—as far as the present outlook is concerned—of bringing prices to a considerably lower level.

Lake and ocean boat space is more scarce than in previous years; rates for such space are higher than ever before; rates of exchange between this country and Europe are also more adverse than they have ever been, and undoubtedly the flooding of the market with grain immediately after threshing will mean that these charges, which ultimately have to be paid by the farmer, will go higher than ever.

It was thought advisable to publicly request the co-operation of the banks and business interests generally in the matter. Their co-operation might take the form of extending the time for payment of liabilities that farmers might have to such banks or business interests, rather than to force the farmers to sell their grain at a sacrifice in order to meet liabilities falling due in October and November. The banks particularly, by taking advantage of the powers recently conferred, could make advances to farmers on the security of grain on the farm.

If this method of marketing can be followed, we feel certain that it will result in a greater monetary return for

Helping the Hired Man

By Allan Campbell

Co-operation in this democratic age is a word that is coming more and more into its own. It is like a strong cement inasmuch as it binds together individuals toward a common end. The best relation between employer and employee is that of co-operation, and the reason why one volunteer is worth three pressed men is, that the volunteer is more of a co-operator than the pressed men. By helping the hired man in studying his interest the farmer sows profitable seed, and the result is shown in the way the man takes hold of his work. The driven man may work while the driver is present, but his work is not of the best kind. There is always a good side of a man to be brought to the surface by the use of a little consideration for human nature, and it is well to say, in passing, that these remarks apply to the farm wife in dealing with her hired help as much as they do to the farmer. At the time of hiring his help, the farmer comes face to face in a good many cases with a young farmer in the making, and in his hands rests the responsible task of helping to mould a character, by kindness and consideration he not only insures good work for himself, but helps to put a good spoke in the wheel of Canada's future.



The average Western farmer has no time to utilize the straw as manure

the crop to the farmers of Western Canada than will otherwise obtain, and it seems apparent that such a result will be a direct benefit to every business interest in the country, and at the same time will insure a steady flow of grain sufficient for the needs of the Empire.

More leisurely marketing of our grain has always been advocated by the leaders of the farmers' organizations, and we make this statement at the present time for the purpose of directing attention to this very important matter at a period when our crop is just beginning to move. We believe that if farmers follow our suggestion in large numbers that the result will prove that the scheme is far more practical than any other that could be suggested to insure a fair return for the crop.

Signed on behalf of the farmers' organizations:

JAS. SPEAKMAN,
Pres. United Farmers of Alberta.
P. P. WOOLBRIDGE,
Sec'y United Farmers of Alberta.
JOHN MAHARG,
Pres. Sask. Grain Growers' Ass'n.
J. B. MUSSELMAN,
Sec'y Sask. Grain Growers' Ass'n.
R. C. HENDERS,
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R. McKENZIE,
Sec'y Man. Grain Growers' Ass'n.
C. RICE JONES,
Pres. Alta. Farmers' Co-op. Elevator Co.
CHAS. A. DUNNING,
Gen. Manager Sask. Co-op. Elevator Co.
T. A. CRERAR,
Pres. Grain Growers' Grain Co., Ltd.

A Merciful Man

Visitor. "My good man, you keep your pigs much too near the house."

Cottager. "That's just what the doctor said, mum; but I don't see how it's a-goin' to hurt 'em."—Punch.

The beginner on the farm, and especially one who has abandoned a city office life for that of a farm, finds his hours very long, and gets spells of gnawing hunger, long before the regular meal time, and then it is that a light and refreshing lunch will be productive of good results and will be worth many times the price and the trouble it entails in obtaining, for if the man is made of the right stuff he can give this back in labor. To hustle a man out early in the morning after a hurried breakfast may give him an early start, but will he be any more likely to keep up the pace all day, than if he went out better equipped and at a more moderate pace. It is very doubtful. Then again, the beginner is better for being told to take a few rests at intervals in the field, for his own sake and that of the horses, instead of having to "steal" time, while keeping a lookout for the boss. There is no co-operation in that system.

Under the social conditions existing in this country, where the hired help is more or less one of the family, his stay on the farm can be made pleasant or otherwise, and many considerations shown him he can return by doing such chores that occasionally call for voluntary service. Harmony is an essential point between the farmer's family and the employees. This latter is productive of a good natured willingness to oblige in the way of doing many odd jobs that turn up, while offhandedness and surliness only produce the minimum amount of work, and that not of the highest mark of excellence.

In regard to work in the field, it is well for the farmer to explain his plan of campaign thoroughly at the start and avoid mystery, so that the hired man will know in which direction his best endeavors are to be used. This will encourage a conscientious interest. A man kept working, figuratively speaking, in the dark, is a mere machine, and, being in the dark, is apt to stumble. The difference between the enlightened man and

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- \$10 Cash, \$1.50 per Week—Clinton Piano, 4ft. 7in., mahogany or fumed oak, 7 1-3 octave key board, full music desk, overstrung scale, empire top; regular price \$375; special \$210.
- \$10 Cash, \$1.50 per Week—Doherty Piano, upright grand, mahogany or mission case, 4ft. 8in 7 1-3 octave key board, full length music desk, solid copper bass string, good rich tone; regular price \$450; exceptional bargain at special \$235.
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Name..... Address.....

the man who is kept in ignorance, is the same as between the horse on the road and a horse on the tread power. The first one works with an end in view, and the second just works.

The strenuous work of the farm puts the farmer in a rather advantageous position in comparison with his men, as he is in a position more or less to choose his work and when to do it, and that fact alone is a considerable lightener of labor. On the other hand the man who does not know what his next job is to be falls an easier victim to fatigue and monotony, and for this reason it is better to have the men know the general system of the season's operations. A few words of approval will cost nothing and will go a long way toward helping the hired man.

Mange in Horses

The disease known as mange, or acariasis, is commonly caused by one of two varieties of mange mites. The common mange is caused by a mite (psoroptes), while a more severe form of skin disease is caused by a mite (sarcoptes), which burrows under the skin. The trouble starts, as a rule, on the withers, the upper part of the neck, and the root of the mane, from which it spreads to all parts of the body except the extremities. A close examination of the skin will reveal small pimples, and elevations, followed by the formation of scabs, which if brushed off show a raw surface beneath.

A mange mite known as the symbiotes, because it is found in groups, attacks the hind fetlocks, and occasionally all four limbs. A horse which stamps continually at night is often suffering from this disease. The sarcoptic form, if allowed to run on, often causes serious trouble; but the other forms are very amenable to treatment. All the affected parts should first of all be thoroughly washed with hot water and soft soap, applied with a hard brush, to remove all the scabs. A currycomb may be necessary to loosen the scabs where they have hardened. Dressings should then be applied, of which there are many different ones prescribed. A good one is linseed oil, seven parts; spirits of tar, one part. This should be put on thoroughly every two or three days, washing with soda and water between each dressing. The mites may be transferred to other animals, so every precaution should be used, and swabs, etc., burnt after use.

The Honest Barber

"I have yet to hear of a more candid man than one in business in a little town along the Hudson River," said Senator Chauncey M. Depew recently. "Painted on the front of his place of business is the sign: 'W. E., Barber, Hacks, Etc.' In my time I have encountered many barbers who conducted hack establishments, but this is the only instance where I have found the fact acknowledged."

The Philosopher

THIS YEAR'S HARVEST

The fertile soil of Western Canada has loyally kept faith and yielded in great abundance a crop so great as to give unprecedented cause for thankful rejoicing. The only aspect of the situation which has given ground for anxiety is that of the question of ocean transportation for the grain which the West has this year to send across the Atlantic. British vessels from all the seven seas were requisitioned at the beginning of the war, and have been in constant use in immense numbers as troop-ships and for the carriage of military supplies. Canada has thus found herself confronted with the colossal problem of how to ship out a grain harvest unprecedentedly great by an ocean service which has shrunk to one-tenth of what it was when the war began. The Admiralty has not failed to be fully aware of this state of affairs. Its first duty is, of course, to insure the safety of troops carried to and from the different areas of active military operations, and to provision and supply the Empire's armies—in addition, needless to say, to holding the enemy's sea power throttled. Fast vessels, in great numbers, in addition to the vessels of the navy, are needed for the transport of men and supplies; but early assurances were given to the Dominion Government that, subject to military transport exigencies, every possible aid would be given to prevent any congestion of Canadian traffic.

AS TO BACKWARD SCHOOL CHILDREN

One of the most interesting documents which has come to the Philosopher's table in a long time is the first report of the official School Psychologist to the London County Council, Mr. Cyril Burt, whose work is the applying of tests to backward children in the area over which the London County Council has jurisdiction. He states in this report that he has examined more than 2,000 children—400 of them subnormal children, 200 certified mental defectives, and some 1,400 normal children. The great majority of the 400 children who were classified by the teachers as subnormal on the ground of mental insufficiency, were found to suffer from mere dullness, backwardness, or special and limited defects rather than from mental deficiency. Out of them all only 24 passed the mental examination for admission to a school for mentally defective children. Mr. Burt says in his report that there is a striking disagreement as to where the line between the defective child and the ordinary child is to be drawn, and remarks that progress in school is only a very indirect answer to mental ability or defect. He carried out an interesting investigation to show the influence of loss of sleep upon school work. In one school the children were divided into two groups. One group was allowed to sleep for two hours daily in school, the other group worked in the ordinary way. It was found that among the children who were thus allowed to sleep, those who suffered most from lack of sleep at home gained greatly in general ability. In the worst cases the gain more than made up for the loss of time while they were sleeping in school. Experiments of the same kind are being carried on by Mr. Burt which he says may show that lack of sleep is as injurious to school children as lack of food.

REGARDING GERMAN WOMEN'S SKIRTS

A dispatch from Berlin to the New York Times casts an interesting illumination on the isolation of Germany and its need of cotton for ammunition. The whole affair is also illuminating in regard to the iron hand which regulates the lives of Germans in a way which is almost unbelievable in free countries. It concerns the styles in women's skirts, and says:

"Narrow skirts will be worn by the women of Germany until the war ends, if martial law succeeds in its attempt to dictate fashions. The leading German dressmakers, in a patriotic desire to break away from the tyranny of Paris, went to the opposite extreme and decreed very wide skirts, mostly pleated, and also voluminous petticoats, for the autumn and winter. The menace of the new all-German fashion did not escape the argus-eyed government, which is taking steps to prevent the resultant squandering of cloth, particularly cotton material. As a first step all the papers are printing an inspired warning against wide skirts by a 'highly placed personage.'"

This warning to German women from the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam begins by saying that "the German fashions in women's clothes has successfully freed itself from French and English leading strings." The amusing thing about this is that the change from wide skirts to narrow skirts for women was made fully a year ago in England, largely as the result of a rather remarkable controversy on the subject, which produced innumerable letters in the Times and the other London papers. So that this "new" German style (which was adopted also in France at the outbreak of the war, as a measure of economy) is, in reality, a following after English and French styles, after all. "The clothing trade," concludes the Government warning, "will do well, particularly so far as cotton goods are concerned, to come to an understanding with the Governmental authorities, before the Government finds itself compelled to see to it that its measures are not set at naught." There speaks the German system. The only wonder is that the ruling despotism has taken the trouble to use so many words in laying down its decree about women's skirts, instead of issuing a rigid "Verboten," forbidding any but the narrowest skirts.

THE VOLUME OF THE GRAIN

That the exportable surplus of Western Canadian grain this year will be of unprecedented magnitude is already a certainty. The exact number of millions can only be guessed at, for the present. Of the enormous volume of this year's grain that must find its way through the elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur before the end of this year some idea may be formed from the figures of the grain movement in 1913-14, the last big crop season. Of wheat alone the receipts at the two Lake Superior ports from interior points in the West during September, 1913, were 18,075,473 bushels, during October, 37,546,215 bushels, during November, 30,946,217 bushels, and during December, including wheat stored later in vessels for the winter, 17,883,688 bushels. That record-breaking flood of wheat was accompanied by floods of oats, barley and flax, amounting to close upon a total of 50,000,000 bushels of these three grains. The total quantity of grain received at the head of the Great Lakes during the four months beginning with September in that year was 150,156,455 bushels; during the remainder of that crop year, ended August 31, 1914, some 48,000,000 bushels were handled. It is plain beyond possibility of question or doubt that those figures are going to be completely eclipsed by this year's crop.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

For a century before the present conflict began, thinkers have indulged in speculations on how world history would have been changed if Napoleon had won Waterloo. In the time to come thinkers will speculate in like manner on what would have been the result if the German onrush upon France had not been checked heroically by the Belgian resistance at Liege, and if, later on, in September of last year, if the Battle of the Marne had not resulted in the beating back of the Germans to the Aisne. If the Germans had succeeded in taking Paris, which they were so confident of doing, France would be theirs, and following upon the conquest of France, Belgium, Holland, Poland, the Balkans, all central Europe from the Somme to the Dnieper, from the Elbe to the Dardanelles and beyond to the Euphrates, would have been counted upon as certain conquests, to form the vast new German Empire which had been planned out at Berlin during many years of careful and elaborate preparation. Berlin awaited confidently last September the news of German victory in the Battle of the Marne, awaited tidings of a Sedan far more colossal than that which forty-five years ago made the German Empire. Had the result of that battle been what Germany so confidently counted upon its being, the continent of Europe would have been as completely at the feet of the German Emperor as it was at the feet of Napoleon after the Battle of Austerlitz. Then would have come the struggle with the British Empire.

MOVING PICTURES AND HYPNOTISM

There was reported in the newspapers a couple of weeks ago the case of a young woman who was hypnotized by the eyes of Svengali, the hypnotizer of Trilby, on a moving picture screen, and remained in a trance after the show was over. This case would appear to afford pretty strong proof that people who are hypnotized are brought into that condition really by their own imagination. Here was no hypnotic operator—nothing but a picture, the reproduction of a photograph, the shadow of a shadow. The Philosopher has long held the view that the hypnotic state is a kind of emotional paralysis of the will, which is considerably more than half intentional. Certain it is that against a person of any real strength of character who was determined not to be hypnotized, even a super-Svengali would be impotent. As for moving pictures, they are, of course, often extraordinarily and startlingly vivid. The Philosopher has heard of a young woman who at a moving picture show was so deeply moved by the plotting of the villainous character in the piece to effect the ruin and death of a noble young man that she whispered quite loudly, "Stop him. Won't somebody stop him?" Whereupon an elderly gentleman sitting near said, "Certainly. I will go and stick my umbrella through the screen, if you insist." Characters on the screen are frequently applauded; hisses and other sounds of disapproval are also frequently heard. But the story that a bulldog viciously attacked a collic which was trotting about on the screen at a moving picture show, is one which the Philosopher cannot vouch for.

WHAT ARE EDUCATIONAL "FRILLS"?

As is usual at this season when the school year has begun to get well under way again, there is a revival of the discussion of what should be regarded as essential in education. "Frills" in education form a perpetual subject for debate. But what are the subjects which are rightly to be regarded as fundamental and not open to the charge in any manner, shape or form of being "frills"? The old proverb about the three r's contains the answer which comes at once to everybody's mind when this question is asked. Everybody must agree that whatever else is taught the primary sub-

jects in every school course must be those which will make the children able to read, and write, and do ordinary calculations rapidly and efficiently. The rigid objector to "frills" may declare that anything outside of this may rightly be considered a "frill." In this view history is a "frill" because a man or woman may be able to make a living without knowing the names of the kings of England or the annals of Canadian development. From the same point of view geography may be deemed a "frill" in that it has (as the stern unbending objector to "frills" may argue) no immediate utilitarian value, but no person with any conception of the real meaning and purpose of education would argue that history or geography should be cast aside. Both of these subjects have a distinct value in that they train the pupil's mind and give him an interest in this country and this citizenship and in the whole scope and view of human life and progress, and both history and geography and all the other subjects taught in our schools must, if they are to be true means of education, be taught in such a manner as to make the pupils use their own minds. The mere storing up of facts or dates or other number in the mind does not constitute education. Education is indeed something wider than mere knowledge, and this must ever be kept in mind in considering any question of what should be taught in our schools and how it should be taught.

ALCOHOL AND HIGH EXPLOSIVES

It was stated in the cable news a few weeks ago that the Government of France had requisitioned all the alcohol in the country, to be used in the making of high explosives. If all the alcohol in any country were to be converted into high explosives for use in war, it may perhaps be doubted, considering the manner in which explosives are used in war, whether it would, in that form, kill or maim many more persons, or inflict greater deprivation on more families than drunkenness does. That may be an extreme view; but it would be interesting to have, if it were possible, the facts and figures on which to base such a comparison. The war prohibition measures of France and Russia have taught the world more lessons than one in connection with the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Science and invention have found many chemical and engineering transformations of important industries to new purposes and for the filling of new vital needs, in all the countries involved in the war; and in reply to the plea that the manufacture of alcohol is an important industry which ought not to be destroyed without time for readjustment, it is to be said that it ought not to take science and invention long to find better uses for the plant and the energy employed in that industry than the production of a liquid which destroys efficiency and causes misery.

THE LEGACY OF JOHN LYNCH

Recent lynchings in the United States give evidence of deplorable conditions in certain parts of that country. Some of these lynchings are terrible manifestations of the racial problem with which every thoughtful and earnest citizen of the United States must feel a deep sense of his country's responsibility; but one recent lynching, which took place in Georgia, had nothing to do with that problem. It is stated by one of the leading newspapers of the United States that some two thousand persons have been lynched in that country during the past fifteen years, and that during the past six months there has been an increase of 60 per cent in the lynchings. The guilt or innocence of the persons lynched has nothing to do with the fact that a lynching is lawlessness in its extreme form. It menaces the very foundation of civilization. John Lynch, the Virginia farmer who took the law into his own hands, and from whom the word "lynching" is derived, made himself the executioner of a man who may, or may not, have been guilty of a crime which deserved the death penalty. It does not matter. Well it is for our own country that there has never been a Canadian lynching. It is undeniable that not a few of the lynchings in the United States are due to lack of respect for the law and lack of confidence in the courts.

FRENCH TRIBUTE TO BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT

A great English journal lately wrote that the British public must not, by the hero's deeds of the British army, be led to forget the preponderant part played by the French on land. This frankness must be mutual. If the support of our British allies on land is still limited, it must not be forgotten that at sea—on all the seas—it is they who have by far the heaviest task to fulfil. From the very first day of the war the British fleet gained such absolute control of the ocean roads and so evident a naval superiority that the public has come to take this state of things for granted. We must not lose sight of the advantage we gain by this uncontested supremacy. This cannot be repeated too often; if at the beginning of the war we were able to complete the equipment of our army with a rapidity which was not among the least of the surprises of the German staff, we owe it to the fleets which rendered us masters of the sea. Paris Temps.

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DON'T NOTICE IT!"

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The Young Man and His Problem

By James L. Gordon, D.D.

THE INWARD VOICE.

There is an inward voice. Call it what you will—God, Conscience, Spirit, Soul—but there is a voice within. To enthroned that voice puts the silver lining of sincerity into the whole fabric of life. There can be no greater satisfaction, when the hair is sprinkled with white and the flesh pink of youth leaves the face, than the memory and the recollection that the motive of life was true. Listen to the inward voice.

When Theodore Parker took up a stone to throw at a tortoise in a pond, he felt himself restrained by something within him. He went home and asked his mother what that something was? She told him that this something was what was commonly called conscience, but she preferred to call it the voice of God within him. "This," said Parker, "was the turning point in my life"; and this was his mode of accepting the truth of the divinity of the Eternal Spirit that speaks to our own spirits.

LIFE IN THE PULPIT.

Life is attractive. The swaying of the flower, the twinkling of the star, the shimmering of the stream, the rustle of the forest trees, the motion of an insect, the romping of a child, the movements of a bird—life arrests our attention wherever we find it.

Mr. Emerson, in his Cambridge divinity address, thus described one of his own church experiences:

"I once heard a preacher who sore tempted me to say I would go to church no more. Men go where they are wont to go, else, else had no soul entered the temple that afternoon. A snow storm was falling around us. The snow storm was real, the preacher merely spectral, and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him and then out of the window behind him into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or was in love, had been commended or cheated or chagrined. If he had ever lived or acted we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth, he had not learned. Not one fact in all his experience had he ever imported into his doctrine. The man had ploughed and planted and bought and sold; he had read books, he had ate and drunken; his head aches; his heart throbs; he smiles and suffers, yet was there not a surmise, a hint in all the discourse that he has ever lived at all."

PLAIN SPEECH.

Scores of preachers would succeed if they merely knew how to tell the truth: Not in a vulgar manner; not in a personal way; not in a fashion which would be objectionable to respectable people; but in a style which would command the respect of all thinking people. It is a great compliment when the people say concerning the preacher's sermon, "That's true." And a true preacher may even become "personal" occasionally. On one occasion Peter Cartwright, the Backwoods' Methodist preacher, was occupying the pulpit of a time-serving fashionable preacher at Nashville. He was in the middle of his sermon, when Andrew Jackson ("Old Hickory") entered the building and walked up the main aisle. The presence of so great a man, the President of the United States, overpowered the clergyman in charge, and bending over to Peter Cartwright, he said in an audible whisper, "General Jackson has come in; General Jackson has come in." "And who," thundered out Cartwright, "is General Jackson? if he doesn't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as He would a Guinea negro!" It may well be supposed that the congregation was startled, and the next day the Nashville pastor went, with abject apologies, to the general regretting the indignity that had been offered him. But the independence the bold Backwoods' apostle, so far from giving offence to "Old Hickory," won his lasting regard, and the Rev. Peter was afterwards his honoured guest at the Hermitage.

FORCE!

Force! Temper! Driving power! Every man must possess force of character in order to succeed. I would rather have a man with a "bad" temper than a man with no temper at all. Give me a horse which I must hold in rather than an animal which needs the spur or the whip. A certain writer remarks concerning Thos. Carlyle: "Carlyle's mother had exacted from him before leaving home a promise never to fight, not to give blows even in self-defence; a promise which probably embittered the whole of his after life, for the boys were not long in discovering that he did not fight, and in consequence they bullied and tormented him outrageously. After months of this treatment, he finally turned one day in a rage upon the biggest bully, and began kicking him with all his strength. After that he was left alone, but he had no desire to associate with his schoolmates. The effect of this experience was to make him solitary and misanthropical even at that early age."

HE'S A BRICK.

The average brick is about the same size, and two bricks look very much alike. But a brick has one particular virtue—it stays where it is "put"; and if you try and remove it, it will break before it will budge. Therefore, we say, concerning a man who has good staying qualities, "He's a brick."

Plutarch tells us in his "Lives," that Agesilaus, a King of Sparta, once received an ambassador from a foreign court, and during the interview the king took pleasure in showing him the capital. Remembering the great fame of the king, and having heard so much about him, he expected, in his tour, to be shown the massive wall round the city; battle towers for the soldiers to defend it. Imagine his great surprise when he saw nothing of the kind. He remarked upon the absence of these things to the king, who replied, "Indeed, you could not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta." According to appointment, the king and his guest went outside on to the city plains, and saw drawn up in full array, an army of soldiers and patriots. The king said, "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—10,000 men, and every man a brick."

HARMONY vs. AGONY.

If you want spiritual power, don't cry, don't weep, don't whine, don't bawl—there is no power in "worked up" emotion to move God. Nay, the secret of spiritual power is to keep in touch with God.

We once heard an emaciated, frail-appearing minister testify at an opera-house meeting conducted by the late Dwight L. Moody in one of our large cities. The minister said that he had been up all the night before praying for his people. A few hours later Mr. Moody and this minister met, together with other guests, at the supper table in the home of an eminent college president, whose institution was the pride of the city. The conversation was on the meetings of the day, and the hopes cherished for the one in the evening, as also for the whole series of special evangelistic services just begun. Suddenly Mr. Moody turned to the minister who had given the testimony we have referred to at the afternoon meeting. Said he: "Brother B—, did I understand you to say that you were up all night praying for your people?" "Yes," said the minister, "I felt a great burden for the souls of my people. They all seem so cold, and the revival spirit is so lacking." "You were wrong," said Mr. Moody; "you were wrong. Never in my life have I weakened myself by such unnatural exercises and worry. I am a pretty robust man, but I could never have had strength for my work had I done such unnatural things. You must trust God more, my brother."

AN EXTRA DOLLAR.

We all believe in being generous until we possess the ability to give—and then we suddenly become economical. We are prone to say to each other: "If I possessed a million dollars, I would do thus and so." But the question is: "What are you doing with the dollar which you do possess?" Tell me what a young man does with a dollar and I will tell you what he would do with a million dollars—if he possessed such a handsome sum. And what do you do with an extra dollar when it comes your way. Does a "windfall" create generosity in your soul? John Wesley was importuned to allow a cast of his face to be taken. He refused, and then the artist offered him a sum of ten guineas if he would consent. Wesley yielded, and after the operation walked out into the street with the money. He saw, almost immediately after leaving the house, an auctioneer who was about to sell the bed on which a poor man was dying. Wesley rushed in at once, and found that the debt was only ten guineas. He at once paid the amount, and remarked, "I see why God sent me these ten guineas." Such instances are delightful, and they are indicative of his character.

TELL THE TRUTH.

Tell the truth. Think only truthful thoughts. Build your life on truthful ideals. By and by truth will be written on your face, seen in the gesture of your hand, indicated by the stride of your step and reflected in the gleam of your eye.

When General Lee was in conversation with one of his officers in regard to a movement of his army, a plain farmer's boy overheard the general's remark that he had decided to march upon Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg. The boy telegraphed this fact to Governor Curtin. A special engine was sent for the boy. "I would give my right hand," said the governor, "to know if this boy tells the truth." A corporal replied, "Governor, I know that boy; it is impossible for him to lie; there is not a drop of false blood in his veins." In fifteen minutes the Union troops were marching to Gettysburg, where they gained a victory. Character is power.

THE HAND.

The hand indicates character. A small, short hand indicates economy; a plump hand, good nature; a long hand, thoroughness and a grasp of details; a hand with tapering fingers, a love for art and music; a hand blending most of these signs, is the practical hand. Study the hand. Here is a description of the hand of John Ruskin:—"His palm, and especially the back of the hand, was tiny. When he rowed his boat he held the oars entirely in his fingers; when he shook hands you felt the pressure of the fingers, not of the palm. In writing, he held the pen as we are taught to hold a drawing-pencil, and the long fingers gave much more play to the point than is usual in formed penmanship. Knowing that, it is not surprising to find that his writing varies, not only from one period to another, but with passing moods. Everybody shows some of this variety, but Ruskin's hand was as flexible and as impressionable as his whole being."

A GREAT DECISION.

Be sure you are right in your great decisions. You may err in choosing a hat. You may make a mistake in buying a coat. You may fail to exercise good judgment in selecting a boarding house. You may be "taken in" in the purchase of a horse. What of these? Every one of these may be remedied. But to marry the wrong woman, choose the wrong profession or select the wrong man as partner—these are among the Great Decisions of life.

The late Rev. Dr. James Pullman, of Lynn, was brother of George M. Pullman, the famous sleeping-car inventor and millionaire. When young in the ministry he was besieged by his brother to forsake it and enter business and become rich in worldly goods. "This does not appeal to me," was the young preacher's reply, as he asserted the supremacy of the spiritual over the material. The time came, years after, when the millionaire visited his brother in Lynn, that the earlier colloquy was recalled. "James, you were right and I was wrong. You have chosen the better part," was the tribute of the magnate to the prophet.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

I believe in "foreign missions," but do not neglect the missions which are not foreign. If you cannot go to Africa, you may find Africans who need your attention within a block of where you reside. We are forever charmed by the green fields which are distant. What we cannot see has more influence over us than the things which we can touch. We are not blind, but in our endeavor to do good we are possessed by the "far away look." David M. Cleland says:—"A young lady came to her pastor with the earnest request that he would give her some work to do for Christ. She assured him that she must do something and expressed a willingness to go anywhere and do any work required, as she longed to be of service to her Lord. After asking if she had sufficiently counted the cost of such service and receiving her hearty assurance the pastor said, 'I am glad you feel as you do and I will ask you to call on a good old lady who would be wonderfully cheered by the Christian companionship of such a bright young person as you are,' and wrote a name and an address on a slip of paper. The young lady looked at the paper and exclaimed, 'Why, that is my own home, and the old lady is my grandmother!' and the pastor said, 'That is the lesson I would have you learn.'"

QUALITY IN WORK.

Do your work well. Remember that you invest yourself in every act. Into every deed you insert reputation, character and destiny. Everything you do comes back to you. In "to-day" you will find all your yesterdays enthroned. There is no such guarantee of future happiness as the record of duties well performed. There is no perfume so sweet as the fragrance of an approving memory. To illustrate:—

Senator Chauncey M. Depew says that a farmer came into his law office in Peekskill, New York, the first day he opened it, when he was fresh from his admission to the bar. The farmer asked him a question in regard to the settlement of an estate. Depew looked it up and when the farmer came back the next week he gave him a written opinion, for which he charged him five dollars. The farmer said that he would never succeed if his fees were so exorbitant, and he gave him one dollar and seventy-five cents. That was his beginning. Twenty years afterward a gentleman came to Depew's office in New York and asked him the same question. He answered it immediately and it was exactly the same answer he had given the old farmer. The interview occupied about an hour, and his client gave him five hundred dollars.

The Home Doctor

On Nursing Infectious Cases

I want to tell you how best to prevent the spreading of those infectious illnesses popularly known as "catching," such as cholera, small-pox, typhoid fever, scarlatina, measles, etc. When one of these breaks out in a house, our first thought should be, at any cost, to prevent its spreading, first in our own house, and then amongst our neighbors.

Now, in nursing any catching illness, it is a help to remember that there are various ways in which the seeds or germs of the disease may leave our patient, and then escape either to find fresh victims at once, or to hide in dirty corners for weeks, or to lurk in dark cupboards perhaps for years, or to thrive and multiply in drains, always ready to poison the air we breathe, or the water we drink. These seeds are all the more dangerous because they are far too small to be seen with the naked eye, and so our aim must always be to kill them outright at once, before they can find a suitable soil to live and multiply in, and so spread and do more harm.

Now we will consider how best we can prevent the spread of these little seeds, remembering that they thrive best in dirty, stuffy rooms, in heaps of refuse, drains, etc., and that our best friends in fighting them are—

- (1) Fresh air and sunlight
- (2) Hot water and soap.
- (3) Carbolic and other disinfectants.

Let us suppose that there is a case of bad infectious illness in a cottage, and think how much a sensible woman might do to prevent its spreading. I say in a cottage, because, as a rule, in towns fever patients are sent at once to the hospitals. The first thing is to isolate the patient; the nurse should put on a cotton dress, and arrange that no one else is to go into the sick room. She must, before the patient is brought into it, clear the room of curtains, carpet, boxes, and all furniture that can be spared, or anything that would harbour dust, especially "clearing out" under the bed and inside cupboards, and chests of drawers. If, however, the patient has been ill in the room for a day or two before the nature of the illness is known, it would of course be a mistake to spread the furniture over the house.

In many cases—for instance, small-pox and scarlet fever—it is necessary to hang a sheet wet with carbolic outside the door of the sick room. It must be kept constantly wet. This can be done with a garden syringe, or by placing one corner of the sheet in a basin of carbolic put at the hinge side of the door. Some doctors order this isolation sheet to be hung up for cases of measles and diphtheria also.

And now to return to our sick room. It must be well scrubbed with hot water and carbolic soap once a week, and the floor is to be wiped over every day with a duster dipped in the carbolic and water. Everything used in the room must be kept in it, and not carried about the house, or touched by anyone except the nurse.

A cloth dipped in carbolic should also be put all over any utensil that has to be carried through the house to be emptied, and some carbolic used in cleansing it. The nurse should wash her own hands often, using hot water, carbolic soap, and a nail-brush, and be very particular to do this before taking her own meals, which she ought not to have in the sick room. She must also be careful to brush her teeth well and frequently. It is important for her to take care of her own health, therefore she must get as much fresh air, good food, and rest as possible.

After all, fresh air and sunlight are the best disinfectants, so we must get as much of them as we can into the sick room, and it is very important to remember that no amount of disinfectants can take the place of perfect cleanliness.

Ingrowing Toe Nail.—Heat tallow in a spoon until hot. Pour on the granulations. When inflammation subsides pare away nail at sides.

The Baby

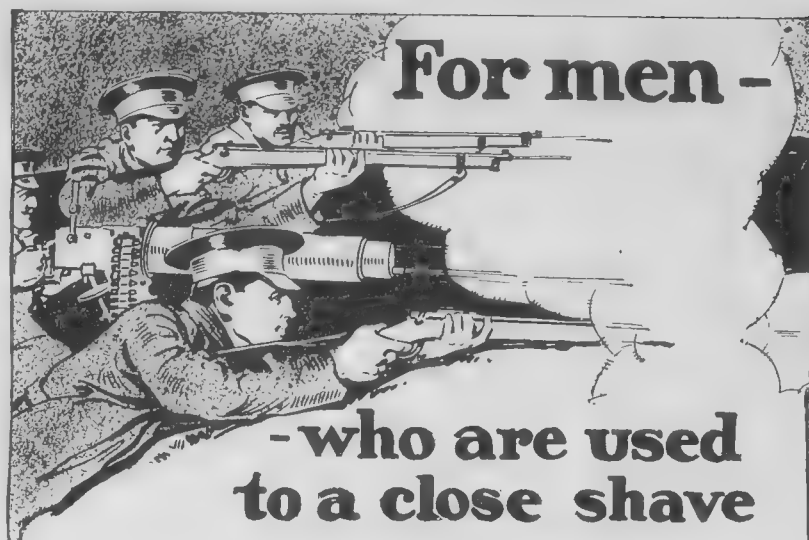
By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (John Hopkins)

The way to rear up children does seem fitting to many mothers these days. They do know how, you will say. Perhaps they do, but do they do it? It is true every mother will see that her child has food, but that is not all that is necessary. Utensils such as bottles, spoons, cups and all the dishes, which are used in preparing the baby's food play an important role in the baby's life, and must therefore be thoroughly cleansed. A weak solution of boracic acid is good for this. The death of many babies is caused by infectious diseases which have been developed by neglecting to care for such things. Other important articles in the baby's commissariat are the nursing bottle and the nipple. Whether these be used for water or artificial food, they should be immersed in boiling water for five minutes, at least, every day, and when not in use they should be kept in a covered glass filled with the same solution which is used for cleaning the utensils.

Mother's milk should be given to the baby whenever it is possible. A baby nursed by its mother is far less likely to take scarlet fever, chicken pox or measles as is a baby nourished by cow's milk. No chemical foods have the same power as does mother's milk which seems as a medicine to the child, that is, mother's milk gives to the baby some part of her own power to resist disease. Then, to make the child healthy, the nursing mother should be careful of her own food. She should eat plenty of simple, nourishing food and avoid all stimulants particularly alcohol. Eggs and vegetables should be her main articles of diet, but meat should be eaten sparingly. Plenty of milk should be substituted for coffee and tea, and plenty of cooked fruit rather than raw.

Unfortunately illnesses or infectious diseases, such as tuberculosis make it impossible for nursing. If the mother be a consumptive, the child should be taken from her at once, or it would have the same battle for life as the mother. During any sort of illness, slight or serious, the child should be weaned. While the baby is nursing the mother should avoid all excitement, and have as few household cares as possible, as the supply of milk will cease under such circumstances or render the milk unfit for the baby's stomach.

The average American woman, especially in large cities, is far from perfect physically and should not, after the baby's birth, go around until the end of the third week. Then she may be permitted to take a short drive or walk, increasing her



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daily exercise as strength grows. She must have at least eight hours of sleep, and sleep in a room well ventilated, and be in the open as much as possible. If in the case of illness, a child should not be nursed, it may be given to a wet-nurse or nourished with artificial food or modified cow's milk. Wet nurses are unsatisfactory in most cases. They are, as a whole, unclean, careless, and ignorant. Though passing perfectly a physician's examination, they yet may be suffering from a communicable malady.

Smiling for Beauty

By Ruth Cameron

I have heard a good deal lately about the philosophy of happiness, and the mental and moral and physical value of a smile.

But there is one argument for smiling that I don't remember to have heard much used, and that is the prettiness value of a smile.

Do the corners of your mouth naturally droop down?

If they do, go and stand in front of a mirror, and prop them up with your fingers ever so slightly, and see if your whole face does not become not only pleasanter, but prettier.

I think it will, for the prettiness value of a pleasant expression is not just in its temporary lighting up of a face—it is also the mould in which it leaves the face that counts the most.

The homeliest girl I know is one whose discontented disposition has drawn down the corners of her mouth, and whose habit of continual frowning has marked two sharp wrinkles between her eyes. In other details of appearance she is not particularly blessed, but without these disfigurements she would be simply ordinarily plain. With them she is—as I before remarked—the homeliest girl I know.

I have no doubt at all but that the majority of people more thoroughly enjoy gazing at a homely pleasant face, in which the corners of the mouth are turned up and there are no frown wrinkles, and where the sun of smiles often shines, than at a prettily featured face, marred by frown wrinkles and an unhappy mouth.

Surely, a pleasant day in an ordinary locality is more beautiful than a drizzly rain in the loveliest spot on earth.

So don't be too serious—don't think pensiveness is pretty or pouting attractive. They are allowable to some slight extent, of course, but only in sufficient quantity to help us appreciate the smiles. There would be no high lights in the picture if there were no shadows—we would not half appreciate sunshine if there were no cloudy days.

Of course, you don't want to smile all the time, but I don't think there is any danger of that. I never knew but one girl who smiled too much, and I think she was feeble-minded.

Don't forget that pretty coloring and regular features make up only two-thirds of beauty—these are the body and mind of beauty. Its soul is expression.

And an attractive expression is not only that which reflects the animation of a lively mind, and mirrors the sweetness of a lovely soul, but that which often warms and gladdens us with the sunshine of smiles.

Infantile Scurvy

There is a form of scurvy, or scorbutus, to which has been given the name of "infantile scorbutus," and which is the consequence of error in the diet, just as is scurvy in the adult, although it is not yet quite clear what the error, or perhaps it is better to say, the lack, is. It is more apt to occur in children fed on artificial foods, and is therefore found among the rich rather than the poor, although there are cases in all classes and with all forms of feeding, even breast-fed children not being wholly exempt.

Oversterilized cow's milk is thought by many physicians to be answerable for a large percentage of the victims, and it is believed that actual and long-continued boiling—not simple Pasteurization—of the milk deprives it of some essential element of nutrition.

A child may have so mild a case of scurvy that it escapes notice. It may

cry when it is bathed, but so do many infants. It may be observed to hold one limb rigid or to scream when it is handled, and a thin blue line may be found along the border of the gums.

In the severe cases the symptoms will be more marked. The child screams if it is touched, the thighs and ankles are swollen and bruised-looking; if there are any teeth the gums will be swollen up round them like cushions, and if there are as yet no teeth, the gums will be spongy and of a bluish discoloration.

One of the distinctive symptoms of this disease is hemorrhage, sometimes in the form of nosebleed, but oftener in bleeding from the bowels or the kidneys. Most of these symptoms, especially the loss of blood, are characteristic of this disorder, and the diagnosis of a case should, therefore, be easy.

When the diagnosis has once been made, the cure should also be easy, because the treatment is so simple. It consists almost entirely in an immediate change in the food. It has been proved that properly modified raw, fresh cow's milk contains the antiscorbutic element needed, whatever that may be. In addition to this the child should take a teaspoonful of orange juice or lemonade every hour or two through the day. After a couple of weeks, less fruit juice should be given, but a small quantity of orange juice may be given daily for a time.

Sometimes a little raw beef juice or barely water may be given in alternation with the milk, but this is not necessary in the cases where the fruit juices are taken readily.

Drugs are nearly useless except in those cases where the anemia is very pronounced, the physician in charge may order small doses of some preparation of iron.

Dust Disease

This is the name given by a writer in one of the medical journals some time ago to a train of symptoms seemingly always excited by the breathing in of dust.

The symptoms sometimes resemble those of an ordinary cold, or they may be like rheumatic joint and muscle pains, malaria, a bilious attack or an acute indigestion.

That the disease is distinct from any of those which it resembles is thought to be shown by the fact that it always follows the inhalation of dust and not exposure to cold, sitting in a draft, indiscretion in diet, eye-strain, or other of the usual producers of similar symptoms.

In one instance this dust disease in the case of a certain physician always followed a season of pasting clippings in a scrap-book. The book he used for this purpose was an old ledger which had been kept for many years either in the cellar or in the attic—both places dry and dusty. This book was handled only when a number of clippings had accumulated and the doctor had a few leisure hours for pasting them in the scrap-book. After each of these times he always suffered from special train of symptoms. The musty odor of the book seemed to cause an immediate feeling of rawness in the nose and a bitter taste in the back of the throat. This was followed the next day by the signs of a slight cold in the head, nausea, loss of appetite, a coated tongue and a little fever, with muscular soreness and depression of spirits. These symptoms increased in severity for two or three days, and gradually wore away in the course of a week.

After suffering in this way a number of times the doctor did what he would have done at once for a patient under similar circumstances—he had the book thoroughly beaten and dusted, and the covers and edges wiped with a damp cloth moistened in a strong antiseptic solution. After that he could handle the book with impunity.

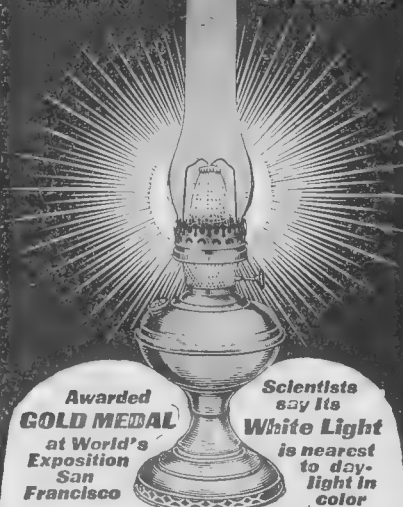
Such an experience is not uncommon, and the remedy is the one that was found effective in the case described. The lesson can be applied in many cases where it is necessary to have a great deal of old accumulated dust removed.

This dust should never be stirred up and inhaled by the persons who have to deal with it, but should always be attacked with damp cloths. It is just as easy to dampen the cloth with an antiseptic solution as with water. This renders innocuous the many kinds of germs that may be found in old dust.

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Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

Sunday Reading

A Little Sketch

What this troubled old world needs
Is less of quibbling over creeds
Fewer words and better deeds.

Less of—"Thus and so shall you
Think and act and say and do,"
More of—"How may I be true."

Less of wrangling over text;
Less of creed and code, perplexed,
More of charity unvexed.

Less of shouting. "I alone
Have the right to hurl the stone,"
More of heart that will condone.

Less of ruling. "Here; you must
Hold this tenet, wrong or just,"
More of patient, hopeful trust.

Less of microscopic scan,
Of the faults of fellow-man:
More of brave, uplifting plan.

Less of dogma, less pretense,
More belief that Providence
Sanctifies our common sense.

More of chords of kindness blent,
O'er the discords of dissent—
Then will come the great content.

"To be good, and to do good,"
Simple, plain, for him who would,
A creed that may be understood.
W. D. Nesbit.

The Uncongenial Task

Everybody in the world has to do some uncongenial work. This is one of the few rules in life to which there is no exception. Even those who are masters of their own time, who are high in councils of state, or world-famed for affairs or riches, do that which they do not like to do. Mr. Gladstone once said that the Premiership of England meant "three-fourths drudgery and one-fourth pleasure." The President of the United States spends hours in the tedious signing of the smallest Post Office appointments. The presidents of great corporations sigh as they sign their names, hour after hour, to cheques.

To do the uncongenial task is as much a part of daily life as are dull weather and dry seasons. It is true that for some everything they do—the whole task—is uncongenial. One of the saddest facts in our present industrial situation is the derisive laughter with which companies of working men receive the doctrine of the joy of work. They declare that they know nothing about it. Their work appeals only to their necessity to make a living, not to their ambition, not to their sense of solid achievement, not to their interest. But the difference—though a lamentably wide one—is mainly in degree. The uncongenial task is a part of the common lot.—The Girls Own Paper.

Build Higher!

(By the Late D. L. Moody)

When I was in England they told me about a bed ridden saint. There came two birds and they flew round a tree, and by and bye went off and got some hay and straw and began to build a nest. And the bed ridden saint said, "Build higher." She was sure a cat would destroy the nest. She was tempted to send out a servant to tear it down. She kept saying, "Build higher." I am trying to get people to build higher. Wake up. You will be disappointed if you don't build higher. Be rich toward God, and you'll be rich for ever. The nest was built, and one day she sent the servant out to see if there were any eggs, and the servant found them. By and bye there were little birds, and every morning, the first thing done was to look and see if the birds was there. But one morning the feathers were scattered all around. The little birds had been torn to pieces by a cat, and the old bird was chirping her mourning for her lost ones. Man, what a picture in life! What we want is to "build higher." Then it will be easier to live a higher life.

I remember hearing years ago of a rich man being stricken down, and he sent for a lawyer to make out his will, and he went on willing away his property, and his young child didn't understand what death was. She heard the father giving away the old home. He was willing that away. The little thing seemed troubled, as if he was going to give the home to mother, and said "Where are you?" She went up to the bed, and said, "Have you a home in that land where you are going to?" Oh, how these questions do come home to us! and how a child may ask a question that no philosopher can answer! Father, mother, have you a home in that land—that land to which you are going? What a horrible thing it must be to be a houseless and homeless soul for ever!

Now, come. Isn't it the height of madness: for a man or woman to spend all their time down here as many do, if they are going to live again? It seems to me that a man must get that thing settled; if death ends all, let us "eat, drink and be merry," and give up our churches and our Bible. But, if man is immortal, and going to live on, let us get ready.

For Frost Bites and Chilblains.—Chilblains come from undue exposure to slush and cold and frost-bite from the icy winds of winter. In the treatment of either there is no better preparation than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, as it counteracts the inflammation and relieves the pain. The action of the oil is instantaneous and its application is extremely simple.

Two Significant Statements

The papers from the Cape just to hand contain reports of the meetings of the British Association which have been held in South Africa this year. Two of the members, Professor Sims Woodhead and Professor McKendrick, both of them well known for their work in regard to the medical aspect of the drink question, were entertained to breakfast at Capetown, and both of them spoke out strongly on the pathological effects of alcohol.

Professor Sims Woodhead said that he had been studying the drink question rather from the physical, and therefore from the economic standpoint than from the moral, and as a medical man, as one who was engaged in the study of disease, as one who, unfortunately, had to see the results of disease processes, and one of those who had to examine, as it were, disease from its inception, he had come to the conclusion that alcohol was one of the greatest factors in the production of disease in these modern days, either directly or indirectly, that we had amongst us.

Professor McKendrick said that alcohol had the most potent effect on our nervous system. It acted on the brain, and produced effects which, at first, were to a certain extent pleasurable. The fallacy that alcohol gave strength was almost exploded. They knew that it did not do so, and that the spurt which might be put on in consequence of taking alcohol meant the gain of a certain amount of energy for a short time, but only at the expense of the body itself. Many men took alcohol because they believed that it was good for them. He thought this fallacy had been largely exploded, because experience had shewn all over the world that a state of perfect health and vigor might be maintained during a long lifetime without the use of alcohol at all.

Why he Did Not Drink

The other day four young men were riding in a car chatting merrily together. At last one of them said: "Boys, I think it's time for drinks." Two of them consented; the other shook his head, and said: "No, thank you."

"What?" exclaimed his companion, "have you become pious? Are you going to preach? Do you think you will become a missionary?"

"No, fellows," he replied, "I am not specially pious, and I may not become a missionary, but I have determined not to drink another drop, and I will tell you why. I had some business in the city with an old pawnbroker, and as I stood



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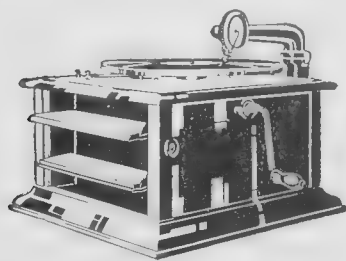
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before his counter talking about it, there came in a young man about my age, and threw upon the counter a little bundle. When the pawnbroker opened it he found it was a pair of baby's shoes, with the buttons a trifle worn. The old pawnbroker seemed to have some heart left in him, and he said.

"Look here, you ought not to sell your baby's shoes for drink."

"Never mind; baby is at home dead, and does not need the shoes. Give me the money for a drink."

"Now, fellows, I have a wife and baby at home myself, and when I saw what liquor could do in degrading that husband and father, I made up my mind that, God helping me, not a drop of that stuff would ever pass my lips again."

Life's "Maybes"

"Life," says a character in one of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's books, "has a maybe in everything, dear; a maybe that is just as likely to please us as not. I will take the maybe. Maybes have a deal to do with life. When you come to think of it, there is not a victory of any kind gained, nor a good deed done except on a maybe."

How true it is that many of the burdens under which we bow are imaginary ones, and often we cross the bridge before we come to it. Suppose we "take the maybe" and console ourselves with the thought that to-morrow, which we dread, is just as likely to bring us a joy as a sorrow. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," we repeat with a sigh, meaning that the pleasures for which we long are likely to fail us; but why not take the other view and think that "maybe" the grief which we anticipate will not reach us after all?

"Life has a maybe in everything"; is it not so? The clouds are forbidding, the rain dreary, and it is easy to feel depressed, but why not keep a brave heart, for "maybe" the sun is hiding just behind the darkest cloud, and it will cheer us with its glorious life if we only "wait a wee." We worry over something which seems particularly hard to bear; why not remember that the "maybe" is just as likely to please us as not?

We like to lay down rules, and then expect everything in life to conform to them; and we think that things must be wrong if they do not come in our own way and at our own time. But we frequently discover our mistake when the fairest gifts we receive are like a sweet surprise, for they come at an unexpected time and in an unexpected manner.

We are fond of making plans for others as well as ourselves, and it is a great shock to find that others are not always ready to carry out these pet plans of ours. But "maybes have a great deal to do with life," and others are entitled to consideration as well as ourselves. Is it not the best way to accept our thwarted plans with a good grace and smile with those whose joy means our disappointment?

"Maybe" the rough exterior which repels us is only a mask for a loving heart; "maybe" the frowning face can be turned into a smiling one if we speak a tender word; "maybe" the road which is rugged will not be long; "maybe" the trial which seems so unnecessary will teach us the very lesson which we needed the most; "maybe" God is trying to show us the best way to serve Him when He closes the door through which we wish to pass and opens another in a different direction; "maybe" the roughest road will lead to the fairest goal, and the darkest night will be the prelude to the brightest dawn. Shall we not leave all in our Father's hand, trust His love and wisdom, and take "life's maybes" as He sends them?

Women and Asthma. Women are numbered among the sufferers from asthma by the countless thousands. In every climate they will be found, helpless in the grip of this relentless disease unless they have availed themselves of the proper remedy. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought new hope and life to many such. Testimonials, sent entirely without solicitation, show the enormous benefit it has wrought among women everywhere.

If You Can't Smile

In the vestibule of a certain hospital visitors see a card bearing this advice: "Never utter a discouraging word while you are in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your hindering, sad looks for other places, and if you can't smile don't go in."

"If you don't smile don't go in!" It is good advice for other than hospital visitors. Who is beyond the ministry of a kindly smile? It is a tonic to the discouraged. It helps the little child for whom the world holds so much that makes afraid, and it cheers the aged who finds life unspeakably lonely. As King Arthur's court was built by music, so the happier life we all hunger for here upon earth is built in large part by the cheerful faces we see as we bear the load appointed for us.

Smiles are as indispensable to a true success in life as money, mind, and might. As long as a man can smile he is not beaten. Not in hospitals only, then, but in the home and on the street, there is a call for the kindly, sunny smile. The way to have it is to get the heart right with God, and then turn the eyes to the light, for the smile that helps is the smile of heaven-kindled joy and hope.

Our Lives' Commentaries

"As a father pitieth his children," is to most people, a very sweet and comforting illustration of God's care, I suppose," said a thoughtful woman, one who had known an unhappy and unfortunate childhood, "but for years I could not bear to hear those words, and even yet they call up for me no picture of tenderness. My father spoiled that text for me." Our lives are commentaries, whether we will it so or not, and oh, how many a beautiful gospel truth we may make empty and void!

Som lives thrill us like a trumpet call. There are personalities so full of cheer and courage that their very presence dispels gloom and doubt, and arouses to effort and hopefulness; they make faded ideals vivid again, and all high endeavors worth while. It is not so much what they say as what they are that is a mental and spiritual tonic, and there is the truth that touches us all. It is not the opinions we carefully express, but the lives we unconsciously live that gauge our power in the world; not our words but our atmosphere.

Each one of us can be filled to the fullness of our capacity. That will mean, of course, that some who have more capacity will have more life. But the capacity itself will increase, and we shall grow able to have more and shall have more. Christ means to satisfy us, and then to increase our powers so that it will require more to satisfy us.

Very Near to Heaven

We are very near to Heaven
When the wondrous snowflakes fall;
When we hear the rippling brook,
In the woodland's shady nook,
Or the wild bird's tuneful call.

We are very near to Heaven
When we bask in sunshine bright;
When we see the steadfast stars;
Or when cloud their brilliance bars,
In the darkness of the night.

We are very near to Heaven
When we others' burdens bear,
When in friendship's fervent clasp,
Some poor brother's hand we grasp,
And with him our best we share.

We are very near to Heaven
When we soothe a troubled soul;
Seek the broken heart to bind,
And with tender touch and kind,
Strive to make the wounded whole.
John A. Offord.

The Christian life is the life of Christ within us. It is not imitation of Him. It is His own divine life at work in us. We receive it by faith, and we keep it by faith. This is the great truth of Paul: "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me."

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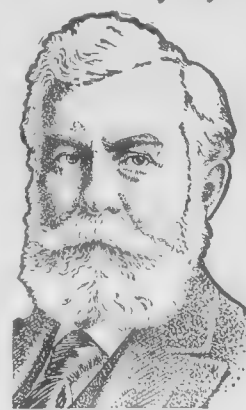
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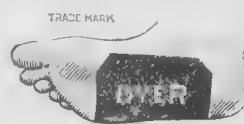
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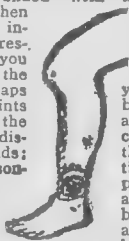
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About the Farm

Smut Prevention

We are glad to believe that smut, both in wheat and oats of last year's crop, was a good deal below the average of previous years. But there is still enough risk of taint in samples of seed that to superficial observation look quite clean to make it very desirable that precautionary measures should still be used. By keeping at it for a few years more we may almost succeed in stamping out the taint. We are glad to learn from the wholesalers that there has already been a pretty extensive sale of both bluestone and formalin, and while we are about it we may urge on those who have not already ordered their bluestone to send in their orders at once, as no more will be ordered by the trade this year, and it will be "first come first served."

For wheat either formalin or bluestone will do; for oats formalin is very much the best. There are always some who see no use in fussing about this point, but when they reach the elevator next fall there may be a decided

Next day lay out to dry, or it may heat. For wheat one souse in the tub before laying out is enough. The gas fomed in the heap is sure death to the smut.

Once seed is dry it may lie a month or even a year and be as good as if sown the day after it has been treated.

Plants from Cuttings

Most of the plants adapted to culture in the window garden are easily grown from cuttings if proper care is taken in the selection of the cutting. A branch of such recent growth that it is soft and juicy is not good material. Neither is a branch so old that it has become hard and woody. Half way between these conditions is a "happy medium" which should be sought for. Bend the branch you think of making a cutting of. If it breaks off sharply, it is too young. If it does not break at all, but bends without showing a rupture of its bark, it is too old. But



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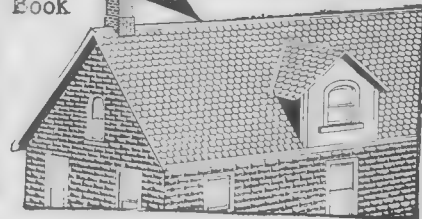
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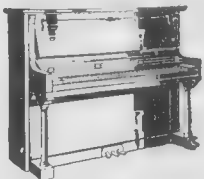


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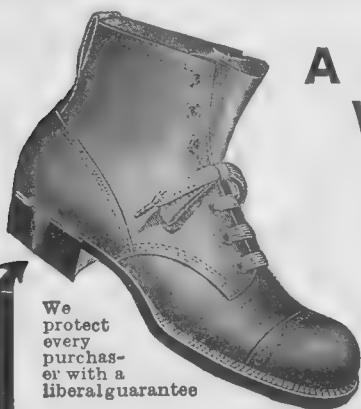


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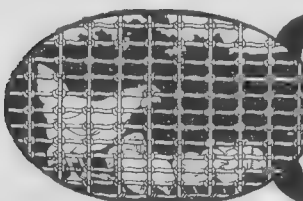
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leaves will be put forth. But do not remove them from the sand for a fortnight. Leave them there until their roots have made considerable growth. In removing them, exercise great care and disturb the young and delicate roots as little as possible. Cut about each one with a sharp knife and lift out the square of sand containing the rooted cutting without breaking it apart, if possible. Have a pot ready to receive it, and press the soil lightly about it when it is in place. Water well and set it in shade until it has taken hold of the soil by extending its roots into it. Use small pots at first. Many well-rooted cuttings are lost after potting, because they are put into pots several sizes too large for them. The safe rule is this: Use small pots for small plants, and shift to larger sized ones as the roots fill the old ones. The condition of the roots can be ascertained by inverting the pot and tapping it against something hard. The earth in it will slip out easily, and it can be returned to the pot without the disturbance of a root.—Exchange.

Some Hints on Poultry

The most profitable part of poultry raising for women is the production of eggs for sale. For the average woman who has her home to look after, the money end of the poultry business centers in the nest. Now the amount of profit depends on the management.

The study of feeds and feeding methods is a very prominent branch of the business, and one that is absolutely necessary in order to get the greatest possible profits.

For heavy egg production a mixture of foods is necessary. Chickens need lime food. Where oyster shells can be secured, this form of lime seems to serve the purpose about the best. It is a good plan to break the shells up fine and keep a quantity before the laying hens all of the time.

Next to oyster shells, lime mortar and broken limestone will answer the purpose.

There is not so much success in the kind of food as there is in the way in which it is given. Feeding utensils should be cleaned often.

Provide clean drinking vessels and clean water for the poultry.

Ground bone is valuable to feed during the molting period as it supplies feather-building material.

A good winter feed is unthreshed millet.

Generally it does not pay to keep a hen after she is two years old.

A pullet hatched in April or May should begin to lay in November or December, and keep on until hot weather commences, laying about from 100 to 125 eggs.

A really good hen, well fed and housed, the second season will lay from 150 to 250 eggs, but after that her egg yield will not be profitable. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule.

I keep some hens over the second winter for breeders and others for mothers.

Some hens will not mother chickens but the poultry woman will learn her matronly hens in a season. Keep the young poultry as they are almost entirely free from disease; sell your old poultry except the few for breeding.

There are two ways of keeping track of their ages. One is the web punch that makes a small round hole in the thin web of the foot between the toes. The other method is by means of metal leg bands.

The punch is the surest and the easiest. You can make one punch hole this year, two next year, and the third year goes without. System is very necessary in the poultry business.

Herbert Shearer.

If Miller's Worm Powders needed the support of testimonials they could be got by the thousands from mothers who know the great virtue of this excellent medicine. But the powders will speak for themselves and in such a way that there can be no question of them. They act speedily and thoroughly, and the child to whom they are administered will show improvement from the first dose.

Ripening of Wood on Fruit Trees

Professor Shutt of the Ottawa experiment station has just issued a bulletin worthy the attention of all experimental growers of apples in our climate. Hardiness is all important in fruit trees, and Professor Shutt has been trying to get behind the secret of the manifest differences in hardiness of apple trees in particular. He got Professor Macoun to select in the farm orchard ten varieties which would represent different degrees of hardiness. Last January a few scions from those trees were collected and these again were cut, the terminal halves of the twigs being tested by themselves and the older portions of the same twigs also by themselves. The experiments were repeated eight times till the middle of May, and in every case similar results followed. Perfectly hardy trees had five per cent less water in their twigs than those of uncertain hardiness, the percentage of water ranging in exact proportion to the hardiness of the trees. Next fall the comparison will be started in the fall, but meantime this bulletin has been issued to induce fruit growers elsewhere to give attention to the question.

As Professor Shutt himself notes: "Hardiness, or the ability of the new growth to pass the winter without injury, is a very important consideration when selecting varieties for a commercial orchard in a northern latitude. The term, naturally, is a relative one. There are among varieties of apple, well recognized degrees of hardiness; and even for the same variety the hardiness may vary according to the severity of the winter and possibly certain other factors, e.g., the location of the orchard, the character of the soil and the time in the autumn at which vegetative growth ceases. It is thus seen, that while hardiness may be largely an inherited quality, it is one that may be influenced by environment." The same principle affects all vegetable growth in climates such as ours. Grain ripens more slowly on some soils than on others, and land that ripens its crop slowly at first will ripen them faster as time goes on. It is the same with the ripening of twigs on all kinds of trees.

The Farm Girl's Opportunity

In a talk with the farm girl James J. Hill says:

"A young woman who applies herself to the study of what farming really is and goes at it with the same intelligence she would give to school-teaching has a freedom of life before her which no choked city can bestow. And it is gratifying to me to see that many young women have come to a realization of this, for we find them in the agricultural colleges, studying dairying and cattle, going out into the farm work; and opening successful henneries and squab enterprises, and even directing numerous irrigation enterprises where fruit is to be cultivated, and the sheep and cattle are to follow.

No city in the world can be prosperous unless the farms are. When you contemplate turning your back on the farm to enter upon a life you do not understand you are putting away from yourself a pot of gold, to say nothing of the lost contentment and freedom of life.

The study of the chemical (producing) values of various soils is one of the best pursuits a girl can take up."

Mr. Hill then tells this experience of a farmer's daughter in a north-west state.

She had ambitions to become a practical farmer. Receiving her grammar school education, she formed the acquaintance of a teacher who had the wisdom to point out to her the excess in value of farm over city life.

This teacher gave her elementary and advanced books on soil chemistry, and had her address various farm authorities the country over on important farm topics. Step by step, as this girl gained the information she desired, she began to feel more secure of her

ground, and finally felt that she could talk freely to her father and mother.

She asked them to give her control of a certain ten-acre corn piece of the farm that had not thrived. She asked if she might not use some of her new ideas upon this acreage and was told she might. This corn acreage had never been properly plowed, and, after seeding, little cultivation had been given it.

It had yielded thirty-one bushels of corn to the acre, and, one season, fifty-five bushels of oats to the acre.

The soil had been permitted to "bake" at the wrong season of the year, and the acreage was steadily decreasing in value. The girl believed the fault was not in the soil but in its care. Taking a farmhand, she had the field plowed six inches deep in September. She watched this plowing herself, to see that every inch of ground was evenly turned and the sub-soil well broken. The field was then left to itself until the following spring.

In the spring it was carefully gone over again for planting, and seeded to corn. As soon as the crop growth appeared, the girl took her lone helper and cultivated the field.

She saw to it that the roots of the corn were not injured. She kept the top soil broken up and the weeds out. Once a week until harvest that field was cared for, and the yield was a gain of nineteen bushels per acre over the old yield.

The father and mother thought this pretty good, but the girl kept on. She began to fertilize her soil and to rotate crops, until she raised a corn crop of sixty-nine bushels to the acre. The value of that particular piece of land went up thirty-five to forty per cent, and the girl practically demonstrated that a woman could manage the land and get the highest results.

Any young woman who has ability enough to gain control of twenty acres of fair farm land, taken from her father or bought from others can, between her books and her common sense, wrest out of it, such a comfortable living as no city worker can ever enjoy. The opportunity is one of your own.

As one of long and hard experience, permit me to say frankly to you—the city is not calling you. It does not want you, it does not need you. The city is not suffering for lack of people or brains. Its great hunger is for food.

Step to the back door of your home. Stand on the step and look out over the fields that have not had one-half the attention they deserve. They are calling to you. They will reward you. And for what you do in this wise, those of the cities and the places where the marts of men make confusion and pain, will rise up and call you blessed."

Swimming Animals

Almost all animals know how to swim without having to learn it. As soon as they fall into the water or are driven into it they instinctively make the proper motions, and not only manage to keep afloat, but propel themselves without trouble. Exceptions are the monkey, the camel, giraffe and llama, which cannot swim without assistance. Camels and llamas have to be helped across water, and giraffes and monkeys drown if they enter it. Now and then both of the latter species manage to cross waterways when they are driven to extremities, just as human beings occasionally can keep themselves above water through sheer fright.

A funny, though able, swimmer is the rabbit. He submerges his body with the exception of head and tail. The latter sticks away up in the air, and his hind legs make "soap suds" as he churns the water madly to get away. But with all his awkwardness he is a swift swimmer, and is only beaten by the squirrel among the land animals. The squirrel swims with his heavy tail sunk away down in the water and his head held high. He cleaves the waves like a duck, and a man in a rowboat has all he can do to keep abreast of the swimming squirrel. One thing that none of the land

living animals does is to dive. No matter how hard pressed a swimming deer, rabbit, squirrel or other purely terrestrial animal may be, it will remain above water. But the muskrat, however, the bear, and others dive immediately.—Public Ledger.

If you would know the value of a dollar, try to borrow one.

When Buying a Horse

If you are buying a horse never be satisfied that he is thoroughly sound or serviceable until you have seen him in action.

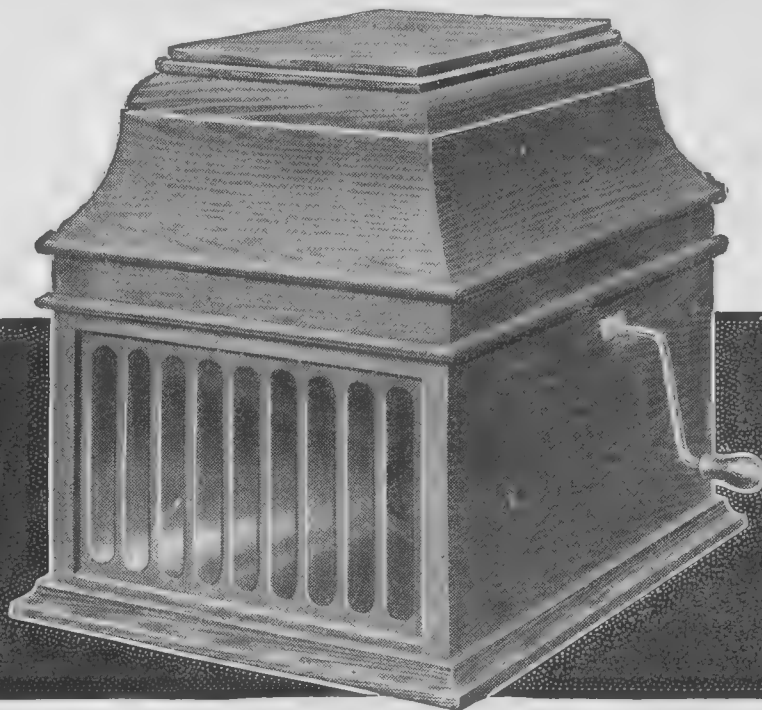
In mild cases of string-halt faulty action is observed only upon the start or backing. The feet should be picked up to show how the animal will stand while

being shod. The horse should next be placed in harness, and attention should be given to his behaviour while the harness is being fitted. Observe whether he kicks, strikes or bites when the girth is tightened. He should be driven in his accustomed manner—single or double if for driving, and in a cart or wagon if for heavy work. The rein should be taken so as to determine whether he has a hard or tender mouth, and to note his manner of responding to the pull. Also observe whether he shies or frightens at strange objects when being hitched to the cart. One should be certain that this is not due to improper fitting harness before rejecting him. A tight-fitting collar may make the difference between a proper acting animal and one that is wholly objectionable.

The wind should be thoroughly tested for whistling, for roaring, and for heaves. The ear of the examiner should be placed to the nostrils, to the throat and to the sides of the chest and the hands placed upon the flanks to detect any unnatural sounds or jerking and breathing.

A Time to Pray

"I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for having thrown that brick at you," said the parson when he called to see a man who had been worsted in a melee. "Mebbe yer rivrence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi get well, an' then pray for Casey," replied the patient.



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Young People

A Young Hero

By Edith A. Findlay

"What's your name, young 'un," asked Jim Jagger in a patronizing manner of the new boy, as he leaned against the gymnasium door on the first day of the term. "Speak up—I sha'n't bite your head off!"

"I no talk much of Englessh—I am from France."

"Oh, a Frenchy, are you?" said the other, as he scanned the dark-eyed stranger rather contemptuously. "Well, I'm not much good at talking your language. Here, one of you chaps," he shouted, "fetch up that weekly boarder, young Edwards; I want him to do some parleyvousing."

"Yes, and find out if this new fellow has any cake in his trunks," put in another boy suggestively. "My trunks haven't come from the station yet."

"Here, Edwards," cried the domineering Jagger, as a pale, delicate-looking little lad was thrust forward through the crowd which had collected, "air your favorite French a bit, and find out from this Mossos chap if he will join the ball team."

Very shyly at first Bertie Edwards began his questioning, as the others stood laughing and giggling behind him; but soon recovering his composure, had the new-comer's history; how his name was Emile Le Grand, and his home in Paris till his father died, when his grandfather, who lived in the country, had brought him here.

"He knows nothing about baseball," Bertie explained to his audience; "has never seen it played, and—"

"Well, that settles it!" Jagger burst in. "I guessed he was a softy, for his neck-tie is made like a girl's bow, and his hair sticks up all over like a blacking brush. He'll do for your chum, Edwards; you don't play games either. A pair of softies together. Ha—ha!" And off walked Jagger in scorn.

As Jagger's words carried a good deal of weight in Dale House School, it was pretty generally thought that Emile was not "up to much," as the saying goes; and for the first few days, at any rate, he was left a good deal to his own company or to that of Bertie Edwards, a studious, sensitive little lad, whose health did not permit of his joining in any of the rough games.

"I say, you fellows, Higgins cried out one afternoon, as he came running toward the ball ground, where practicing

was going on, "you should go into the 'gym' and see that little Mossos chap figuring about on the ropes and bars. Edwards and I have been watching him. He's a perfect acrobat. He'll take it out of you, Jagger, at the high jump," Higgins added, mischievously.

"Will he? We shall see," the other exclaimed, not over-pleased at the suggestion. "It takes pluck as well as activity for that. I doubt if the little Mossos has much of that commodity."

"Yes, he has!" a small voice exclaimed, rather hotly; and turning, the boys found, to their astonishment, a little champion for Emile in the shape of Bertie, whose usually pale face was now flushed crimson. "Why, his father was an awfully brave soldier."

"A fine lot you know about such things, young bookworm," the bigger boy exclaimed, patronizingly. "Well, get out of the way; and, Higgins, you take a turn at batting now."

But it was soon generally recognized that Emile shone in the gymnasium; even the old drill-sergeant complimented him; and day by day the forlorn little French boy began to make friends amongst his class-mates, till an event happened which at once placed him in the position of the most popular boy in the school.

It occurred in this way:

One Saturday night, just as the supper-bell had rung, a report went through the school that a large haystack or a house was on fire about two miles distant, and the blaze from it could be distinctly seen from the playground. A rush out of doors followed, and, sure enough, away across the fields a thin column of smoke, on which a lurid light was thrown every now and again, was plainly visible.

"It is in the direction of Mr. Edwards's house, I am afraid!" Dr. Crammer exclaimed. "Dear, dear! and the nearest fire-engine is at Blackton, fourteen miles away. Boys, we may be of help," the kind doctor added. "Each of you get a pail or a can, and come with me over to the fire."

Nothing could have pleased the whole school better. I doubt if ever the good principal had been such a popular man as he was at that minute, when each boy, armed with anything capable of holding water that he could lay hands on, was following him to the scene of the disaster.

As the party drew near they quickly discovered that it was, indeed, Mr. Edwards's house which was ablaze, and the idea that their school-fellow Bertie might be in it—for, being a Saturday night, he was at home—added to their alarm.

"How kind of you to bring help!" Mr. Edwards exclaimed, as he hurried forward and wrung the doctor's hand. "You see, the west wing is getting almost beyond us. Form in line here, boys," he called, "and pass your buckets along as quickly as possible. We have plenty of water, I am thankful to say, and it cannot surely be long now before the engines are here."

Everyone worked with a will, and it gave heart to all when they saw that at last the fire was diminishing. Then a terrible thing got whispered from one to another in the crowd. One of the children was missing, and must be somewhere in the burning building.

"I ain't seen Master Bertie nowhere," a stableman remarked. "He sleeps in one of them top rooms, too," he added, pointing to a floor just below the blazing part.

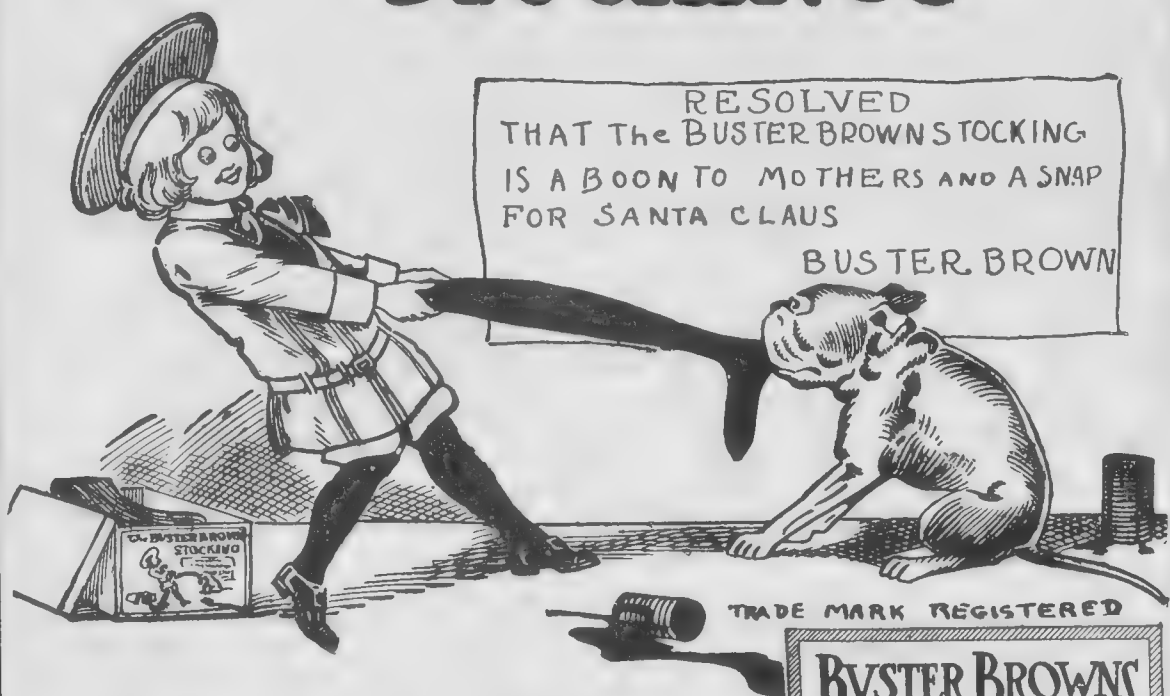
"Bertie!"—the name caught Emile's ear.

"Jagger, take you, please, my bucket," he said, in his broken English.

"Played out, are you, Mossos? Well, hand it over, then. Mossos's in a regular fright; he's as white as a ghost." Jagger said to the boy standing next him, as Emile disappeared from his place in crowd of helpers.

The fire once more seemed to be gaining ground, creeping and licking its way along, filling the place with the ghastly flickering glare, and crackling and throwing out showers of sparks, which went floating and twinkling away amidst the curling brown smoke into the night. And how hard everybody worked, passing

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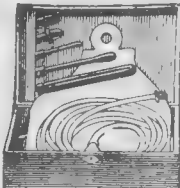
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W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.
509 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can

buckets and saving furniture, when suddenly the doubtful whisper became a terrible certainty; Bertie was missing, and the stairs leading to the west wing were now ablaze.

Just as this fact was known, a face appeared at a window on the top floor and a cry of "There he is!" went up from those working below.

A ladder was quickly placed against the house, but, alas! it did not reach high enough to be of use, though Mr. Edwards stood on the summit with outstretched arms. Then the horror of the situation began to dawn upon everyone. Suddenly the window was pushed open, and a boy's figure, without coat or waistcoat, was seen upon the parapet outside, with something heavy on his back.

"Mossoo! It's little Mossoo! And he's got Bertie!" a number of voices cried, as a bright blaze showed the pale but firm face of Emile perched up in the dangerous position.

Then they saw him peer down over the stonework edge, evidently trying to judge how near the ladder reached. It was seen that Mr. Edwards was telling him what to do, and everybody watched, saying to himself: "But what can be done?"



Friends are we

"It works all right, Bertie," Emile was saying to his friend. "Look not you anywhere, only hold you tight."

Then quickly the boy turned himself round, and, with his human burden hanging on for dear life, lowered himself gently over the parapet toward the anxious father below. The crowd stood motionless. Would the boy's muscles bear the strain of such a weight. Lower—lower—yes, another moment Mr. Edwards's strong arms were round his son and his preserver, and a loud and prolonged cheer broke from the excited crowd below as, with his double burden, he descended the ladder.

Then up dashed the fire-engine, and streams of water were soon directed upon the flames, and everybody worked with such renewed energy that in a short time the rest of the building was declared safe, and the Dale Hill boys walked home again—all but Emile, who, at Bertie's earnest request, was left behind.

On the Monday morning, however, when our hero appeared hurrying up the drive, the whole school turned out to meet him, and, much to Emile's astonishment, in a twinkling he found himself shoulder high, and then on the backs of the boys, and, amidst real Yankee hurrahs, was carried into the schoolroom. During the morning recess one of the first to come up to our hero was Jagger. "I should like to teach you baseball if you would let me," he said.

"I would be so glad to learn," replied Emile, looking very pleased, "if you thought I really could."

"Rather!" was all Jagger found himself able to reply—but he thought a deal more than he said.

Our Boys and Girls

A well-known minister who has been travelling in America says that one day his attention was attracted by a crowd of people, and when he joined the crowd—we never can help running to see what is the matter, can we?—he found that they were closely watching a man in the centre.

And what was he doing? Well, he was seated on a box, and was paring potatoes. Nothing much to see there, you will say. But the minister watched him closely and learned something.

After carefully paring a round, smooth potato, he stuck his knife into one end of it, and slowly moved it around, making a series of curved incisions. Removing the knife, he again inserted it at a different angle, and made another series of cuts. Then he removed his knife, and pulled out a part of the potato. What he had left looked like a white rose. He stuck a toothpick into the base of the artificial rose, tied an imitation green leaf to it, and dipped the carved piece of potato into a pail of red coloring matter. Removing it and shaking off the surplus

drops of color, he held up to the wondering gaze of the crowd a red rose. He was making roses out of potatoes!

Now, I daresay many of my little friends who read this column—and I seem to know many of you quite well already—would like to get a nice clean potato and start to carve something like a rose out of it. But there are many ways in which I want you to try and make roses out of potatoes. If you do not understand, perhaps father or mother will explain what I mean. There are many common, ordinary things which you children can make very beautiful, if you only try, and some things that you find very tiresome can be made quite delightful if you determine to turn potatoes into roses.

I am sure you will remember how Jesus, who was always illuminating common things, stooped to wash His disciples' feet. A common task may become very beautiful. A famous man named Booker Washington tells how he once went to an Institute and asked for employment. He was told to sweep a room. He says his whole destiny was wrapped up in the sweeping of that room.

You see, he was making a rose out of a potato, and the result was that he was given a good start in life. We can all do the same. Has mother asked you to do some little errand? Is your school lesson a little trial to you? Well, try your best to turn the potatoes into roses. When you grow older, you will learn how true it is that Earth's crammed with heaven And every common bush aflame with God.

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The new silhouette in afternoon and evening gown, shows distinctive features, although little change. Charmingly perky peplums are seen on the waists that are made with less blouse than shown on those of last season, some form plaits, others gathers, others flare in circular style. These peplums may be a continuation of the waist, or be made separate.

There is a marked tendency to more fitted effects on the new models. Surplice bodices are combined with accoridian plaited skirts. Gowns for informal social wear are marked by dainty simplicity. Gathered flounces with tunic effects are seen on many new models. Reversing the general decree of fashion which shows a plain waist on a fancy skirt, one sees fancy waists with the simplest of skirt styles.

There are two distinctive types of separate coats this season. One fitted snugly to the body and caught in at the waistline, with a circular flaring skirt joined at the front and sides. The other style of coat is loose fitting and is splendid for sports, motoring and general wear. That of the fitted type is best for dressy wear.

A good feature is the convertible collar, and a smart feature is the Louis XV pocket.

Velvet, broadcloth, velour de laine or zibeline are good materials for these styles.

Princess effects and one piece frocks are stylish this season. But there are likewise semi princess and waist effects, such as our grandmothers may have worn, with flowing sleeves, over undersleeves of soft white material.

Many of the fall one piece frocks have simple lines, depending on their style for smartness in cut and finish. The waist with peplum, separate or as a part of the waist, is shown in the newest models. Among the new waist forms are many with deep oval openings, filled in by a front closing chemisette.

Three-piece skirts with patch pockets are smart.

Street clothes for young girls are of varied style. Belted and loose fitting jackets are shown; some with separate body and skirt sections.

There are girlish slips in simple chemise style made up in serge and trimmed with taffeta. The slip opens in a "V" front, and is finished with a smart collar. The frock is lengthened by a circular flounce.

Draped bodices are shown on dance and evening frocks, with underbody cut with low neck and short sleeves.

Blouse and middy styles are charming and plentiful for growing girls.

There are new dresses for little ones, somewhat in the order of the old Gabrielle dress, made with front closing and a gathered guimpe of white lawn or batiste.

The return of frilled waists is hailed with delight, because these styles are so becoming, especially to slender, youthful figures.

The newest skirts show flat fronts, and back gores, with the fullness adjusted at the sides in plaits or gathers.

Boys look very smart in the new Norfolk suits and Dickens coats.

Empire coats in velveteen, corduroy, cheviot, and gabardine are nice for little girls.

The new Quaker collars are most becoming in their demure simplicity, and help effectively to brighten up an otherwise simple waist or gown.

1441—A Cool and Comfortable Negligee. Ladies' Dressing or House Sack—This style has pleasing lines. The yoke and sleeve portions are combined and joined at shoulder, centre back, and underarm seams. The body portions are full and gathered to the yoke. The fullness may be confined at the waistline, with a belt or sash of ribbon. Crepe, lawn, percale, challie, cashmere, batiste or silk are excellent materials for this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material

for the medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1445—A New and Becoming Model—Ladies' Dress in Semi Princess Style with Sleeve in Wrist or Short Length—Striped poplin in gray tones was used in this instance. The style is new and up to date, with its princess front and flare skirt portions. The sleeve in wrist length has a straight cuff. In elbow length the cuff finish is in turn-back style. The skirt portions are cut in gores and joined to the panel front. The back forms a box plaited panel. Serge, taffeta, cashmere, mixed suiting, seersucker, cheviot, gingham or percale are all good for this style. The pattern

measures 3 yards at the lower edge. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1451—A Simple Attractive Style. Girls' Dress with Chemisette having Convertible Collar, and Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Blue serge with trimming of soutache braid is here shown. It may be combined with red or blue in a lighter shade or with white or tan checked suiting, novelty mixtures, galatea and gingham are also good for this design. The chemisette is adjustable and could be made of lawn, organdie, batiste, lace or embroidery. The skirt is a six gore model, with plaited fullness at the panels, and the sleeve is good in wrist or elbow length. The collar may be closed high or rolled to form a deep neck opening. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and

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1458—A Neat Dress for the Growing Girl—As here shown white serge was combined with black and white checked suiting. The style is nice for galatea, gingham, seersucker, linen, linene, or percale, good for lawn, batiste, poplin, or repp, and also suitable for taffeta, velvet, velveteen, corduroy, flannel, novelty and plaid suitings. The right front of the waist is shaped at the closing. The skirt is gored and plaited. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a straight cuff, or in elbow length with a jaunty turnback cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material for a 10 year size.

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1453—A Practical, Desirable and Serviceable Model Pattern. Coat for Girls. This style is excellent for cheviot, serge, tweed, linen, cretonne, silk, linene, or repp—The fronts are crossed in reverse fashion, and present a smart and stylish appearance. The sleeve has a neat cuff finish, and with the high closing at neck edge, the model will be fine for cool weather. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 10 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1454—Ladies' Coat with or without Yoke Facings—This smart design is lovely for broadcloth, serge, cheviot, wool mixtures, tweed, taffeta, velvet or corduroy. It would look well in blue or green broadcloth with velvet facings in self or contrasting color. The fronts are lengthened at the sides below the waistline, by plaited portions. The back is plaited. Back and front are overlaid by yoke sections which may be omitted, or, if used the material beneath may be cut away. The collar closes high, with a jaunty outer portion, which could be omitted. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44 inch material for a 38 inch size.

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1431—Ladies' Apron with Princess Front—This desirable model has shoulder straps that extend over the front and form deep convenient pockets. The skirt portions are joined to a "Princess" panel, and are finished with a belt at the waistline, to which the straps are attached in the back. This model is good for gingham, sateen, cambrie, lawn, percale or drill. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material for a medium size.

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1449—A Unique and Attractive Design. Ladies' 8 Gore Skirt with or without Trimming—Broad cloth, cheviot, mixed suiting, serge, voile, taffeta, faille, poplin or velvet would be excellent for this design. The side gores are stitched over the fronts in tuck effect. The fronts and back portions are finished to form inverted plaits. This model is also good for linen, gingham, seersucker, chambray or corduroy. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material for a 24 inch size, which measures $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the foot.

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1457—A Popular Practical Style. Girls' Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—As here shown checked gingham was used, with white linene for trimming. This design will develop nicely in serge, plaid suiting or wool mixtures. It is also nice for linen, pique, linene, velveteen, corduroy or poplin. The fronts are finished with slot tucks underneath which the closing may be affected. The skirt is a four gore model with a charming "grown up" flare. The pattern is cut



is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and requires 8 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the foot.

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Waist 1443—Skirt 1450—A Practical Stylish Design. Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 1443, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1450—The waist and skirt have new and attractive lines, and are suitable for combined or separate development. The peplum, a new style feature may be omitted on the waist. The skirt has five gores, with ample fullness and fashionable flare. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44 inch material for the skirt, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material for the waist for a medium size. Serge, taffeta, poplin, satin, flannel, wool mixtures or novelty suitings are all good for this design. The skirt

14 years. It requires 4 yards of 40 inch material for a 12 year size.

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1436—A New and Becoming Style. Ladies' and Misses' Basque Costume, with Two Styles of Collar, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Gray serge could be used for this design, or brown broad cloth, with collar and cuffs of satin or silk poplin. The model is also good for taffeta, voile or crepe and lends itself nicely to all wash fabrics. The lines are graceful and youthfully becoming. The style offers several variations in neck and sleeve finish. The skirt has 6 gores and is joined to the lower edge of the basque. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for misses, and in 4 sizes for ladies: 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material for an 18 year size. The skirt measures about $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards at lower edge. Size 38 will require $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40 inch material and measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards at its lower edge.



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You can do this—*can* make your skin what you want it to be—whatever the trouble is now. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is changing every day! As the *old* skin dies, *new* forms in its place.

This is your opportunity

Is that new skin which is forming every day going to *make* or *mar* your complexion? With the cake shown above in *your* hands, with its creamy lather in *your* fingers, you can begin to make this new skin so strong and healthy, so active, that it will gradually but surely take on that greater clearness, freshness and charm which is but a promise of the radiant, velvety complexion—"a skin you love to touch"—that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.



To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

FIRST cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing, in your usual way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

To reduce conspicuous nose pores

WRING a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in, *very gently*, a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if the nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, strengthens the muscular fibres so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect.

Use this treatment *persistently*. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and cause them to contract until they are inconspicuous.

There are just two things to do—

First—Write *now* for the week's-size cake shown above. Simply send your name and address with 4c (in stamps or coin) to the address given below.

Second—On this page are four of the famous Woodbury treatments which have brought to thousands of people the charm of "a skin you love to touch." Choose the one suited to the needs of your skin and follow it persistently when you receive your week's-size cake. It will bring you, as it has so many, many others, that greater attractiveness you have longed for.

Here is the address to use

For 4c. we will send you the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap shown above. For 10c., samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c., a copy of the Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of the Woodbury preparations.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 657 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.



Let your mirror tell you which treatment to use

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. Look for tiny rough places that make your skin appear scaly when you powder, for conspicuous nose pores, excessively oily skin and shiny nose. Perhaps your skin is tender and sensitive, or sallow and colorless, or unduly tanned. Whatever condition you find, *it can be changed*. Which treatment does your mirror tell you your skin needs?

To rouse a sallow, colorless skin

DIP your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake *itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face briskly with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the face and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of the skin. Try it tonight—see what a soft color it brings to your cheeks.

To care for a tender sensitive skin

DIP a soft washcloth in warm (not hot) water and hold it to your face. Do this several times until the pores are opened and the skin feels softened. Then make a light warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft, white lather. Rub this gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed and the skin feels fresh and clean. Rinse the face lightly with clear, tepid water, then with cold. About once a week rub the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

This treatment will bring health to a tender skin, make it resistant and keep it attractive. Try it tonight. You will feel the difference immediately.

Note: If you want to begin at once—tonight—to bring to your skin the charm you have longed for, tear out the illustration of the cake above and put it in your purse as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter. A

25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of the treatments given here. Get a cake today and begin your treatment tonight. You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap for sale by Canadian Druggists from Coast to Coast.

New Round 25c. Package

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 30c. package with china. Also our 10c. package.



The Final Fruit

Of the Oat Field is the Well-Fed, Energetic Child

Nature has finished with the 1915 oat crop.

But that's merely the start of the harvest. Now come luscious breakfasts, steaming, fragrant, to greet folks every morning.

Then comes the fruition of Nature's object in making this wondrous food. Well-built brains and bodies, vivacity, capacity, spirit, vim and go.

In millions of homes there will ripen in this way the final fruit of this oat crop. Be sure you get your share.

Quaker Oats

Vim-Food Made Doubly-Delicious

Some of the finest oats which grew this year have come to the Quaker Oats mills.

But with even those choice oats two-thirds are discarded in making Quaker Oats.

We pick out the queen grains—the big, full-flavored grains. We get but ten pounds of such oats from a bushel.

The luscious flakes known as Quaker Oats are made from those grains only.

That's the secret of this flavor and aroma. And that's why this brand is

sent for the world over. Quaker Oats is now the favorite wherever oat lovers live.

Some people send 10,000 miles to get it. And some, in countries far away, pay a double price.

You can get it at your nearest store, without any extra price. You can get it always, for this brand never varies. Don't you think it worth while to specify this grade in buying a food like this?

It will come if you say you want it—if you specify Quaker Oats.

Premiums

We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oat users, in Silverware, Jewelry and Aluminum Utensils. See folder in each package. We insert one coupon in the 10c. package and two in the 25c. round package. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c. to apply on the premiums wanted.

Regular Package, 10c. Large Round Package, 25c.
Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont.

Saskatoon, Sask.

in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 40 inch material for a 4 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1448—A Pleasing and Popular Model. Costume for Misses and Small Women (with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths), and with Five Gore Skirt—Plaid suiting in gray and blue tones was used for this style. It is nice for serge, taffeta, gabardine, cashmere, linen, gingham, chambray, voile and poplin. The waist has simple lines and is trimmed with a deep collar. The long sleeve has a straight cuff with pointed over portion, and in elbow length, is finished with a shaped turn back cuff. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 6 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material for a 16 year size. The skirt measures about 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards at

Lengths—Striped gingham is here shown with crepe for the tucker. This style is attractive for galatea, poplin, repp, with lawn, cambric or silk for the guimpe. It is also nice for serge, novelty suiting, cashmere, gabardine, velvet, and corduroy. The belt may be omitted. The skirt is straight and plaited and is joined to the dress under the belt. The tucker may be finished with long or short sleeves. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material for an 8 year size for the guimpe, and 4 yards of 24 inch material for the dress.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1440—A Trim and Dainty Shirt Waist. Ladies' Shirt Waist with Raglan Sleeve in Wrist or Short Length—This attractive design was developed in black and



the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1455—A Unique and Pleasing Design. Ladies' Dress in Raised or Normal Waistline with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—As here shown, black velvet was used, with dotted net for the sleeves and insert and white crepe for the chemisette and collar. The design may be finished with short sleeves. The design is nice for taffeta, faille, serge, gabardine or poplin and lends itself nicely to combinations of materials. In green satin with ecru crepe for contrast this model will be very attractive. It is also nice in white or other color taffeta, with batiste, net or lace for trimming. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1456—A Simple Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. Girls' Dress with Tucker having Sleeve in Either of Two

white checked taffeta, with collar and cuffs of white batiste. It would be nice in crepe de chine or cotton crepe, madras, lawn, batiste, poplin, repp, flannel or velvet. The long sleeve has a neat cuff with a dainty turnover. For the sleeve in short length the turn-back cuff forms a suitable finish. The collar is made in "Quaker" style, wide with deep points and round over the back. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1430—An Up to Date and Practical Style. Girls' and Misses' Combination Corset Cover and Petticoat—Lawn, cambric, batiste, crepe, or silk could be used for this style. If developed separately the same materials are good for both. Sateen or flannel could also be used for the petticoat. The ruffle may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material for the skirt, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the

corset cover, with $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 6 inch flouncing for the ruffle for a 14 year size.

1427—A New and Popular Model. Ladies' Two Piece Circular Skirt (in Raised or Normal Waistline)—Checked brown and white suiting was used in this instance. The style shows new skirt lines, and is most comfortable and attractive. It is good for broad cloth, cheviot, serge, voile, poplin, gabardine and crepe, and also desirable for linen and other wash fabrics. The closing is under the tuck lap in front. The skirt may be made in raised or normal waistline. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 48 inch material for a 24 inch size, which measures about 3 yards at the foot.

1452 — A Charming Model. Girls' Dress in Surplice Style, with Four

shown black and white silk was combined with black taffeta. The design is good also for cloth, serge, velvet and silk or satin, faille or poplin. The waist pattern, 1438, is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1439, in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 44 inches wide for the tunic, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the skirt, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the underwaist and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the overwaist for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1434—A Dainty Garment for the Hour of Rest and Repose—Ladies' Kimono or Lounging Robe—Such pretty patterns in crepe, lawn, batiste, dimity and silk may be obtained for garments



Fashionable Women

who are careful of the "set" of their new gowns are equally careful to get



à la Grâce

Corsets

(Made in Canada,

to wear beneath them.

Comfort and a stylish air becomes second nature to wearers of C/C à la Grâce Corsets.

All high-class stores sell C/C à la Grâce Corsets, but a very dainty catalogue will be mailed to you, free, upon request.

The Crompton Corset Company
Limited

78 York Street, Toronto 6



Gore Skirt and Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Checked gingham in brown and white is here shown. This style is good for serge, shepherd checks, mixed suiting, chambrey, Devonshire cloth, khaki, percale and flannel. The waist is cut with surplice fronts and has long shoulders. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is made with 4 gores and may be trimmed with a jaunty pocket. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yards of 40 inch material for a 6 year size.

Waist 1438—Skirt 1439—A Very Attractive Gown Comprising Ladies' Over Waist, Pattern No. 1438, and Ladies' Skirt with Tunic, Pattern 1439—This model has new and attractive style features. The overwaist may do duty for any under blouse or guimpe, and may be made without the pointed trimming portions. The sleeve in wrist length has a deep cuff, plaited at the outer part of the arm, and in elbow length a smart turnback cuff forms a neat finish. The tunic on the skirt may be omitted. The under or foundation skirt is in three gores. As here

of this kind. This model expresses grace and comfort in its simple lines. Dainty pink and white lawn was chosen with a neck finish of washable edging, and a decoration of velvet ribbon. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size.

1442—A Popular Pleasing Style. Girls' Suit with Gored Plaited Skirt and Norfolk Blouse (Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths)—As here shown checked gingham in blue and brown tones, was combined with blue chambrey. For comfort, style and practical features, this model has much to recommend it. The blouse may be finished with or without the back yoke facing, and the belt may be adjusted at Empire or low waistline. The skirt is a 4 gore model, with plaited fulness. It may be finished with the skirtband or joined to an underwaist. The sleeve is to be made in wrist length, with a band cuff, or finished at elbow length with a turnback cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44 inch material for a 10 year size.

Baby's Own Soap

6815

Its fragrance is pleasant

but the great value of Baby's Own Soap is its creamy softening lather which cleanses and beautifies the skin

Doctors and nurses recommend Baby's Own.

Albert Soaps Limited, Mfrs., Montreal

Sold everywhere.



Best for Baby... Best for You

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

Mrs. E. COATES COLEMAN

224 SMITH STREET, WINNIPEG

Phone Main 996

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

"Another Bachelor Sympathizer."

Austin, Man.,

Aug. 2, 1915.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your paper for many years, and I enjoy reading its valuable pages very much. I like reading the Correspondence Column very well, but I have not been tempted to write to your paper until this late date.

I enjoy lots of life and I really envy those western girls and boys. I think there is nothing like the west. I sympathize with the lonely bachelors, and I do not think the girls should be so hard on them. I agree with what "Rags" says in the July number. I think it is quite true with some girls, but not all, I hope.

I suppose the westerners will soon be busy harvesting? The same with us out here. I live on a farm and like the farm life far better than the town life. Is not this war terrible? So many fine, brave boys going to fight for their king and country just to be slaughtered by the wicked Germans; but I am sure the boys

must be proud that they are able to go to fight for the country. I would go as a nurse willingly if I could.

Well, as this is my first letter, I hope it will miss the W.P.B. I would like to correspond with any of the members who wish to write to me. My address is with the Editor. I will sign myself, Brown-eyed Ravenshoe.

A Stranger.

Saskatchewan, July 23, 1915.

Dear Editor,—Like many others I am just a new subscriber, and am interested in the Correspondence Column. Have often had the privilege of reading your valuable paper, but have never had the courage to write. I live on a farm, but the surroundings, as well as the people, are new to me. Like most young girls I am fond of life, and as life is so very quiet here I thought I would like to exchange correspondence with any who would care to write. I enjoy reading, and have read quite a number of books. How many of the readers have read books by Nellie McClung? I am one of the many who are waiting for her next book to come out. Am fond of fancy work, too, and would like to exchange patterns with "Pallas Athene."

I agree with R. M. R. on patriotism, also "Adeline's" advice to "Mere Bachelor" seems quite correct. I would like very much to see my letter in print. Will close, wishing the Editor and readers of The Western Home Monthly every success. My address is with the Editor. I am, yours very sincerely,

"Martha."

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.

"Would Discuss Books and Music."

Winnipeg, Aug. 12, 1915.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for less than a year, and I must say I greatly appreciate its contents. Naturally, being a student, I am interested in the Philosopher. I also find many other valuable articles, especially in "Household Suggestions," as I am batching it this summer, and I feel sure I shall learn from your valuable paper how to cook. When will the girls ever lose their conceit, and admit that they are not the only ones who can cook well?

It is the suggestion of Miss Grace in the August number that inspired me to write: "Don't you think it would be nice if we discussed music and books in the correspondence column." Yes! "Miss Grace," I believe it would. Music fills the soul with gladness, and good books provoke lofty thoughts and high ideals. The discussion of new books and new music would be a valuable help to the readers of the Correspondence Column. I would like a few of the readers to express an opinion on Hall Caine's book, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," or on Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," or Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and also on "Tipperary" as a war song. What has become of the "British Navy" and "Soldiers of the King?" Have they taken a back seat for "Tipperary?" My address is with the Editor if anyone wishes to write. Student.

Western Home Monthly as a Cure for the "Blues."

Ontario, August 11, 1915.

Dear Editor,—Although not a subscriber, I have long been a devoted reader of your splendid paper. The Correspondence Column always has a special interest for me, and as a never-failing specific for that malady so

prevalent among we old bachelors, the "blues," it takes the icing off the cake.

Of all the many topics that have come up for discussion I think that the old theme, love, has been the most popular and perhaps the most abused. Does anyone know what love really is? A certain high-brow, I mean a college professor, has discovered that it is a mild form of insanity. And was it Sherman or Jess Willard that said that an engagement was "a misunderstanding between two fools?"

Poor old Sunset Bill, didn't they hand it out to you, though? But your Waterloo is coming, never fear. Some day you will fall, yes, actually fall, in love with some meek, demure little maiden, and after she has led you safely up to the climax, and you get down on your knees to propose to her in the most conventional manner, with your heart a-thumping like a motor boat, she hands you your quietus. A cold feeling steals around your heart when it slowly dawns upon you that she has been flirting with you.

I was quite amused at your challenge, Scout. By all means accept it "Dido." And I suggest that "Freda" acts as judge, and that the loser has to give her a cushion on which is worked a design of a blonde (peroxide) girl. By the way, Freda, why all that grouch against those perfectly defenceless blondes? I have my own opinion that you have had one for a rival in some school girl love affair. Now, fess up.

I noticed a very good letter in the June number signed by "Right Ho! Thistle." He is quite right in his assertion that those of us who are unable to enlist can be just as useful to the Empire here at home as those brave boys are at the front. But to be a patriot and still remain at home, one has to do "his bit" by giving money and helping in

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

Anaemia and Palpitation—Striking Success of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the All-British Remedy of World-Wide Popularity.

Those dyspeptics in Canada who read this true story cannot fail to get new hope from its perusal. Mrs. Rogers, of 243 Whitehall Road, Bristol, England, had suffered from acute nervous Dyspepsia for eleven years. Ordinary treatment had failed to do her any good, yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured her completely. Could more convincing proof of the value of this great medicine be offered?

Mrs. Rogers says: "It is quite eleven years since I first began to be troubled with pain and wind after food, and all that time I was never quite free from Dyspepsia. Frequently I had frightful attacks of pain in my chest, and wind in such quantities that it almost choked

me. My heart would palpitate till I went quite faint. I was very nervous, too, so nervous, in fact, that my husband has actually stopped the clock because I could not bear the ticking. The result of all this suffering was that I became quite thin and anaemic, and so weak that if I tried to do my housework I simply fainted. I had to pay to have it done for me. Latterly I could not get about the house without support, and I used to turn the broom upside down and use it as a sort of crutch. At night I always had peppermint by my bedside to relieve the wind.

"Of course, I had the best treatment, but I got no better. They told me to have my teeth out, and that I didn't want to do. But when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, what a change! They relieved me almost at once, and as I persevered with them, all my pain, wind, headaches, and other troubles gradually disappeared and now I am in splendid health. I can eat any kind of food and am stronger than I have been for years."



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

What is the explanation of these cures? How is it that Dr. Cassell's Tablets can restore health so surely? It is because they act as a health force, renewing vitality of nerve and body, and compelling healthy action of every life process. They are a reliable remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Trouble	Malnutrition
Nerve Failure	Sleeplessness	Dyspepsia	Wasting
Infantile Weakness	Anaemia	Stomach Disorder	Palpitation

and are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All Druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.



HAD CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Doctor Said He was In a Very Dangerous Condition.

Mothers cannot watch their children too closely for signs of cholera infantum, as this disease carries off thousands of infants during the hot summer months.

Mrs. Geo. W. Garland, Prosser Brook, N.B., writes: "Last summer my boy Joe, then a year old, was taken sick with cholera infantum. He was so bad the waste matter from the bowels looked as if it had come from a broken bowl. I sent word to the doctor who was at a neighbor's, about a mile distant, and he said my boy was in a very dangerous condition. He sent me some tablets which made the child vomit, and when he learned that they caused vomiting he sent me more tablets to stop it. In the meantime I had been giving Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which I continued using, and when the bottle was all used my baby was cured. I thought it only fair to let you know about it."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for the past 70 years, and is known from one end of Canada to the other as a positive cure for all bowel complaints.

When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" be sure you get what you ask for as there are many rank imitations on the market.

The genuine is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Price, 35 cents.



Ladies
Save Your Combing!

We can make your combings up into a switch and it will only cost you 50 cents an ounce. Send us your combings—it will surprise you to see the fine switch that can be made out of even a small quantity of hair. Correspondence invited on matters relating to hair. Advice free.

Dr. J. Klein, Proprietor
Elite Hairdressing Parlors
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WINNIPEG

Hand-made Lace from England

That beautiful lace, straight from the peasant workers of Bucks, Eng.

Due to the war these English peasant lace-makers are in real need. Just or unjust, this struggle is not of their making, but these peace-loving folks are sufferers. Therefore purchases now will be good deeds as well as profitable to you.

You'll be delighted with the free book we want to send you. Write for it to-day.

Mrs. PEARL ARMSTRONG,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

SONG POEMS WANTED for publication. Big money writing song poems. Past experience unnecessary. Our proposition positively unequalled. We accept available work for publication and secure copyright in your name. Our composing staff best of any company of its kind. Have paid hundreds of dollars to writers. Send us your song poems or melodies today or write for instructive booklet—it's free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 84, Wash., D. C.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

every possible way. Are we doing it? Let us solemnly ask ourselves that question, fellow readers.

I am afraid that I have already outdone my welcome by making this, my first letter so long. Will close with best wishes to the Editor and all his many readers.

A Voice from the East.

A Flourishing Merchant at 21.

Marchwell, Sask., Aug. 9, 1915.

Dear Editor,—I have now taken your paper, The Western Home Monthly, for over a year, and find it very interesting, especially the Correspondence Column. I have been going to write before, but did not get time, and hope that my letter will escape the W.P.B. I am a merchant, have a store here, am a little over 21 years of age. I have some property in Ontario, and some in British Columbia. I have a new two-seated Ford car this year. I am English. Have dark brown eyes, brown hair, weight 165 pounds, hot temper. Well, I hope I shall see this letter in print, dear Editor, and hoping some of you people will write to me. I will sign myself as Kid.

A Lucky Reader.

Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.,

July 26th, 1915

Dear Editor and Friends,—I have read The Western Home Monthly now for over a year, and especially the Correspondence Column. There have been several letters this summer on the question of love, both as to cures for and the definition of love. Someone gave a recipe for curing love. Does she really imagine that there is a cure for "true love?" No, Sir! There is no cure. It comes to stay, and through all trials and disappointments, "true love" is the greatest of helpers.

Some of your lucky readers, who, like myself, have found the one and only girl on earth, will doubtless corroborate this statement.

Another correspondent says he has found his bird and wants to get married, but does not like to until he has a nest made. To him I would suggest that the two of them will make the nest much quicker than he alone.

I am a hired man on a farm and had the cheek to fall in love with a farmer's daughter, and we are both satisfied with my position as long as we have each other. This, I think, is true love, in its truest sense, where the girl is prepared, to lower her position and undergo hardships and do without little things she has been used to having all her life for the man she loves. What do your readers think? Hope this escapes the W.P.B. I will sign myself,

"Aberdeen."

"The Other Side of the Story."

Mere, Alta., Aug. 1, 1915.

Dear Editor,—After reading "Just Me's" letter in our May number, I thought, maybe, she and the rest of the circle would like to hear from a gentleman bachelor and his view on the subject "Just Me" introduced, namely, that western bachelors are not gentlemanly; so here goes! Miss school teacher contends we are ungentelemanly, because some of us smoke, others chew (beastly, I agree); but if a bachelor gets a little company and satisfaction out of a pipe of tobacco after a hard day's work in the field, and batching besides, is this ungentelemanly? I say, no. Maybe he does not look for any sympathy from the girls in his loneliness, for one simple reason, he is getting wise to these western girls. I consider myself a gentleman still, although I have batched and farmed for five years, and after it all I retain my manners, which I was taught by mother and at school. As before, I still have the same respect for pure womanhood, and look to them for nobler and higher ideals. But after living in this western country a few years a man is liable to act a little different, simply because the young women have altered him in his manners. Why shouldn't a man raise his hat to females in the country, as well as in the city? Because I have heard the remark (softly) when a man has been polite, several other in-

stances I could tell of which would prove to you that the country girls do not appreciate fine manners in a man, therefore, we can't expect them to tell a gentleman from the opposite.

If you are polite to them, and offer assistance where it would be gentlemanly to do so, be prepared to be treated with a very cool and indifferent air, instead of a thank you, or a polite answer in the negative. For instance, I know of a young lady who was caught in a thunderstorm, and the lightning was bad, and, like most girls, she was nervous, a young man with whom she was very well acquainted, offered to escort her home, and, as per usual, was treated with anything but politeness. Of course, she accepted the offer, but the fellow never received the thank you, which would have given him a very different opinion of that young lady to what he has of her at present. These are the acts of ill manners which hurt a man's feelings, and, after all, why is it these girls can't be a little more polite and natural. I am sure it would make things go along much better in the country. Many a picnic and social has been a failure where it might have gone off with a swing, just because the young ladies have made themselves objectionable. What is the cause of it? Is it because they think too much of self and dress—why, it is nothing else but dress they talk of; in that case we can't expect them to find time for nobler thoughts and reflection. I like to see a girl smart and neat in her dress, but please let us have a little more smartness in manners. Surely, they cost little enough. Believe me, the manners would command more respect from your friends than the excess of dress would. It is going some when a girl gets such a swollen head, that just because it may be imperative that her father should wear overalls, she is ashamed for her girl friend to see him. Why should a man be despised just because his occupation will not permit him to wear a smart suit; yet, his occupation might be more noble than the real estate swell, and no doubt his money would be cleaner. Well, Just Me, you being a school teacher, I would say you were in a better position than us bachelors to look after this manner teaching, for I was taught them at school, as well as at home. Hope I have not offended anyone, but the truth will out; so you young ladies read carefully every week the young ladies' page.—Yurs truly,

"Mere Bachelor."

"Wants to Settle Down."

Dear Readers,—Just a line to greet you. I have a few questions to ask. First of all, I must explain myself. I am an Englishman who has been out here in life west eight years. I am married, but have no family. I wish to ask you all if you can put me and the wife wise to get into touch with some one who would employ us to look after a homestead. Would like to get back to the prairies. I just love farming; I am used to it, and am also a good gasoline engine man. Am a life abstainer and not a bit afraid of work, but I am tired of being a wanderer on the face of the earth, and just wish to settle down and make a home for the best and dearest girl in the world—my wife. Now, can anyone find time to let me have a line in answer to my questions. I am afraid the Editor will put this in the W.P.B. Once more, good wishes to all my friends of the dear old Western Home Monthly. I now close, hoping to see this in print. Address with the Editor.

Home Lover, B.C.

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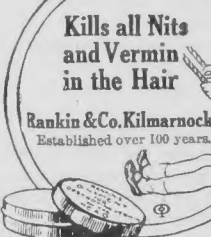


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Household Suggestions

Vegetable Combination—Pick over and wash one-half peck of spinach. Cook in an uncovered vessel with a large quantity of boiling salted water to which has been added one-half teaspoonful of sugar and one-third teaspoonful of soda. This method causes the spinach to retain its green color. Drain, chop, and add three tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, and one-half cupful of cream. Re-heat, and pack into a buttered border or ring mold, and let stand to keep hot in a pan of hot water placed in the oven. Remove from the mold to hot serving dish. Fill center with small boiled beets of uniform size, seasoned with butter, salt, and pepper, surround with sections of hard-boiled eggs, cut in eighths lengthwise, and pour around one and one-half cupfuls of white sauce. This vegetable combination is extremely good and appetizing, and the color scheme of it is very pleasing.

Cream of Celery Soup—This, perhaps, is the daintiest of all the thicker cream soups. Take three heads of celery, wash and cut into small pieces; cover with one quart of water, cook slowly for a half hour; press through a colander, using just as much of the celery as possible. Put this in a double boiler with one quart of milk. Rub together three tablespoonfuls of butter and three of flour; add to the soup and cook until smooth and thick; add a teaspoonful and a half of salt and a dash of pepper.

Stewed Apples and Potatoes—Pare the potatoes, cut into moderately small pieces and parboil until almost done. Drain off the water, leaving only enough to prevent the potatoes from adhering to the pan; place an equal amount of tart apples, pared, cored and cut in eighths, on top. Cover and let the steam cook them. When tender mix thoroughly, mash slightly or to an even consistency as may be desired, and add a teaspoon of butter or good fat from a roast to about every quart of mixture. This dish may be used for dinner or as a separate luncheon dish, and is served with some meat gravy or browned bacon and onions as a sauce. It can be nicely re-heated with or without browning as a potato omelet. The kind of apples used varies the flavor greatly.

Stuffed Cabbage—The indigestibility of fresh pork on account of the large percentage of fat it contains, is largely corrected in the following dish. The admixture of bread and eggs reduces this percentage and the result is a very wholesome, palatable and decidedly inexpensive dish. Procure one pound of lean fresh pork very finely chopped. Be sure not to use sausage meat or meat into which gristle and fat have been freely mixed. Add to this two cups of stale bread crumbs, two eggs, well beaten together, two level teaspoons of salt, one-half teaspoon each of ground nutmeg, sweet marjoram and thyme, one teaspoon of scraped onion, a dash of pepper, hot water enough so it will stick together, from four tablespoons to one-half cup. Chopped parsley, celery salt and sage may be added, but are not necessary. Now place a cheesecloth in a colander or mixing bowl, remove the largest and most perfect leaves whole from a head of cabbage, and arrange them in a form similar to the cabbage, on the cheesecloth. Inside of this place the meat farci in a round loaf, lap the cabbage leaves to make as firm a covering as possible and tie the cheesecloth to hold it all in shape. Cook this for one hour in sufficient boiling water to just cover, using one level tablespoon of salt to every quart of water. A plate in the bottom of the kettle in which it is boiled is a great help in lifting it out. Serve with white sauce. Instead of boiled, this dish may also be braised, in which case the cabbage leaves have to be boiled from ten to fifteen minutes before they are placed around the meat. Cooked in this way the dish is served with some roast gravy.

Babette Sandwiches are made from halved Scotch scones or muffins buttered and spread with apricot preserves. Add a layer of whipped and sweetened cream.

Peach and Macaroon Dainties are delicious and satisfying. The moulds are made of peach pulp and sweetened whipped cream stiffened with gelatine.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

Charlotte Russe requires the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine dissolved in one cupful of hot milk, and two cupfuls and a half of whipped cream. Flavor and place in rounds of cake.

Raisin Bread is Easily Made—Sift two pounds of flour into a basin, add one dessertspoonful of salt, a quarter of a pound of lard, and half a pound of raisins. In a well in the center of the flour crumble one compressed yeast cake, stir in one cupful of milk and a cupful of lukewarm water until more than half is mixed to a batter;

on the meaty portion, then filling this receptacle with a highly seasoned bread dressing, a cut from the breast of a veal is transformed into a tender and toothsome roast.

Or, the breast of veal cut into pieces of uniform size makes one of the most palatable of stews either alone or with potatoes, by dropping small squares of baking powder dough into the pot thirty minutes before the stew is dished; a most delicious pot pie is the result. It might be well to add in this connection that the covers of the pot must not be lifted even for an instant, after the dumplings are dropped in or they will be tough and soggy.

Again, stew breast of veal until thoroughly done, season highly and thicken

A Cheap Dinner

Soak a quart of Haricot beans in water all night. Put them in two quarts of water and simmer till tender. (From two to three hours on a scrap of fire will do this.) Slice two or three onions finely, fry them in some dripping or fat, then put in the beans, pepper and salt. Fry till nicely browned. Don't throw away the water the beans were stewed in, it is full of nourishment. With pepper, salt, a little milk and thickening of flour, and flavoring of onion and parsley, it makes delicious soup. Very good food for children or invalids.

To Roast in a Saucepan

This saves firing. It is a good way to cook small thick pieces of meat on a small slow fire. A stout iron pot with lid is needed. Put in a little fat or dripping, when it smokes put in the meat, turn it till each side is browned. This makes a seal to keep in the juice. Draw the pot to the side of the fire, keeping the lid on, shaking occasionally to prevent burning. Allow twenty minutes for each pound of meat.

Cooking Green Vegetables

Prepared for The Western Home Monthly, by Abby L. Marlatt, Home Economics Department of the University of Wisconsin

If we think of vegetables in terms of the 85 per cent to 95 per cent of water diluted with color, flavor and a small amount of solids, then the price of water masquerading as vegetables seems high.

But, if we think of the need for flavor and mineral matter to induce a better appetite and keep the body in good health the purchase of the vegetables, in season, will seem less costly than tonics from the drug store.

It is most important when preparing vegetables to save the portion which gives flavor and that which provides the mineral matter needed by the body. At least 20 per cent of all iron required by the body has its source in vegetables.

Experiments have shown that flavor and mineral matter are lost in less or greater measure when these vegetables are cooked in too much water which is later thrown away. It is best to use as little water as possible in boiling green vegetables and to keep this water to be used later in soups or sauces.

The loss of mineral matter from vegetables through boiling may be as high as 36 per cent in spinach, celery, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, carrots and not more than six per cent when these same vegetables are steamed.

Flavor, when its source is from a product which is readily given off in steaming may be retained by cooking at temperatures below the boiling point. It is for this reason that peas, asparagus, celery, cucumbers, and carrots should be cooked at simmering temperature.

Strong flavor may be lessened by cooking rapidly in open vessels. This is true of cabbage, cauliflower, onion, and pepper. Cabbage may be "cooked" at the end of twenty minutes. Longer time develops strong flavor and, in hard water, may darken the color.

Those fresh green vegetables, which consist of leaves and stems may be steamed; or may be cooked without added water if heat is applied slowly, causing the water in the leaves to escape in such amounts that the plant cooks in its own juices.

Delicately flavored vegetables, as peas, string beans, squash, and rutabagas, may be served in their own juices, seasoned only by salt, pepper, and butter. Brussels sprouts are improved in flavor if cooked in meat broth made as for soup stock, or in water flavored with bouillon cube. Carrots, celery, cucumbers and summer squash may be improved in appearance and flavor by first cooking in water, then draining and covering with white sauce.

The green vegetables are cheapest in the season of the year when they are most needed by the human body. At other seasons, the expense is far beyond the benefits to be derived from their excessive use. Canned vegetables then should take their place even though the flavor and mineral matter may not be so satisfactory.



Daughters of the King of Bulgaria. In Europe it is the belief that it is only a matter of time when the father of these two charming girls will be drawn into the world war. A new photograph of the Princess Eudoxia (left) and her equally attractive sister, the Princess Nadejda (right), as they appeared in the garden of their father's palace at Sophia, Bulgaria. The Princess Eudoxia was born in 1898, and her sister was born the year following. They have two brothers, Crown Prince Boris, now twenty-one years old, and Prince Cyril, born in 1899. Their mother, now dead, was Marie Louise, daughter of Duke Robert of Parma. Their step-mother was the Princess Eleonore of Reuss-Kostritz, who distinguished herself with her Red Cross work in the Russo-Japanese war.

cover in a warm place for forty minutes; then work in the remaining flour. Add lukewarm water if needed to make a light dough; then leave again for an hour. Divide into small loaves, leave for fifteen minutes, then bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

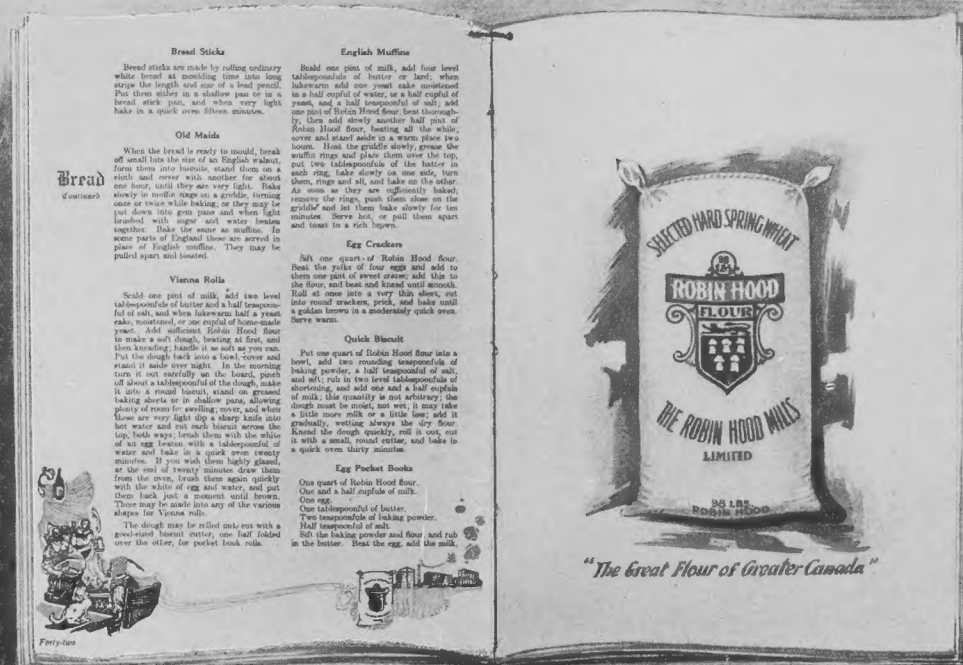
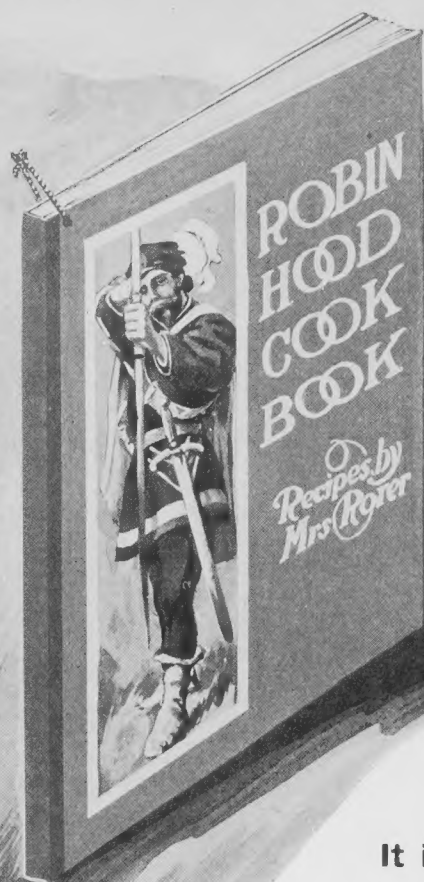
Breast of Veal—Housewives in general do not appreciate the culinary possibilities of the breast of veal, which is both inexpensive and savory, but regard it in the light of a make-shift when no other cut can be had.

By having the butcher open up the "pocket" which lies between the ribs

the liquor to the consistency of gravy. Remove from the fire and pick out bones and gristle. Then bake between two crusts like chicken pie, which, indeed, it is very much like in point of taste.

One of the most toothsome ways of serving breast of veal and the one less known is as follows: have cut into rather small pieces, then stew tender and season. Lift out carefully; dip each piece in beaten yolk of egg, dredge with bread crumbs and fry a golden brown.

Lessons learned in the school of experience are remembered the longest



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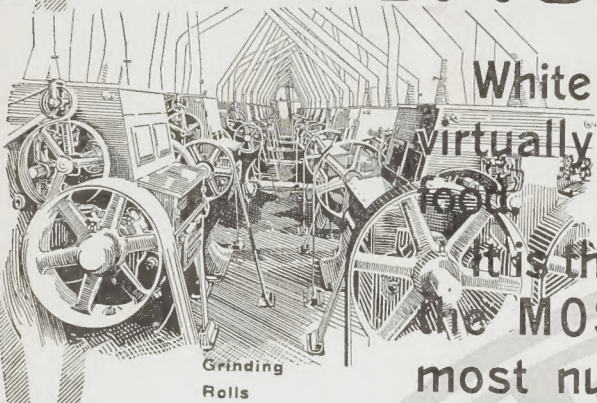
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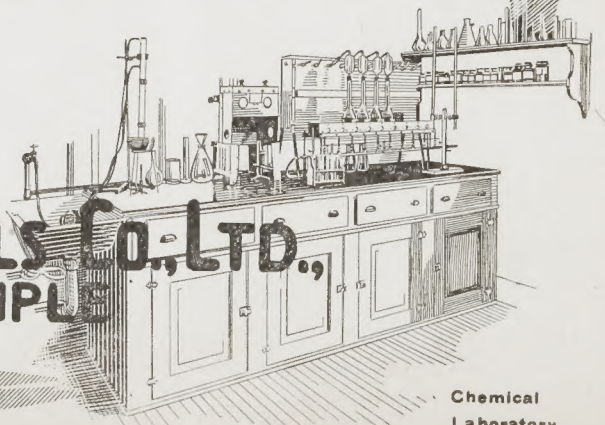
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